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H Y M N S.

AND



SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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P R E F A C E.

HOWEVER chained down many may be by superstition and tradition, yet I doubt not but there are many such candidates for Divine light as stand with open arms for help from every quarter, that may further them on their heavenly pilgrimage; to whom I commit this small piece, with earnest desires that (in the hand of GOD) it may be to their unspeakable benefit.

With regard to the practice of Psalmody, much argued for, and against, in the world, I would observe:

It is true, singing can be of no benefit without the heart; yet it is evident that the heart may be alarmed, and stirred up to action, by local objects or vocal sounds; and therefore it is that the voice may be instrumentally beneficial in singing, praying, and preaching: for it must not be understood that any of those means are designed, or should be made use of to effect, stir up, alter or benefit God, but the creature, viz. awaken, stir up, and engage that spirit or kingdom of God in the creature, until the kingdom is got full possession of the creature; and having both seen and experienced the unspeakable blessings that have attended, I highly recommend the practice of singing, not only to public assemblies, but to families and individuals: and although persons may sing such subjects as they have not experienced without mockery, by acknowledging their ignorance of, and groaning after the things they express: yet, as I think it far more likely to stir up and engage the heart (especially souls enlightened and groaning for liberty) when they express the state, groans, and desires of their own souls; and therefore it is that I have endeavoured to be so various in my subjects to be adapted to almost every capacity, station of life, or frame of mind.

And as for the vain excuse (too often made) for the neglect of singing, "*I have neither art nor voice,*" let me reply, that in the compass of my own travels, in many societies and families, where such excuses have so far prevailed, that I have been obliged often almost (and sometimes wholly) to sing alone: I have known them after they were persuaded to begin, to make such profi-

ciency as to become far greater masters of singing than myself, and that with little help, but practice.

Let me, therefore, now intreat heads of families to concert every method to introduce the happy experience into their families, by singing a few verses before or after prayer, or at any convenient opportunity : nor can you tell how glorious the effects may be in divorcing the minds of your offspring from earthly charms and carnal mirth, attaching their minds to Divine truths, and leading them to eternal felicity — And O ! let me intreat those who are in the bloom of life, many of whom can, without much excuse, find both art and voice for the singing of carnal songs, to exclude every excuse ; and now, while in the prime of your days, to give up your souls to the Lord Jesus Christ, and dedicate both heart & voice to his service ; which will all add nothing to him, but prove your own present and everlasting joy. Yea, let me call on old & young, rich & poor, bond & free, to give their attention while I inform them that Jehovah has stooped, suffered, and died, is labouring still, following you night and day with the wide-leaved gates of immortal glory expanded, all courting you from the regions of eternal blackness and despair to the bright realms of everlasting day, and the essence of uncreated good, that you may forever solace in unspeakable felicity. And are the concerns of a shadow so important, your chains of slavery so sweet, and misery so dear to you that you cannot leave them for the themes of heaven and joys of immortal glory ?

O think of your standing, and listen a moment to the heavenly charmer, till you are fixed with his immortal love, which will constrain you to break out in shouts of praise and say with me, in the language of the Prophet,
**PRAISE THE LORD YE KINGS OF THE EARTH AND
 ALL PEOPLE ; PRINCES AND ALL JUDGES OF THE
 EARTH ; BOTH YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD
 MEN AND CHILDREN ; PRAISE YE THE LORD.**

A M E N.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K I.

Chiefly consisting of man's fallen state ; together with re-proofs to the ungodly, & the language of awakened sinners.

H Y M N I.—*On man's fall.*

1. **W**HEN Adam stood in light
For trial, I was there ;
Between eternal day and night,
And did my will declare.

2. For when the choice was made,
I gave my full consent ;
In quest of other lovers stray'd,
And from my father went.

3. Then down with him I fell,
And have no cause to say
Imputed guilt sinks me to hell,
I threw myself away.

4. The countless race first stood
In Adam all as one,
Nor could a part forsake their God
While others stood alone.

5. In God they one must be
Until they all rebel ;
And if they sin 'tis acted free ;
They sink themselves to hell.

6. Cease then, O wretched man,
To charge thy woe on God :
Thy hell is made with thy own sin ;
Thy hands have spilt thy blood.

H Y M N II.—*The awakened sinner.*

1. **L**ONG have I trod the way to hell,
And vainly dream'd that all was well ;
But now I feel my sins a load,
And I a stranger to my God.

2. I groan and turn at ev'ry breath,
And fain would fly from sin and death ;
But ah ! these bars of unbelief
Chain down my soul from all relief,

3. Far from my help my friends do stand,
While foes conspire on every hand :
Where shall I hide, where shall I flee
For help, O Jesus, but to thee ?

4. To thee I'd come, help, I pray,
And take this unbelief away ;
Thou mighty God ; thou Prince of Peace,
Give my imprison'd soul release.

H Y M N' III.—*The same.*

1. **T**REMBLING, O God, I would address
Thy free, thy mercy seat ;
Laden with darkness and distress,
I fall at Jesus' feet.

2. O help me, help me to believe
In the Redeemer's love ;
My soul from chains of death relieve,
And make my guilt remove.

3. Lord, let thy goodness shine on me,
And bring me home to rest ;
O let me with thy children be
In heav'n forever blest.

4. Thou didst delight with th' sons of men,
Before the world was made ;
Come for my help, O Jesus, then,
With love and pow'r array'd.

5. Thy love, O God, is boundless still,
And all thy blessings free ;
May I believe it is thy will
To give thy grace to me.

6. O might the happy moment come,
When I the Christ shall know,
And I a wand'ring soul brought home
From everlasting woe !

H Y M N IV.—*The sinner acknowledging his danger,
and the christian's safety.*

1. **A**H ! think my soul, how blest are they
Whose guilt and tears are done away ;
Their souls enjoy immortal love.
While I a wretch in darkness rove.

2. Christ spreads his mantle o'er their head,
And feeds them with immortal bread ;
While I, poor sinner, starving go,
Expos'd to everlasting woe.
3. His spirit doth around them shine,
And leads their souls to streams divine ;
While I in midnight darkness dwell,
And glide the slipp'ry sleep to hell.
4. Their souls are safe from ev'ry snare,
Guarded by the Redeemer's care ;
While I, poor soul, at ev'ry breath,
Stand all expos'd to endless death.

HYMN V.—*The danger and vanity of the world.*

1. **V**AIN world, vain world, I bid adieu
To your deceitful joys !
I will not sell my soul for you,
Nor longer hug your toys.
2. Too long I hugg'd you in my arms,
And courted ev'ry snare ;
But now I see your flatter'ing charms
Will end in long despair.
3. You flatter with a vain applause,
And promise future joy,
When all your treasures are but dross,
Your bliss an empty toy.
4. Ten thousand souls by you are slain,
And sunk in endless night ;
But ah ! too late they rue in vain,
And curse your false delight.
5. Careless I trod your charming maze,
And thought that all was well ;
But now I see those carnal ways
Lead to the gates of hell.
6. Bless'd be the Lord that taught my soul
How near the gulph I stood !
And now while mortal moments roll
I'll seek substantial good.

H Y M N VI.—*The same.*

1. **O** WRETCHED soul, where have I been ?
How have I spent my breath ?
In vain amusing paths of sin,
That lead to endless death.
2. Unbounded goodness I've abus'd,
And chose the downward road ;
The Saviour call'd, but I refus'd,
And trampled on his blood.
3. Long have my days been lengthen'd out
By an indulgent Heav'n,
And dare I now, without a doubt,
Expect my sins forgiv'n ?
3. Yea, Lord, I hear thy grace is free,
Thy goodness ne'er withheld ;
And love and pardon wait for me,
Though I've so long rebell'd.

H Y M N VII.—*For Children.*

1. **L**ORD, I am young, but soon may go
Down to the silent tomb,
When endless joy, or endless woe
Must be my lasting home.
2. O change my heart while I am young,
Jesus, thou Prince of Peace ;
Let grace employ my heart and tongue
'Till mortal life shall cease.
3. O let thy word my counsel be,
Thy love my only joy ;
Place my affections all on thee
From earth, and ev'ry toy :
4. And let the blest immortal dove
Inspire my soul to tell
What glory, wisdom, and what love,
Doth in my Jesus dwell.
5. And when I quit this mortal shore,
I shall with Jesus rest ;
Where I shall never sorrow more,
But live forever blest.

H Y M N VIII.—*Against carnal mirth.*

1. **H**OW vain the wretch that dares employ
His mind in quest of sensual joy,
And for an hour of carnal mirth
Chain down his soul to endless death !
2. Why will you waste your days in vain,
Expos'd to everlasting pain ?
Your hours are short, your moments fly,
O think, vain man, you're born to die.
3. When death arrests, how will you bear
To close your eyes in black despair ?
How will you bear eternal pain
Where horrors, woes, and darkness reign ?
4. Ah ! could you now one moment know
The horrors of that gulph below,
You would not hug your sensual joys,
Nor sell your souls for empty toys.

H Y M N IX.—*A sinner awakened.*

1. **L**ORD, what a wretched soul am I !
In midnight shades I dwell ;
Laden with guilt, and born to die,
And rushing down to hell.
2. Hell yawns for my unhappy soul,
And threatens ev'ry breath ;
While swift as fleeting moments roll,
I'm hurried down to death.
3. No hand but thine, O God of love,
My wretched soul can save ;
O come, dear Jesus, and remove
This load of guilt I have.
4. My wounded soul can never rest
A stranger, Lord, to thee ;
O grant me, grant me my request,
And set the prisoner free.
5. Thy blood can wash my guilt away ;
Thy love my heart can cheer :
O turn my midnight into day,
And banish all my fear.

H Y M N X.—*A reproof of the worldling.*

1. **H**EAR, O ye starving worldlings hear,
Thy days are short, thy doom is near ;

Soon must you quit this mortal shore,
And all your gods will be no more.

2. Although you dream that all is well,
You're gliding down the steep to hell ;
And while you're musing in the dream
The devil triumphs in his scheme.

3. You labour hard on earth to find
Some sensual joys to charm the mind ;
But know that all the joys you have
Will haunt your souls beyond the grave.

4. O leave the treach'rous paths you've trod,
And turn, ye starving souls, to God :
The bread of life is at your door,
O taste, and starve your souls no more.

H Y M N XI.—*The same.*

1. **H**OW many hapless men will sell
Their poor immortal souls to hell,

And for a few deceitful toys
Forever loose eternal joys !

2. This tempting world is but a cheat ;
With poison mix'd in ev'ry sweet ;
And all its pleasing themes and love
Will but at last a dagger prove.

3. Ye starving souls that earth pursue,
Return and bid those charms adieu ;
The end of all your joys are nigh ;
O fly in time, to Jesus fly.

4. He waits and yet would make you blest ;
Would give your souls eternal rest ;
He yet would bring you home to God,
And feed you with immortal food.

H Y M N XII.—*An old sinner awakened.*

1. **O** What a wretched sinner, Lord !
I now begin to see

The danger of the ways I trod,
But know not where to flee.

2. Long have I turn'd my back on thee,
And slighted all thy grace ;
Yet pity, Lord, O pity me,
And let me see thy face.
3. O should I now expire my breath,
I must go down to dwell
In chains of everlasting death,
Among the fiends in hell.
4. Lord change my heart, or I am gone ;
O give me life divine !
Though I am old, may I be born
A heav'nly child of thine.

H Y M N XIII.—*On death.*

1. **D**EATH reign'd with vigour since the Fall,
And rides with fury still ;
Nor rich nor poor, nor great nor small,
Can e'er resist his will.
2. He ravages both night and day,
Through all our mortal stage ;
And ev'ry creature falls a prey
To his resistless rage.
3. Nations and empires he has slain,
And laid whole cities waste,
And doth his cruel siege maintain
To sweep the world in haste.
4. Ride forth, O mighty Prince of Peace,
And take away his sting,
Then shall his cruel kingdom cease,
And saints his triumph sing.

HYMN XIV.—*Souls one by the spirit of Christ should never be parted by their different principles.*

1. **T**HE world from christians are apart ;
But shall it e'er be said,
'Mong those whom GOD hath join'd in heart
Are separations made ?
2. They're all of one eternal band,
And with one Father blest ;
All led by the Redeemer's hand,
To the same joy and rest.

3. Why then should circumstantial mar
That union so divine ?
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those which they cannot join ?
4. No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the souls to heav'n ;
Then for them let not christians fight,
Where GOD is all forgiv'n,
5. O GOD, subdue those cruel jars .
With thy cementing grace ;
Nor let the devil hold up bars
Among the heav'n-born race:
6. O give us that transforming flame
Of the immortal Dove,
That those that bear thy lovely Name.
May all contend for love.

H Y M N XV.—*An aged sinner awakened.*

1. **O** WHAT a wretched state I'm in !
In midnight darkness and in sin ;
In chains of death, the devil's slave,
Just stepping in the gaping grave.
2. O GOD, look down, look down on me,
Forgive my sins, and set me free ;
Or soon I'm fix'd, O wretched doom !
Where help nor hope can never come.
3. I may perhaps, for who can tell ?
I may escape the jaws of hell ;
Lord here I fall before thy face,
Make me a miracle of grace.

H Y M N XVI.—*Against profane swearing.*

1. **W**HY wretched mortals will you dare
Omnipotence, and curse and swear ?
Why will you waste your precious breath
To purchase everlasting death ?
2. Ah ! could you see that awful pit
That yawns for your unguarded feet,
You'd shrink at thoughts of landing there,
Where you with devils soon must share.
3. Be wise in time, the gospel hear,

That yet proclaims the joyful year ;
 There's yet a hope, and who can tell
 But you may yet escape from hell ?

HYMN XVII.—*The sinner's complaint in a dying hour.*

1. O IS the king of terrors come,
 And must I, must I go ?
 O wretched state ! to fix my doom
 In everlasting wo.
2. How can I leave this mortal stage,
 And take my wretched flight,
 With all my sins, my hell, and rage,
 To everlasting night !
3. Ten thousand worlds I now would give
 For a few moments more :
 My fruitless wishes are to live ;
 My day of grace is o'er.
4. No way, no way to shun the stroke,
 The dreadful hour is come ;
 My days are gone, my thread is broke,
 And fatal is my doom.
5. Curst be th' alluring charms of sense !
 I've lost my soul for you ;
 And now must go, I'm hurri'd hence
 To bid your toys adieu.

HYMN XVIII.—*At a funeral.*

- FROM dust we wretched mortals came,
 And groan at ev'ry breath ;
 Dying until this mortal frame
 Is all dissolv'd in death.
2. When man rebell'd against his God,
 He sold himself a slave,
 And groans beneath a heavy load,
 Then drops into the grave.
 3. Thus in an instant man is hurl'd,
 Through a few hours of pain ;
 Then drops into an unknown world,
 And ne'er returns again.
 4. Condole, O God, this dying race,

Since thou their end dost know ;
 Make bare thy mighty arm of grace,
 And save from endless wo.

5. O may we triumph o'er the grave,
 When this poor life shall cease,
 With thee may we forever live
 In the sweet realms of peace !

HYMN XIX.—*A sinner convinced of his death & blindness.*

1. **H**ARD heart of mine ! O that the Lord
 Would this hard heart subdue !

O come thou blest life-giving word,
 And form my soul anew.

2. I hear the heav'nly pilgrims tell
 Their sins are all forgiv'n,
 And while on earth their bodies dwell,
 Their souls enjoy a heav'n.

3. While I, poor wretch, in darkness stand,
 With guilt a heavy load ;
 And ev'ry breath expos'd to land
 Beyond the grace of GOD.

4. The christians sing redeeming love,
 And talk of joys divine ;
 And soon, they say, in realms above
 In glory they shall shine.

5. But ah ! it's all an unknown tongue,
 I never knew that love ;
 I cannot sing that heav'nly song,
 Nor tell of joys above.

6. I want, O GOD. I know not what !
 I want what saints enjoy ;
 O let their portion be my lot,
 Their work be my employ.

7. Fain would I know that Saviour mine,
 And taste his bleeding love,
 With all the heav'nly pilgrims join,
 While I this desert rove.

8. Then O to those transporting realms,
 My soul would soar away,

Where all the warriors wear their palms
In everlasting day.

H Y M N XX.—*For children.*

1. **W**HILE in life's bloom, O God of grace,
Convert my soul to thee;
O let me run the christian race,
And thou my leader be.
2. O Jesus, speak that healing word,
"Thy sins are all forgiv'n;"
Be thou my father and my God,
My portion and my heav'n.
3. Fain would I know and love thy name,
And spend my life and breath,
To spread thy love, and sound thy fame.
Until the hour of death.
4. And when grim death shall strike the blow,
And bid my spirit flee,
I shall without reluctance go
To reign, O God, with thee.

H Y M N XXI.—*The awakened sinner.*

1. **O** AM I born to die,
With an immortal soul?
Ah! hurri'd to eternity,
As swift as time can roll.
2. I just begin to see;
Ah! Lord, what shall I do?
How shall a wretched sinner flee
From everlasting wo?
3. I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell;
Yet how to go, or find the way
To Christ, I cannot tell.
4. They say that he is kind,
And pities dying men;
But how shall I this Jesus find?
O tell me where, or when.
5. They say he don't deny
The trembling souls request,
And those who on his word rely

Have found immediate rest.

6. O Lord, though I am vile,

Receive me as I am ;

Let heav'ns immortal goodness smile,

On me thro' Christ the Lamb.

H Y M N XXII.—*Against lusts, and carnal mirth.*

1. **S**AY men of pleasure, men of lust,

Who waste your hours in vain,

Why will you live, and die accurst,

Such beastly joys to gain ?

2. You call your pleasures civil joy,

To recreate the mind ;

But soon they will your souls destroy,

As you too late will find.

3. Small is the thread, and short the step,

Between your souls and hell ;

And the next breath you may be swept

Where endless horrors dwell.

4. And when you take your wretched flight,

Your earthly joys must cease ;

Your souls in everlasting night,

Far from the realms of peace.

5. O that you knew in this your day,

What to your peace belongs !

You would not throw your souls away

For a few carnal songs.

H Y M N XXIII.—*The sinner convinced of, and groaning under a load of sin.*

1. **L**ORD GOD of grace, I feel, I see

My soul a stranger now to thee !

A desert world I wander round

With chains of guilt and darkness bound.

2. Ten thousand foes with all their rage

Against my naked soul engage ;

And O ! unless you grace employ,

They will, O GOD, my soul destroy.

3. I hear thy precious blood was spilt,

For to remove a world of guilt ;

Then let my soul thy goodness plead,

Till I from chains of death am freed.

4. Draw nigh, O blessed God, draw nigh,
And save my soul before I die ;
A wretched sinner at thy door,
One drop of mercy doth implore.

5 O Lord I cannot easy be,
Until thy grace hath set me free ;
Come, O thou mighty, Jesus, come,
And call the trembling rebel home.

H Y M N XXIV.—*The same.*

1. **T**O GOD the great, the good, the wise,
I'll go with all my guilt and shame ;
To heav'n I'll lift my heart and eyes,
And plead the blood of Christ the Lamb.

2. O Jesus take my guilt away,
And wash me in thy precious blood ;
Give me one glimpse of heav'nly day,
That I may know the living GOD.

3. A happy hour I ne'er shall see
Until I view thy smiling face ;
O let me find my help in thee ;
Lord save me by thy boundless grace.

4. I know thou would not me deny,
Nor spurn me from thy gracious throne,
If I could on thy grace rely,
And cast my soul on Christ alone.

5. But O! this harden'd heart of mine,
Rejects thy boundless sea of love ;
My stubborn will, will not resign,
And thus in darkness still I rove.

HYMN XXV—*Against any separations about non-essentials
of religion among converted souls.*

1. **L**ET ev'ry soul redeem'd from death
Keep near to their Redeemers arms,
And never spend their time and breath
In warm debates for outward forms.

2. One man esteems one day to God,
Another ev'ry day alike ;

Yet he that wash'd them in his blood
Doth in their names no difference make.

3. One man eats herbs, another meat ;
And who his brother dares condemn,
Since ev'ry christian is complete,
And all as one in Christ the Lamb ?

4. The Saviour's cause is never spread
By a Sectarian name or zeal ;
No modes nor forms can raise the dead,
Nor to poor souls a Christ reveal.

5. Cease then, ye happy heirs of heav'n,
From a Sectarian zeal or war ;
Your sins are all by Christ forgiv'n,
And it is love fulfils the law.

6. O think how soon the day will come,
When you shall reach the realms of peace,
And find the same eternal home,
Where discords shall forever cease.

HYMN XXVI.—*The complaint of an awakened sinner.*

1. O What a state my soul is in !
Nor can I e'er be blest,
Without release from death and sin,
Or find a moment's rest.

2. I hear that Christ is passing by,
Poor sinners to relieve ;
But ah ! I must in darkness lie,
Until I do believe.

3. My stupid mind and stubborn will,
Chains down my soul to death,
And here I groan in darkness still,
Without one spark of faith.

4. O GOD, for my poor soul appear,
And make my foes submit ;
Unlock, unlock this prison door,
And bring me from the pit.

5. Pull down the pride within my heart ;
From blindness set me free ;
May I with ev'ry idol part,
And give myself to thee.

6. O let me feel thy love divine,
And hear thy healing voice ;
Until I know that thou art mine,
I never can rejoice.

HYMN XXVII.—*Desiring a portion among the saints.*

1. O Was my lot among the saints,
And I might all their glories share,
Soon should I lose these sore complaints,
Nor earth nor hell would make me fear.

2. GOD is their portion and their rest,
And they are safe beneath his shade ;
In him they are forever blest,
Though earth and hell their peace invade.

3. Though they are scorn'd while here below,
By those that do their Lord despise.
Yet soon the wicked world shall know
They have a friend that never dies

4. Soon will they with their Jesus reign
In love on heav'n's immortal shore ;
While in the gulph of endless pain
The wicked sink forever more.

5. O God, give me my portion too,
Among the followers of the Lamb ;
Then will I bid my tears adieu,
And sound thine everlasting fame.

HYMN XXVIII.—*An aged sinner awakened.*

1. O Wretched soul ! I now begin
To feel my woful case ;
Ah ! wretch ! what days I've spent in sin,
Rejecting GOD's free grace !

2. My precious days are almost gone
In the broad road to death.
And now which way can I return
In my declining breath ?

3. So long with sinners I have trod,
And disregarded heav'n,
How can I think to call on GOD ?
Or seek to be forgiv'n ?

4. Yet if I here remain I die,

- And surely sink to hell ;
 Therefore I am resolv'd to try
 While there's a who can tell.
 5. They say his mercy yet is free,
 To all that will return ;
 It surely then would reach to me,
 If unbelief was gone.
 6. 'Tis now with me the latest hour,
 And I in darkness dwell ;
 O Jesus, manifest thy pow'r,
 Or soon I sink to hell.

H Y M N XXIX.—*An awakened sinner resolved to call on Christ.*

1. O What a burden'd soul I be,
 A stranger to my GOD !
 Yet since I hear his grace is free
 On him I'll cast my load.
 2. His name is love I often hear,
 And gracious is his throne ;
 Who knows but he may yet appear
 Before I am undone ?
 3. He is all goodness ; or in hell
 I'd sunk, ah ! long ago ;
 But O ! it is his blessed will
 To save my soul from wo !
 4. Since long he's kept me from the grave,
 And still holds out my days,
 I must believe he's free to save
 I I would trust his grace.
 5. I'll go with all my load of guilt,
 And fall before his throne ;
 Believe his blood for me was spilt,
 And trust in him alone.
 6. Help my belief, almighty GOD,
 And set my spirit free ;
 O wash me in the Saviour's blood,
 And let me live with thee,

HYMN XXX. — *The world held up by God's incarnation.*

1. **W**HEN Paradise was sunk by sin,
Swift ruin must ensue
That instant had not GOD step'd in,
The rage for to subdue,
2. But GOD that hour incarnate came,
And in his love appear'd ;
And thus became a slaughter'd Lamb,
That man might be restor'd
3. Now earth appears with all her forms,
To hold the sinking race ;
Each one surrounded with his charms
Of heav'n's unbounded grace.
4. All those are sav'd that hear the call,
And let the Saviour in ;
While they that will reject must fall
In their own hell and sin.
5. And when four thousand years were past
This GOD to bleed and die,
Assumes a body of the dust,
And 'ppears to mortal eye.
6. Press'd as a cart is press'd with sheaves,
Behold the Saviour dies !
And soon triumphantly he leaves
The grave and mounts the skies.
7. Ten thousand praises to thy name,
O Jesus, for thy love !
And we shall sound thy glorious fame
Through all the realms above.

H Y M N XXXI. — *For children.*

1. **T**EACH me, O GOD, I pray,
To fly from sin and death,
And lead my soul in wisdom's way
Now in the days of youth.
2. Convert my soul to thee,
By thy redeeming grace,
And give me faith where e'er I be,
To run the christian race.
3. Ten thousand snares attend

My feet from earth and hell :
But if thou stand my constant friend
I'm safe, and all is well.

4. Let love divine inspire
My heart with sacred flame ;
And make it all my heart's desire
To love and spread thy name.
5. Not all the joys on earth,
And grandeur here below,
With countless years of carnal mirth
Can ever bless me so.

H Y M N XXXII.—*The awakened sinner.*

1. **H**AVE mercy on me, Lord,
Remove my unbelief
That I may feel the living word,
And lose my fear and grief.
2. My wretched soul doth lie
Undone without a friend ;
But O ! if thou art passing by
Thine arm of love extend.
3. O Lord how can I bear
That most unhappy doom
Of everlasting sorrows, where
Thy grace can never come !
4. Come, blessed Saviour, come
And take my guilt away ;
And let me find that happy home
Of everlasting day.
5. But O it is this heart of mine
That keeps me from thy love ;
When will my stubborn will resign,
And all these mountains move !

H Y M N XXXIII.—*An awakened youth.*

1. **L**ORD let me never go
The way the wicked tread,
Their steps take hold on endless woe,
And they among the dead.
2. O call me home to thee,
Now in my youthful days ;

And let my life and portion be
In the Redeemer's ways.

3 It is thy grace I want ;
O let me taste thy love ;

Methinks, O God, my soul doth pant
For pleasures from above.

4 O Jesus let me know
Thy kingdom in my soul ;
Thy grace can save from endless wo,
And all my fears controul.

5. O shall I ever be
Among the christians blest)
O Jesus take me now to thee,
And give my spirit rest.

6. Then in the realms above,
My God I shall adore ;
Forever solace in his love,
But grieve and sin no more.

H Y M N xxxiv. — *The same.*

1. O THOU that sloop'd from realms of light,
Whose name is Life and Truth,
Pluck me from chains of death and night,
While in the bloom of youth.

2. I'm born, O God, an heir of death,
Condemn'd by my own sin ;
Time fleets away, and not a breath
Will e'er return again.

3. O God, redeem me by thy grace,
While life is in its bloom,
Tha I may run the christian race
'Till death commands me home.

4 Without thy love I am undone,
And all my life is vain,
And when these fleeting hours are gone
I land in endless pain.

5. Have pity on me, blessed God,
And take my heart to thee,
And set me by thy precious blood,
From all my bondage free.

H Y M N xxxv. — *The sinner's complaint and confession.*

1. **O** What a harden'd wretch am I !
Will nothing melt my harden'd mind —
I hear that Christ is passing by,
But know it not, for I am blind.
2. His bowels yearn o'er wretched men,
And I am call'd to taste his love,
And yet my heart's so hard in sin
I neither feel, nor melt, nor move.
3. Long has he waited at my door,
And I a wretch as long despis'd ;
And now if he should call no more,
In endless death I close my eyes.
4. And yet how careless am I still,
Surrounded with important scenes ;
O Jesus turn my rapid will,
Remove my guilt, and break my chains.

H Y M N xxxvi. — *An aged sinner awakened.*

1. **W**HAT heart can think, or tongue can tell
How much expos'd my soul doth stand !
Condemn'd, and on the brink of hell,
With threat'ning foes on ev'ry hand.
2. My fleeting hours are almost gone,
And soon I must resign my breath ;
The way admits of no return ;
No hopes beyond the gates of death.
3. If once the cords of life are broke,
And I without a Saviour found,
My wretched soul must bear the stroke
Of death through one eternal round.
4. How can I rest another day,
Condemn'd in this unguarded state !
Good Lord appear, appear I pray,
And save me though my sins are great.
5. Make bare thine arm, extend thy grace
Before death strikes the fatal blow ;
And let me see thy smiling face,
Or I shall sink in endless woe.

HYMN XXXVII.—*The sinner convinced of blindness.*

1. **L**ONG have I trod the downward road,
And pray'd but to an unknown God,
And careless wasted ev'ry breath,
Condem'd to everlasting death.
2. I vainly thought that all was well
When posting down the road to hell ;
But now methinks in part I see
How vile and how expos'd I be.
3. Yet though so far I've rov'd from God,
And with his enemies have trod,
Who knows but he may yet display
His love, and take my guilt away.
4. His love is great, his grace is free,
Who knows but it may reach to me ?
I yet may sing of joys divine,
And tell the world that Christ is mine.
5. O should I ever be so blest
To find that everlasting rest,
I'd leap for joy, and GOD adore,
And fear the rage of hell no more.

H Y M N XXXVIII.—*For children.*

1. **L**OOK down, O GOD, from realms above,
And bless me with redeeming love ;
While I am young, O let me know
A taste of heav'n while here below,
2. I know that I am born to die ;
O May I now to Jesus fly !
Lord stamp thine image on my heart,
Nor from thy ways let me desert.
3. Fain would I spend my early days
To walk with GOD in wisdom's ways
Led by the Lord where e'er I rove
To tell the wonders of his love.
4. And if thou dost on me bestow
Long life and strength while here below,
Still let thy grace inspire my tongue,
And praises be my dying song.

5. Then bring me to my Father's home,
 With all thy saints in youthful bloom ;
 To drink thy love, and sing thy praise,
 Rejoicing in eternal days.

HYMN XXXIX.—*Against drinking and profane swearing.*

1. **B**OLD wretch indeed ! that dares presume
 Against the laws of GOD and man,
 Who belches out blasphemous fume,
 And hurries down to endless pain.
2. Where will such guilty wretches flee,
 When death shall strike the fatal blow !
 How will they bear that GOD to see
 Whom they blasphem'd and would not know.
3. The drunkard now fills up his bowl,
 And drinks till all his sense is drown'd ;
 But little thinks his precious soul,
 Is to infernal regions bound.
4. O did they know how deep they wound,
 Their wretched poor immortal souls,
 Soon would they leave th' enchanted ground,
 Their carnal mirth and jolly bowls.
5. Rouse them, O GOD, to seek thy face,
 Now while there is a who can tell,
 But they may find redeeming grace,
 And 'scape the endless pains of hell.

HYMN XL.—*A sinner awakened, and groaning for help.*

1. **O** What a load of sin,
 Hangs on my guilty soul !
 In darkness all my days I've been,
 And sin'd without controul.
2. And now my sins arise,
 To drive me to despair ;
 But O I hear that Jesus dies,
 And there is pardon there.
3. Lord Jesus pardon me,
 And give my soul thy grace ;
 Expel these clouds and set me free,
 That I may see thy face.
4. Give me immortal light,

And save my soul from hell ;
 Or banish'd to eternal night
 I must forever dwell.

H Y M N LXI.—*On death.*

1. **S**OON I must hear the solemn call
 (Prepar'd or not) to yield my breath ;
 And this poor mortal frame must fall
 A helpless prey to cruel death.
2. Then look, my soul, look forward now,
 And anchor safe beyond the flood ;
 Bow to the Saviour's footstool, bow,
 And get a life secure in GOD.
3. Before these fleeting hours are gone,
 I'll bid this mortal world adieu ;
 And to the Lord I'll now resign
 My life, my breath, and spirit too.
4. Then welcome death with all its force ;
 No more I'll fear the gaping grave ;
 Jesus my God, my last resource,
 Will reach his arm my soul to save.
5. He will not hide his smiling face,
 Nor leave me in that trying hour ;
 I'll trust my soul upon his grace
 And cheerful leave this mortal shore.

H Y M N XLII.—*The groans of an awakened sinner.*

1. **A** Sinner, Lord, condemn'd to die,
 Would to thy grace for refuge fly ;
 To thee I groan with trembling breath,
 O save me from eternal death.
2. My toes, my tears, and sins unite,
 To chain me down to endless night ;
 But O ! I cannot think to dwell
 In endless darkness, death and hell !
3. Look down, O GOD, with pow'r I pray,
 And drive these awful tears away ;
 O vanquish this infernal crew,
 And all my soul by grace renew.
4. Then would my soul delight to tell
 What goodness doth in Jesus dwell :

Since I a sinner found thy door,
I'd stand and call ten thousand more.

H Y M N XLIII.—*The same.*

1. **O** Lord, how dang'rous is the place
Where my poor soul doth stand,
With all my sins, without thy grace,
And death on either hand!
2. Time, like a torrent, swift doth hurl,
And steals my breath away,
And drives me to the nether world,
Without the least delay.
3. Soon will these mortal cords be broke,
And I shall lose my breath;
Soon must I feel the fatal stroke
Of an all-conq'ring death.
4. Then would it tear my bleeding heart,
And fill me with despair,
If Christ should bid my soul depart,
Where hope is known no more.
5. Extend, extend, O Lamb of God,
Thy blessed arm of pow'r,
Speak to my soul one saving word,
In this distressing hour.
6. O let me now redemption know,
And taste immortal love;
And let me with thy people go,
To the bright realms above.

H Y M N XLIV.—*The trembling sinner.*

1. **O** How I shudder on the brink,
And groan at ev'ry breath!
My soul each hour expos'd to sink,
In everlasting death.
2. I cannot bear to take my flight,
With devils down to hell.
And banish'd from eternal light,
In endless night to dwell.
3. O save me thou indulgent God,
From everlasting pains;
And let it still be known abroad,

A God of goodness reigns.

4. Did not the blest Redeemer die
Upon the cursed tree ;
Then why O blessed Jesus, why,
Why is it not for me ?
5. O let me know the Saviour's death,
And feel his rising pow'r ;
When shall I feel that word of faith,
And see the happy hour ?
6. Unveil my heart, thou Lamb of God,
To see thy grace is free ;
And let thy precious, precious blood,
Bring life divine to me.

H Y M N XIV.—For a funeral.

1. **S**WIFT has th' immortal spirit fled,
From this poor senseless clay ;
And past the portals of the dead,
To endless night or day.
2. Ah ! how amazing was the view,
That stole each active thought ;
If to angelick realms it flew,
Or sunk to endless night !
3. Small are the earth's amusing toys,
Or frowns and trials now,
If she hath reach'd those perfect joys,
Where heav'nly armies glow.
4. Or if to awful paths or death,
She has herself inclin'd ;
How vain those grandeurs of the earth,
Or joys she left behind !
5. Spare us, O God, and give us grace,
From that black gulph to flee ;
That when we end our mortal race,
Our souls may rest with thee.

H Y M N XLVI.—A sinner convinced of a hard heart.

1. **W**AS e'er a wretch so hard as I !
My heart will neither melt, nor cry ;
I'm griev'd because no more distress'd,
And wonder I so easy rest.

2. My stubborn will, will not relent,
Nor my obdurate heart repent ;
O might some pow'r of love divine,
E'er melt this rocky heart of mine !
3. Come, mighty God, these foes subdue,
Form my benighted soul anew :
O let me taste the joys above,
And join to sing redeeming love.
4. Give me one spark of heav'nly day,
To scatter all these clouds away ;
Nor shall I ever happy be,
Till from these chains I am set free.

HYMN XLVII.—Man's miserable choice, and condition.

1. **H**IGH was the crime, great was the fall
And fatal was the daring blow,
When man with paradise and all,
Plung'd in a labyrinth of wo.
2. Deep did the damning poison seize,
The num'rous throng of human race ;
Beyond all help for their disease,
But by Jehovah's arm of grace.
3. And when redeeming love comes down,
By the incarnate Son of GOD ;
How many disregard the crown,
While others think to spill his blood !
4. Where GOD his boundless grace has spread,
Ten thousand souls sink deeper still ;
Beneath the curse among the dead,
Against the Saviour's love and will.
5. While life is sounding in their ears ;
And heav'nly floods spread all around ;
They turn their backs, and drown their fears ;
And thus of choice to hell they're bound.
6. How many sinners sit and hear,
The glorious gospel trump in vain ;
Sleeping in sin, they rest secure,
Till they awake in endless pain.
7. Thousands and tens of thousands more
Pretend to love the gospel sound,

Who hold the form, but hate the pow'r ;
 Despise the cross, and loose the crown.

8. And thus of all the sinking race,
 O shocking thought ! there is but few
 Who e'er obtain the work of grace
 That forms the inmost soul anew.

9. O pity, Lord, these heirs of death,
 That lay condemn'd to endless night ;
 Breathe, O immortal spirit, breathe
 And make them children of the light.

HYMN XLVIII.—The awakened sinner groaning for help.

1. **L**ET me no longer go,
 O GOD, without thy grace ;
 My soul is bound with guilt and wo
 Among the vilest race.

2. Death threatens all around,
 From which I cannot flee ;
 No help, no help, O GOD, is found,
 But what is found in thee.

3. If I ne'er taste thy love,
 Nor thy salvation know,
 In anguish thro' this world I rove,
 Then sink in endless wo.

4. My life itself, O GOD,
 Is like a troubled sea,
 Unless I taste immortal food ;
 For there's no joys but thee.

5. Lord lift me from this gulph
 Of darkness and of death,
 And manifest thy blessed self
 Before my parting breath.

HYMN XLIX.—The same.

1. **L**ORD, I begin to see
 How dang'rous is my case ;
 O what a wretched soul I be,
 A stranger to thy grace !

2. My sins, O GOD, are great ;
 My days are almost gone ;
 I tremble on the brink of late,

Expos'd to endless pain.

3. Ten thousand foes invade,
For my unguarded soul ;
And many unseen snares are laid
And rage without controul.

4. O pity, mighty God,
And give me living faith ;
And wash me in the Saviour's blood,
Before I'm lost in Death.

*HYMN L.—On a storm of thunder ; when two trees were
struck with lightning not far from where I sat.*

1. **S**EE, see what heavy clouds arise,
And veiling the refulgent skies,
They spread a midnight shade !

Like angry bulls with rapid force
Spread o'er the hills with mut'ring voice,
Doth all our tents invade.

2. Impetuous streams their floods disperse
The meads, and vallies soon immerse
In the o'er-spreading flood ;
Tempestuous blasts their strength engage,
Augmenting the rapacious rage,
Spread awful scenes abroad.

3. Hark ! hark ! what thunders rend the sky,
While sheets of liquid nitre fly,
And burn the sulph'rous air !
Beneath me shakes the solid ground ;
An awful bell'wing all around,
While clouds in flames appear.

4. What threat'ning dangers now resound
And gaping graves spread all around,
To seize a help'less worm.

What scenes of night, and arms of death,
Pursues me now at every breath
Amidst this fiery storm !

5. A blazing bolt now rolls with strife,
And points to my unguarded life,
From which I cannot flee :
But heav'ns almighty arm of care

Now bids the threat'ning bolt forbear,
And strike some neighbouring tree.

6. The rugged elm now feels the stroke ;
A stately trunk in shivers broke,
While I securely stand ;

O may the scene effectual prove,
To fill my soul with thanks and love,
To God's indulgent hand !

HYMN LI.—A sinner groaning for the knowledge of Christ.

1. **O** Help a sinner, Lord, I pray,
Before I am undone ;

My unbelief O take away,
And make the Saviour known.

2. I've heard thy name, but do not know
Thy love, nor who thou art ;

O let me live no longer so,
But enter in my heart.

3. O shall I ever taste thy love,
And know that thou art mine ?

Shall I e'er find this mountain move,
And sing of joys divine ?

4. Millions of worlds would not rejoice
My wounded spirit so,

As the Redeemer's heav'nly voice
To save me from my wo.

5. Then would I tell the world thy name
Long as I drew my breath ;

And thy unbounded grace proclaim
Till life expir'd in death.

HYMN LII.—The conduct of most sailors:

1. **W**HILE sailors blest with wind and tide,
Do safely o'er the ocean ride,

Chearful they spend their hours in mirth :
But when the raging tempests blow,

And yawning graves invade below,
They tremble on the verge of death.

2. Then to their knees the wretches fly
To seek a friend ; they mourn and cry,

Confess their sins, and help implore ;

And while distress'd to heav'n they vow
If God will help, and save them now

They'll tread their sinful ways no more.

3. But when he stills the foaming main,
And calms the furious winds again,

Soon they forget the vows they made ;

" Come on, they say, ye merry souls,

" We'll drown our grief with jolly bowls ;

" Good luck has all our fears allay'd.

4. O poor returns for grace so great
To wretches on the brink of fate !

Good Lord forgive th'unhappy crew ;

O may they now by grace reform,
Before the great and dreadful storm.

Prove their eternal overthrow.

HYMN LIII.—An awakened sinner convinced of the emptiness of all his earthly joys.

1. **T**OO long my soul has fed on toys,
And grasp'd for airy good !

Too long despised substantial joys,
And stole the serpent's food !

2. And now I know not where to go
To find a quick relief ;

What can I say, what can I do,
When bound with unbelief ?

3. My pride is strong, my heart is hard,
My eyes with sins are blind ;

I feel myself in prison barr'd ;
No freedom can I find.

4. But since thy grace is boundless still,
O God, I cannot cease

To hope in thee ; for 'tis thy will
To give poor sinners peace.

5. O Jesus, touch my stubborn heart,
With love and life divine ;

My soul from all my idols part,
Then shall my soul be thine.

6. O raise me from this grave of death,
And be my only friend ;

Then to thy name I'll spend my breath
Till time with me shall end.

HYMN LIV.—For a funeral.

1. **H**OW happy was the stroke of death,
That struck the fatal blow,
That seiz'd the poor remains of breath
And bid the spirit go!

2. How active did the soul awake
Soon as it left the clay!

Envelop'd in the dusky lake,
Or stretch'd in heav'nly day.

3. Ah! now she soars her happy round
Within the blissful shore;

Or else in chains of darkness bound,
Where hope is known no more.

4. And soon, ah! soon we must pursue
That soul so lately fled;

And soon of us they may say too,
Ah! such an one is dead!

5. Lord God awake poor sinners now,
That they from death may flee;

That when death strikes the fatal blow
They may awake with thee.

HYMN LV.—The sinner feeling something of his state.

1. **O** What a heart have I!
How stubborn is my will!

I cannot melt, I cannot fly,
Nor dare I here be still.

2. My soul is bound with chains,
The gulph of ruin nigh;

I'm threaten'd with eternal pains,
Yet have no heart to fly.

3. Good Lord, look down, I pray,
And raise me from the dead;

Take my idols all away,
And give me living bread.

4. O might the moment come
When I might taste his love!

Call, blessed Lord, the wand'rer home,

And make my guilt remove.

H M Y N *LVI.*—*To profane swearers.*

1. **Y**OU that profane your Maker's name,
And curse and swear without controul,
O think in time what guilt and shame
You're heaping on your naked soul.
2. Why will you sink your soul so far,
And choose in hell your wretched doom;
Why will you dwell forever where
One spark of hope can never come?
3. Soon will you plunge in endless pain,
And groan beneath your load of sins;
And wish to die, but wish in vain;
Your torment but anew begins.
4. O that you would be wise to day,
And risk your wretched souls no more!
Return and fly without delay;

GOD's goodness hath no bound nor shore.

HYMN *LVII.*—*Souls desiring to know their state in Christ.*

1. **O** Could I once but really know,
The blessed Christ was mine!
Or could I now leave all below,
And all to GOD resign!
2. Ah! could I sing of joys above,
And feed on angel's food,
Methinks my soul would never rove
For all created good!
3. O Jesus lend thy hand to me,
And enter in my heart;
And bend my soul so fast to thee,
That I may never part.
4. Ten thousand years of earthly bliss,
I should esteem but small,
If Christ was mine, and I was his,
For he is all in all.
5. Redeem my soul, O GOD, from woe,
That I may love thy name,
And spread (with joys) where'er I go,
Thy love, and bleeding fame.

HYMN LVIII.—*A reproof of the open profane.*

- Y**E poor unhappy souls that dare
 Blaspheme against the heav'ns,
 Will you improve to curse and swear,
 Breathe for repentance giv'n ?
2. Why will you give your tongues the rein,
 To sin without controul,
 And in eternal death and pain,
 Plunge an immortal soul.
3. O think what loads of guilt and wrath,
 You now are heaping up ;
 And what eternal pangs of death
 Is in your bitter cup.
4. Why will you make such fatal chains,
 And choose the road to hell ?
 Why will you choose in endless pains,
 With wretched souls to dwell ?
5. O turn, unhappy mortals turn,
 Forsake your slipp'ry way ;
 No longer at Jehovah spurn,
 But turn without delay.

HYMN LIX.—*The sinner's cry, when much awakened.*

1. **T**O thee, O God, I call,
 In this distressing hour ;
 A beggar at thy feet I fall
 And plead the Saviour's pow'r.
2. I dare not plead my worthyness,
 Or that my hands are clean ;
 But the Redeemer's righteousness,
 Can cleanse my soul from sin.
3. Great is my sin, O God, I know ;
 But since thy love is great,
 Why should eternal death and wo
 Be my unhappy fate ?
4. O help me with redeeming love ;
 Display thy grace divine ;
 My guilt and darkness, Lord, remove,
 And let my soul be thine.

H Y M N LX.—*The same*

- T**O thee, O GOD, I fain would cry,
 And to thy grace for refuge fly ;
 Beneath my load of guilt I groan ;
 O make thy boundless mercy known.
2. My heart is bound with chains of sin ;
 O what a guilty wretch I've been ! . .
 Lord let me in thy goodness find
 Relief for my distressed mind.
3. Though I have sin'd, thou canst forgive ;
 Though I am dead, Lord make me live ;
 Though I am wounded, heal my wound
 And though I'm lost, let me be found.
4. Then will I spread thy name abroad,
 And tell the goodness of my GOD ;
 Sinners may come and taste the same.
 And join to praise thy worthy name.

H Y M N LXI.—*A sinner beginning to see his sins,*

1. **L**ONG have I strove my flesh to please,
 And slept in sin, and carnal ease ;
 Wasting my moments, life and breath
 In the broad road to endless death.
2. But now my sins begin to rise
 Like guilty mountains to the skies ;
 And all I see is death and wo ;
 O whither, whither shall I go ?
3. They say the Saviour's grace is free,
 And like an overflowing sea,
 Therefore I'll rise and sleep no more,
 So nigh the black infernal shore.
4. I'll go to GOD with all my shame,
 And cast myself upon the lamb ;
 Who knows but he may mercy show,
 And save me from eternal wo ?

H Y M N LXII.—*The same.*

1. **G**OOD Lord what shall I do
 With this hard heart of mine ?
 Where shall a blinded sinner go
 To find some help divine ?

2. No mortal arm can give
My dying soul relief ;
Without thy grace I cannot live,
Nor find a moment's peace.
3. I was not made in vain ;
Nor can I bear to be
Consign'd to everlasting pain,
Since I was made for thee.
4. I stand upon a brink,
And know not where to fly ;
Lord help my soul before I sink ;
O save or else I die.
5. Thy grace no limits knows.
Nor hath thy love a bound ;
I cannot from thy footstool go
'Till I have mercy found.
6. O come thou blessed Lamb,
Redeem my soul from hell ;
That I may laud thy glorious name,
And in thy bosom dwell.

HYMN LXIII.--The awakened sinner inquiring after Christ.

1. **T**ELL a poor soul that I may find,
Where is the Saviour of mankind ?
And let me see his smiling face
That I may know, and sing his grace.
2. Ye followers of the heav'nly Lamb,
Who're bound to spread his bleeding fame,
O, if you can, I pray you tell
Where doth your blessed Jesus dwell ?
3. O let me know that I may flee
To him, and your best friend may see ;
Nothing can make my soul rejoice
Until I hear his saving voice.
4. O could I find his blessed seat,
There would I choose a humble seat ;
There would I choose to spend my days,
Enjoy his love and spread his praise.
5. O thou that passeth by my door,
To give salvation to the poor,

Since thou doth blessings freely give,
O speak that my poor soul may live.

6. I cannot bear to let thee pass,
Without a portion in thy grace ;
O let my soul no longer rove,
A stranger to redeeming love.

H Y M N LXIV.—*The sinner's lamentation.*

1. **O** What a poor benighted mind,
And harden'd heart have I !

Where shall I go some help to find ?
I know not where to fly.

2. The foll'wers of the Lamb declare,
They once in chains were bound ;
But now in sacred joys they share,
For Jesus they have found.

3. They ask my soul to share a part,
In their Redeemer's love ;
But O this hard, this wretched heart,
Will not believe, nor move.

4. And must I waste my moments so,
Without one moment's peace,
Like an abandon'd wand'rer go,
Till praying days shall cease !

5. Must I ne'er have a moment's rest,
Nor see a joyful day ?

Or will the Lord e'er make me blest,
And take my fears away ?

6. O thou whose grace I've long refus'd,
For my deliverance come ;

O let that goodness long abus'd,
Yet call the mourner home.

H Y M N LXV.—*The sinner groaning after Christ.*

1. **O** Jesus shall I ever be
Redeem'd from death, bound up in thee ?

Shall I e'er see thy smiling face,
And feel thy love and sing thy grace ?

2. O might I ever see the day,
When these black clouds were chas'd away,
And I should feel a voice divine,

But tell me that the Lord was mine !

3. Thou sinners' friend, O ! speak the word,
And manifest thou art my Lord ;
Give me one taste of sacred love,
Then will I sing of joys above.

4. Lord with thy children let me be,
In boundless love made one with thee ;
With sweet delight, I would adore,
My God, where sin is known no more.

H Y M N LXVI.—*The same.*

1. **H**OW long shall I in darkness go,
Through shades of death and storms of wo !

How long shall I a stranger be,
Unto myself, O God, and thee ?

2. I feel so bound with chains of death,
I mourn, and groan at ev'ry breath ;
Can neither love, nor pray, nor praise,
And thus I waste my fleeting days.

3. O will the Saviour ever come,
And call a wretched sinner home ?
Will he e'er take these clouds away,
And turn my midnight into day ?

4. I long the happy hour to see,
When from these chains I shall be free ;
When I shall find a heav'nly peace,
And all my guilt and sorrow cease.

H Y M N LXVII.—*The distressed soul.*

1. **O** What a heart, a heart of stone,
And load of guilt I bear,
Seeking for help, but finding none,
And bord'ring on despair !

2. I mourn beneath my heavy load,
And think I want release ;
But something keeps me from my God,
And bars my soul from peace.

3. It's hard to bear these pangs of death,
And lug these heavy chains ;
And yet for want of acting faith
My burden still remains.

4. O might I never, never rest
Unless I find relief :

Lord, pity me, a soul distressed,
And cure my unbelief

5. O take me, take me from this gulph,
And set the pris'ner free :

Lord give my soul thy blessed self,
And take my soul to thee.

6. Methinks ten thousand thanks would rise
From my poor stamm'ring tongue ;

And when all mortal vigour dies,
Still Christ would be my song.

HYMN LXIII.—*The danger and vanity of the world.*

1. **A** DIEU vain world, with all your gain,
And your amusing toys ;

Thousands have plung'd in endless pain
For your deceitful joys.

2. Though long I've hugg'd your dang'rous mirth,
Your charms I now disdain ;

Your pleasing scenes lead down to death,
And ev'ry joy's a chain.

3 You cannot give a moment's peace
In a distressing day,

O might your strong delusions cease,
And sweep no more away !

4. Divorce my heart, O God, of love,
From all these earthly charms ;

And while this desert world I rove
Secure me in thy arms.

5. My mortal life, O God, engage
To love thee as my all ;

And when I quit this mortal stage,
My soul to glory call.

H Y M N LXIX.—*On death.*

1 **S**OON shall I feel the pangs of death
Rack all my frame, and stop my breath ;

Prepar'd or not my soul must go
And bid adieu to all below.

2. Think O my soul, where shall I land,

In hell, or heav'n at Christ's right hand ;
 Soon shall I sink in keen despair ;
 Or in angelic glories share.

3. Fly now my soul while time doth last
 Into the ark, the glorious Christ ;
 Then welcome death ; he can but come,
 And call the mourning pilgrim home.

HYMN LXX.—*Determined (and encouraging others) to see the heavenly shore.*

1. COME ye that are resolv'd to see
 The blest immortal shore,
 Christ will our strength, and leader be
 Till ev'ry storm is o'er.

2. And when all earthly joys shall cease,
 And mortal life shall fail.

In oceans of eternal peace
 Our happy souls shall sail.

3. O happy, happy realms of love,
 Where we with GOD, shall be,
 And all the glorious scenes above
 In Christ for you and me ?

HYMN LXXI.—*The sinner sensible of his need of help.*

1. O I am bound with iron chains !
 How can I endure my pains !

Conscience like a troubled sea ;
 I a stranger, Lord, to thee.

2. Come thou sinners friend I pray,
 Come and take these chains away ;
 Hills of guilt, O GOD, remove,
 O dissolve my heart with love.

3. Since thou didst for sinners die,
 Save a wretch so vile as I ;
 Wash me in redeeming blood ;
 Be my Saviour and my GOD.

4. Let me not in darkness rove,
 Since thou art all light and love ;
 Since thy boundless grace is free,
 Let one drop extend to me.

LXXII.—*The same.*

1. **W**HAT a wand'ring wretch am I,
Lost, but knows not where to fly !

Yet they say that grace is free
Offer'd by the Lord to me.

2. O it is my stubborn will,
Bars me from salvation still !

Jesus help me to believe,
Grant my soul a quick reprieve.

3. O my soul, go not to hell,
Since I may in glory dwell ;
Jesus for me spent his breath,
Has no pleasure in my death.

4. Others souls his love have felt,
Will it not my hardness melt ?

O that I might ever know
Joys that christians have below !

5. Lord I'll cast myself on thee,
Give thy glorious self to me ;

Stay no longer from my heart,
Enter in and never part.

HYMN LXXIII.—*The misery of living without God in the world.*

1. **U**NHAPPY souls that never knew,
The blest Redeemer, and his love ;

They are condemn'd, and starving too,
What e'er they do, where e'er they rove.

2. This mortal world with all its joys
Compar'd with food, and joys divine,

Are all but shades and empty toys,
And all their glories soon decline.

3. But Jesus is a lasting feast,
And solid joys that will endure ;

And those that of these riches taste,
Will thirst for other streams no more.

HYMN LXXIV.—*A confession of living without God.*

1. **A** Guilty starving wretch I be,
Waiting my days without the Lord ;

No happiness on earth I see,

Nor can I find immortal food.

2. Lord point me to the living way,
And let me taste of joys divine ;
And let my soul no longer stray,
To feed on husks among the swine.

3. Too long with sinners I have trod,
And yet I thought that all was well ;
O save me now, almighty God,
Before my soul awakes in hell.

HYMN LXXV.—Not willing to live without a real knowledge of an interest in Christ.

1. **L**ORD how unhappy is my state,
Not knowing if in thee or no !

My hopes are small, my fears are great,
And thus I wade through seas of wo.

2. O break my bands then, heav'nly Lamb ;
Remove my fears, my sins forgive ;

O let me feel thy sacred name,
And know that thou doth in me live.

3. I long to find thee in my heart,
And feel my soul from bondage free ;

O might I live (and never part)
With thee, O blessed God, with thee !

H Y M N LXXVI.—No happiness without Christ.

NO peace, O Jesus, but in thee,
For my distressed mind :

Then O how wretched must I be,
If I no Saviour find !

2. Millions of years of earthly bliss,
Is but an empty toy ;

And all created good will cease,
To give one drop of joy.

3. But O I hear that in the Lord
Is all my soul doth need ;

Lord let me taste that living food,
And from my chains be freed.

4. Give me that life, or I must be
In everlasting pain ;

But if I am brought home to thee.

In glory I shall reign.

HYMN LXXVII.—Desiring the spirit of God to redeem from death.

1. **T**HY spirit, Lord, alone,
Can my poor soul release ;
O make thy boundless goodness known,
And give my conscience peace.
2. Come, heav'nly Dove ; I pray,
And melt my harden'd heart ;
O break these fatal bars away,
And bid my fears depart.
3. O might thy healing pow'r
Once give me life divine ;
Lord hasten on the happy hour,
When I shall know thee mine.
4. Then in thy boundless grace
I would forget my pains ;
And while I run the christian race
Would join the heav'nly strain.

HYMN LXXVIII.—The pleasing thought of being once among the sons of God.

1. **O** Can it ever be,
That I shall be so blest,
To find myself from bondage free,
And with God's people rest !
2. Christ is the joy of heav'n,
And life of saints on earth ;
Lord, since this life is freely giv'n,
Redeem my soul from death.
3. I feel myself in chains,
But groaning to be free ;
Yet none can e'er remove my pains,
Almighty God, but thee.

HYMN LXXIX.—The groans and confession of a convicted sinner.

1. **A**WAKE my soul, gaze and wonder,
That the Lord so long doth wait,
To redeem my soul from under
Countless sins enormous weight :

Jesus calls me, Jesus calls me, Jesus calls me,
Yet to fly to mercy's gate.

2. But thou know'st, almighty Saviour,
I'm so blind I cannot see ;

Unbelief still flights thy favour,
When thy grace is offer'd free ;

O relieve me, O relieve me, O relieve me,
From this death and misery.

3. I begin to see my danger,
Tell me, Lord, what shall I do ;

To thy love I am a stranger,
Whither, whither shall I go ?

O redeem me, O redeem me, O redeem me,
Save my soul from endless wo.

4. I have long thy gospel slighted,
And rejected all thy pow'r ;

When thy love my soul invited,
Unbelief hath bar'd the door :

Jesus help me, Jesus help me, Jesus help me,
In this most distressing hour.

H Y M N LXXX.—Thirsting after a knowledge of Christ.

1. **W**HEN shall I know my soul doth stand.
Secure in the Redeemer's hand ?

When shall I taste of joy's divine,
And know the Lamb of God is mine ?

2. My fleeting hours without delay
Are hurling my poor soul away ;

My mind is dark, my sins are great ;
O wretched, wretched, is my state !

3. Have pity, O ! almighty God,
And speak but one confirming word ;

O ! let me know, and let me see
My life is his with Christ in thee.

H Y M N LXXXI.—The sinner groaning to God for help.

1. **O** When will Jesus come,
And my poor soul relieve ?

When shall I find that heav'nly home,
And make his name my theme ?

2. I must away to God,

- And plead his boundless grace ;
 O ! let me leave the sinner's road,
 And run the christian race,
 3. O ! could I find the way,
 I'd dwell where Jesus is ;
 I'd fear to everlasting day,
 And drink immortal bliss.

H Y M N LXXXII.—*The same.*

1. **H**OW long, Lord, must I wade
 Through these dark scenes of wo ?
 O ! be my Saviour, and my aid,
 Let me thy goodness know.
 2. Thy bleeding hand alone
 Can give my spirit peace ;
 O take and keep me near thy throne,
 Till mortal life shall cease.
 3. Then on the verge of death,
 When I must take my flight,
 To thee I'd yield my gasping breath,
 And leave these shades of night.
 4. Then mourning hours shall cease,
 And storms of death be o'er ;
 And I shall find a lasting peace,
 On the immortal shore.

H Y M N LXXXIII.—*The vanity of the world.*

1. **N**O longer will I seek for joys,
 Among the scenes of time,
 Your highest summit are but toys ;
 There's nothing here sublime.
 2. In all my friends though near and dear ;
 No comfort can I find ;
 Nor all the kingdoms far and near,
 Can fill my hungry mind.
 3. O let me then away to God,
 Tis he alone can feed
 My starving soul with heav'nly food,
 And that is all I need.
 4. Lord Jesus be my friend, and joy,
 And life, where e'er I be ;

Ten thousand worlds I'd count a toy,
 If I could live with thee.
 5. Ah! could I clime for solid bliss,
 I'd reach the courts above;
 To dwell in light where Jesus is,
 And solace in his love.

H Y M N LXXXIV.—A reproof to the carnal.

1. **A** WAKE, arise, ye carnal souls;
 No longer waste your breath
 In carnal joys, and sensual bowls,
 So near eternal death,
2. Ye little think those hours you spend;
 In laughter and in mirth,
 Will bring all pleasures to an end,
 And close in endless death.
3. Then he that made you will detest,
 Your nature and your name;
 Who might have been forever blest,
 With heav'n's immortal fame.
4. O turn ye poor deluded men,
 And seek for joys above;
 Why will ye choose eternal pain,
 Before eternal love?

H Y M N LXXXV.—The groans of an awakened sinner.

1. **V**ILE wretch I am, where shall I flee,
 To hide my guilty head;
 My sins I feel, and here I be
 In regions of the dead.
2. O Jesus hear the rebel cry,
 And speak one word of peace;
 To thee with all my sins I fly,
 And plead thy boundless grace.
3. I come before thy mercy seat,
 My guilt with shame confess;
 O help a beggar at thy feet,
 Thou Son of righteousness.
4. There's none but Jesus can relieve,
 With his almighty pow'r;

O help me, help me, to believe,
In this distressing hour.

H Y M N LXXXVI.—On death.

1. **W**HILE the swift wings of time doth fly,
Rouse up thy soul, stretch ev'ry thought :
This world with all its joys must die,
And ev'ry mortal scene in short.
2. Soon must I leave this house of clay,
And instantaneous take my flight
To the bright realms of endless day,
Or down to everlasting night.
3. O for a blessed Saviour nigh,
To help in that important hour,
To wait my soul above the sky,
By his almighty arm of pow'r !
4. But if no Christ how dark the day,
When shudd'ring o'er th' important brink !
Helpless and guilty hurl'd away
In everlasting pain to sink.
5. Lord help me now to take my flight
From darkness and the charms below ;
O seal my life in realms of light,
Before death strikes the fatal blow.
6. Then welcome death to call me home,
To heav'nly joys with God my friend ;
Where storms and sin can never come,
And all my tears shall have an end.

H Y M N LXXXVII.—An awakened sinner.

- O** For some hand that can relieve,
A soul from everlasting pains !
Or could I but in Christ believe,
To loose me from these heavy chains.
2. But O these bars they chain me down,
While guilt torments my wounded breast :
Ten thousand foes beset me round,
And I without one moment's rest.
 3. Thus bound with unbelief I go,
Just on the brink of endless death ;
Without a friend and do not know
But I may sink at the next breath.

4. I pray, I cry, but's all in vain,
No help nor refuge can I find ;
There's nothing doth remove my pain,
Nor ease my poor distressed mind.
5. O Jesus give my soul relief,
And bid the rage of hell to cease ;
Remove these bars of unbelief,
And give my guilty conscience peace.
6. O might I once rejoice in thee,
As my chief good, my only friend,
How blest in time my soul would be !
And blest when mortal days shall end.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.—The same.

1. **L**ORD what a wretched soul I am,
Without a knowledge of thy grace !
A stranger to the bleeding Lamb,
And wand'ring in a wilderness.
2. Loaded with guilt I mourning go,
Trembling with fear at ev'ry breath ;
O GOD redeem my soul from wo,
Before I close my eyes in death.
3. O touch my heart with love divine,
Subdue my heart, and turn my will ;
That I may find salvation mine,
And soar away to Sion's Hill.
4. Let me once see the happy hour,
When these strong bars of death shall move ;
I will rejoice, and sing thy pow'r,
And tell the wonders of thy love.

H Y M N LXXXIX.—On man's first rebellion.

1. **N**O more we'll talk of Adam's sin,
Imputed to his sons,
Since all the num'rous race have been
Once active in his loins.
2. Once they were all in Eden too,
To stand or fall of choice ;
And all that Adam did or knew
Was all his children's voice.
3. Freely they acted ail as one,

- And struck the fatal blow ;
 What Adam did they all have done,
 Thus all were plung'd in wo.
4. One man an actor was not made,
 For uncreated men ;
 But breath of lives in him were laid
 The countless millions in.
5. O God forgive th' unhappy crew ;
 Repair the fatal stroke ;
 The second Adam can renew,
 What the first Adam broke.

H Y M N XG — The awakened sinner.

- What a poor unhappy soul,
 Beneath a gloomy veil !
 My guilt like storms of fury roll,
 And all my pleasures fail.
2. I feel my soul bound down with chains,
 And bars of unbelief ;
 I mourn in darkness and in pains,
 But cannot find relief.
3. Long have I sought a better frame
 To fit my soul for God,
 But still as vile and dark I am,
 And nothing moves my load.
4. O could I now with all my guilt,
 But venture, Lord, on thee,
 Soon would that blood for sinners spilt,
 Redeem, and set me free.

H Y M N XGI. — The sinner groaning for help.

1. ○ What a load of guilt I feel !
 Just on the verge of death and hell ;
 Who can relieve from this distress,
 And bring me from this wilderness ?
2. Created arms are all in vain
 A dying sinner to regain ;
 Mountains refuse to hide my wo
 While endless ruin yawns below.
3. O mighty God, extend thy pow'r,
 To help in this distressing hour ;

My storms of grief can never end,

Un'til I know thou art my friend.

4. Jesus I'd come with all my guilt,
To the rich streams which thou hast spilt ;

Help me to venture on thy name,

That I may know and love the Lamb.

5. O give me sight that I may see

A friend at hand, whose grace is free ;

O! that I did this Jesus know,

To save me from eternal woe !

HYMN XCII.—The sinner convinced of his blindness.

1. **F**REELY I hear the Son of God

For wretched sinners spilt his blood :

But I no Christ can feel or see.

For other sinners or for me.

2. In midnight darkness here I dwell,

While other souls of glory tell ;

They say they feast on joys above,

But I'm a stranger to their love.

3. O could I think it e'er would be,

When I such mysteries should see ;

Me hinks it would expel my fear,

And dry my eyes from ev'ry tear.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K II.

Chiefly consisting of gospel invitations, and a free salvation.

HYMN I.—A free salvation by the death of Christ.

1. **Y**E sons of Adam lift your eyes,

Behold how free the Saviour dies,

To save your souls from hell !

There's your Creator, and your friend ;

Believe and soon your tears shall end,

And you in glory dwell.

2. Doubt not his word ; his grace is free ;

Believe he died and calls for thee,

And your poor souls shall live :
 Can free salvation be deny'd,
 When in his dying groans he cry'd,
" Father their sins forgive."

3. Believe and feel his boundless love ;
 It soon will bear your souls above,
 To peaceful realms on high ;
 He swears as certain as he lives,
 His hand a free salvation gives
" Why sinner will you die ?"

4. Will you despise the vast renown,
 And choose despair before a crown ?
 O have eternal joy !
 Receive a kingdom in your heart,
 Of life and joy that ne'er'll depart ;
 Nor earth or hell destroy.

HYMN II.—Acknowledging the goodness of God in a free salvation.

1. **I**MMORTAL honours to the King.
 Who did a free salvation bring !

Let the whole world receive his grace ;
 Immortal crowns are freely giv'n ;
 The joys of heav'n, the joys of heav'n
 Is free for all the fallen race.

2. Let all the world salvation know,
 Eternal blessings freely flow,
 From the Redeemer's dying love.
 Freely he bore the sinner's weight
 His love so great, his love so great.

To bring us to the realms above.
 3. All glory to his name be giv'n,
 Be all on earth, and all in heav'n,
 To the eternal Prince of Peace !
 Let anthems through the realms above,
 Resound his love, resound his love,
 In strains divine that never cease !

H Y M N III.—When met for worship.

1. **O** Might our souls this day enjoy
 The presence of the Lord !

- Then would it be our sweet employ
To spread his grace abroad.
2. Lord Jesus, let us find thee near,
And hear thy charming voice ;
Let the immortal Dove appear,
And make our hearts rejoice.
3. O may the gospel feast be spread
This day for ev'ry soul ;
Come heal the sick ; come raise the dead,
And make the wounded whole.
4. O come, thou heav'nly Shepherd come,
To this small flock of thine,
And call thy wand'ring people home,
To drink of streams divine.
5. Expel the shades, O God, we pray,
From ev'ry weary mind ;
And a small glimpse of heav'nly day,
Let ev'ry mourner find.

H Y M N IV.—*The same.*

1. **O** Come thou Lamb of God, we pray,
And meet us with thy grace ;
Take all these clouds of death away,
And let us see thy face.
2. Without thy light we cannot see
The wonders of thy love ;
O set us from our sorrows free,
And bear our minds above.
3. Thy spirit with its healing flame,
Can all our woes destroy,
And the sweet wonders of thy name
Fill ev'ry heart with joy.
4. Melt ev'ry heart, loose ev'ry tongue,
By thy redeeming grace,
And ev'ry soul shall raise a song
To thine eternal praise.

H Y M N V.—*A society rejoicing in the power of God.*

1. **B**LEST be the name that's poured forth
As ointment to our wounds !
This day the Lord descends to earth,

- And ev'ry foe confounds.
 2. We've found it happy to attend,
 The worship of our God ;
 He like a father and a friend,
 Hath fed us with his word.
 3. Our souls have known the joyful sound
 And seen the Saviour's face ;
 And ev'ry hungry heart has found
 The sweetness of his grace.
 4. Jesus remembers all his saints,
 And feeds them with his word ;
 He knows their sorrows and complaint,
 And will relief afford.
 5. His bowels with compassion yearns,
 O'er ev'ry mourning soul ;
 And when the trembling souls return,
 He makes the wounded whole.

H Y M N VI.—The gospel call.

1. **O** Turn ye prisoners of hope,
 That feel the weight of unbelief,
 Lo, the strong hold can bear you up,
 And give your captive souls relief.
 2. He came in love to help the poor,
 And pities sinners in distress ;
 He opens wide the prison door,
 By his incarnate righteousness.
 3. The jubilee trumpet now doth sound ;
 Go ev'ry soul from bondage free ;
 Believe what other souls have found,
 Is offer'd now, poor soul, to thee.
 4. Down to your door the Saviour came,
 And freely doth his pity move ;
 Eternal goodness is his name ;
 His nature is unbounded love.

H Y M N VII.—A call to the careless.

1. **W**H Y will ye die O wretched men,
 And choose the way to hell ?
 Jehovah offers you a crown,
 And you with him may dwell.

2. Turn, turn, unhappy souls, return,
Accept eternal peace,
Why will you at the Saviour spurn,
Who offers you his grace ?
3. Why will you hug your cruel chains,
And load your souls with guilt ;
Jesus has come to bear your pains,
For you his blood was spilt.
4. Will you reject eternal joy,
And love divine despise ;
Or why will ye yourselves destroy,
When Jesus for you dies ?

H Y M N VIII.—For the spreading of the gospel.

RISE O thou bright and morning Star
And spread thy kingdom near and far,
That nations may thy name adore ;
Let millions of the fallen race,
From heathen lands thy love embrace,
To sound thy fame forevermore.

2. O may the conquests of thy word,
Call kings and nations round thy board,
To feel and praise thy lovely name !
Let ev'ry mortal own their King,
Thy goodness taste, and join to sing
All worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
3. Roll on, O God, the happy hour,
When all that will, shall feel thy pow'r,
And know thy freedom to redeem ;
We long to see whole nations throng,
And ev'ry land, and ev'ry tongue,
Make thine eternal love their theme.

H Y M N IX.—The gospel trumpet.

1. **A**LL hail ! all hail ! methinks I hear
The gospel sound the jubilee year ;
Behold the great Messiah's come !
He comes with pity in his eyes,
And bows, and groans and bleeds, and dies,
To bring poor wand'ring rebels home.
2. Rouse all ye careless souls, attend

The call of your eternal friend ;

His bleeding hands are stretch'd for you ;
He'll wash you in his precious blood.

And bring your wretched souls to GOD,

Heal all your wounds and love you too.

3. Now is the time the Prince of Peace,
From chains and darkness gives release,

And sets the guilty pris'ners free ;

O sinners hear the Saviour's voice,

Rejoice, ye mourning souls, rejoice,

Come and believe he died for thee.

4. O think he died that you may live !

His lib'ral hand free pardons give,

To ev'ry poor returning soul ;

Sinners awake, why will you die ?

Fly to the blest Redeemer, fly,

Before your moments cease to roll.

H Y M N X.—*An invitation to the gospel feast.*

1. O Turn ye dying sons of men,

And bid your fears adieu ;

The Lamb of GOD endures your pain,

And bleeds and dies for you.

2. To day he spreads the gospel feast,

For ev'ry hungry soul ;

O come, and welcome, come and taste,

Its free without controul.

3. He'll feed you with immortal bread,

And give you living wine ;

Come ev'ry soul that would be fed,

The banquet shall be thine.

4. His bowels with compassions yearn ;

And bids your soul rejoice ;

O come, thou welcome soul, return,

And make a glorious choice.

5. O come, enjoy eternal bliss,

And with this Jesus reign,

Say, wretched sinner, wilt not this

Be glory, and your gain ?

H Y M N XI.—*Met for worship.*

1. **H**ERE in thy presence, O our God,
We've met to seek thy face ;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And least upon thy grace.
2. O may this be a happy hour
To ev'ry mourning soul ;
Display thy love, make known thy pow'r,
And make the wounded whole.
3. O may a spark of heav'nly fire
Each stupid soul en-flame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.
4. Let ev'ry soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine ;
And ev'ry heart for ever be
United, Lord, with thine.

H Y M N XII.—*Sinners invited to Christ.*

1. **S**INNERS behold the Saviour stands,
With pardons in his bleeding hands,
To court you from the jaws of hell,
That you in perfect bliss may dwell.
2. His spirit, with its healing pow'r,
Sands knocking, pleading at your door ;
He'll bind the wounds that sin has made,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
3. O stifle not the heav'nly voice ;
But hear and in his name rejoice ;
Attend the call, his love embrace,
And taste the sweetness of his grace.
4. He'll be your father and your friend ;
Your heart shall sing, your sorrows end ;
He'll feed you with immortal love,
And bring you to his courts above.

HYMN XIII.—*The goodness of God calls upon sinners, and declares his grace is free.*

1. **A**WAKE ye sons of Adam's race,
And the Redeemer's call embrace ;
His bowels doth with pity yearn ;
His goodness calls you to return.

2. He keeps you from the pains of hell ;
And in his arms would have you dwell ;
You daily live upon his hand,
While mercy lengthens out your span.

3. O do not flight his grace no more ;
Nor drive his goodness from your door ;
Return, or soon in hell you'll rue,
Your utter loss and folly too

4. Can you despise the realms above,
And trample on Jehovah's love ?

O turn, ye wretched souls, from sin,
While heav'n invites, and enter in.

HYMN XIV.—*Christ's love display'd in his death.*

1. **W**H O can, or dares refuse to love,
The bleeding Lamb of God,
That from the glorious realms above,
Displays such grace abroad ?

2. He dies, he dies and bows his head,
Upon the fatal tree,
To raise poor sinners from the dead,
And set the pris'ners free.

3. O was there ever love like this
To rebels doom'd to hell !
Or was there ever grief like his !
His pain no tongue can tell.

4. 'Wake ev'ry soul with sweet surprise,
And bid your fears adieu ;
The mighty Saviour freely dies
For you, poor souls, for you.

H Y M N XV.—*A call to the careless.*

1. **A** WAKE, unfeeling souls awake,
Your dang'rous bed of sloth forsake ;
And fly to Jesus while there's hope,
Or soon in endless pain you'll drop.

2. The Saviour's come, his bowels yearn,
And bids your dying souls return ;
He bleeds, he groans, and dies for you ;
His name and nature calls you too.

3. O think before you lose your breath,

How can you bear eternal death ?
 Just on a precipice you dwell,
 And all beneath is death and hell.
 4. Jesus the Lord yet waits to give
 Eternal life ; O turn and live ;
 There yet remains a *who can tell*,
 But you may yet in glory dwell.

HYMN XVI.—*The call of the gospel.*

1. **S**INNERS arise, you're call'd away,
 By your eternal friend ;
 Come and receive his grace to day,
 And all your fears shall end.
 2. The Son of GOD is at your door,
 And knocks with bleeding hands ;
 O do not flight his grace no more,
 Can you such love withstand ?
 3. O rouse, ungrateful mortals, rouse,
 And let the Saviour in ;
 O think the great Jehovah bows,
 To bear your load of sin.

4. O hear that soul-transporting voice,
 " I WILL THY SINS FORGIVE,
 " IN ME BELIEVE, IN ME REJOICE,
 " AND YOU WITH ME SHALL LIVE."

HYMN XVII.—*A call to mourning sinners,*

1. **H**O all ye wand'ring sons of men,
 That grieve without the Son,
 Who feel your danger and your sin,
 And find yourselves undone :
 2. Forget your grief, behold the Lamb
 Is come to bear your load :
 He'll cleanse your souls from guilt and shame,
 And make you sons of GOD.
 3. Fear not, fear not, thou mourning soul,
 For Jesus is thy friend ;
 He's come to make your spirits whole,
 And cause your grief to end.
 4. Though earth and hell against you rage,
 Yet if you trust this love,

His mercy will for you engage,

His word shall never move.

H Y M N XVIII.—A free salvation proclaimed.

1. **A**LL hail, all hail, ye souls that dwell
Just on the verge of death and hell,

Behold your mighty Saviour's come!

To day he spreads his arms abroad,

Inviting sinners home to God;

Come mourning souls, with Jesus dwell.

2. Unbounded goodness waits for you,

To heal your wounds, and feed you too;

With life and joys that are divine;

Come every soul attend the call,

The Lamb of God invites you all,

O hear, and Jesus shall be thine.

3. He's bid his servants all declare

His grace is free, and you may share

In joys beyond what tongue can tell;

No longer hug your unbelief,

Believe in him, and find relief,

He's come to set the pris'ners free.

4. Sinners no more reject his call,

He's life, he's peace, he's all in all;

O come and share his boundless love:

It once you knew the glorious theme,

And drank of this delightful stream,

You'd choose your all in realms above:

5. O hear the heav'nly charmer's voice,

Now is the time to make your choice,

And reign eternal ages blest;

No longer court your earthly bliss;

There is no joy compar'd with this;

O come and have eternal rest.

5. Why will you to destruction go?

Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

This day he calls and waits for you;

He'll lead you to the realms above,

And feed you with immortal love,

And give you joys forever new,

H Y M N XIX.—*An advice to a young convert.*

1. **A**RISE, O youth, with all thy soul,
And spread your dear Redeemer's name;
Nor cease while fleeting moments roll,
To sound his well-deserved fame.
2. Go in the name of Christ your GOD,
Shake off the world, and bear the cross;
Jesus will be thy sure reward;
Nor shall your labours e'er be lost.
3. He's bought thee with his precious blood,
And wrote thy name above the skies;
He'll be thy Father, and thy GOD,
When suns and stars dissolve and dies.
4. Then ev'ry pow'r, and ev'ry thought,
May shout through all the realms above;
But then you never can exhort,
Poor sinners to your Saviour's love.

H Y M N XX.—*A reproof for the profane swearers.*

1. **H**OW daring is the wretch profane,
Whose tongue doth heav'n defy,
To give aloose, his hellish rein
In oaths of blasphemy!
2. Soon would destruction be their fate,
And they among the dead,
If only what they imprecate
Should fall upon their head.
3. Where will those daring wretches flee,
Their naked souls to hide;
When that eternal GOD they see,
Whom they so long defy'd.
4. Spare them, O GOD, nor let them fall
On the dire sword they draw,
Or soon those weighty sins will gaul,
And loss forever gnaw.
5. O turn, ye cruel souls, return,
And to the Saviour fly,
Before in your own sins you burn,
Where pains can never die.

H Y M N XXI.—*Christ dying for sinners.*

1. **H**OSANNA to the Lamb
Who gave his life so free !
He groan'd beneath my guilt and shame,
Nail'd to the painful tree.
2. His body rack'd and torn,
His soul beneath the load,
Press'd like a cart, ah ! hear him groan,
“ *Why am I left my God ?* ”
3. Yet while he bleeds and dies,
To take our guilt away,
With groans unto his Father cries,
“ *Forgive them, Lord, I pray.* ”
4. O break my rocky heart !
The bars of death remove !
Adore his name, and ne'er forget
Such most amazing love.

H Y M N XXII.—*On the name of Jesus.*

1. **M**Y soul amaz'd ; see's the blest Lamb,
From his bright realms above,
Come down to bear my guilt and shame,
And feed me with his love !
2. O can it be that Jesus dies
For such a wretch as I !
And now he'll raise me to the skies,
Where I shall never die.
3. O tell me, Jesus, can it be,
That thou hast borne my guilt :
O yes, my soul, it was for me
His precious blood was spilt,
4. O Lord, methinks I feel thy love,
And long to love thee more ;
Long as I live where e'er I rove,
Let me thy name adore.
5. Let me be seal'd upon thy breast,
And ravish'd with thy name,
And in the realms of glory rest,
Where I shall praise the Lamb.
6. Far as I know my sinful heart,

I think I want no more,
Bound up with thee and never part,
While endless years endure.

H Y M N XXIII.—On the name of Jesus.

1. **J**ESUS we love thy name,
And thee we will adore ;
And when we feel this heav'nly flame,
We long to love thee more.
2. Thy name is all our trust ;
Thy name is solid peace ;
Thy name is everlasting rest,
When other names shall cease.
3. There ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove ;
There found thine everlasting fame,
And solace in thy love.
4. Thy name shall be our praise ;
Thy name shall be our joy ;
Thy name through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

HYMN XXIV.—The Prince of Peace riding victoriously.

1. **J**ESUS thy gospel armour gird,
To spread abroad thy gracious fame,
Ride in the chariot of thy word,
And teach the dying world thy name.
2. Triumph in mercy through our land,
And cause the poor dry bones to move ;
Display thy love, make bare thine hand,
And teach immortal souls thy love.
3. Here's some immers'd in shades of night,
And some involv'd in deep distress ;
O send some rays of sacred light,
And ev'ry mourning sinner bless.
4. Here's some that's deaf, and some that's blind,
And some that's wounded with their sins ;
They mourn and rove some help to find,
Yet do but more increase their pains.
5. Here's some that feeds their heavy chain,
And others senseless of their wo ;

Some captive souls where satan reigns,
 Some lost and knows not where to go.
 6. Some much in debt, with nought to pay,
 Condemn'd and into prison cast,
 And wall'wing in their filth they lay,
 All hopes and helps but thee are lost.
 7. Here's some that mourns a stupid mind,
 And some that's lame, and some that's dead ?
 Some sick, and can no comfort find,
 While others beg for crumbs of bread.

P A U S E.

8. Come in, thou great physician, come,
 Thou that delight'st to help the poor ;
 Get to thyself a glorious name,
 At thy expence work ev'ry cure.
 9. " I come, saith Jesus, lo, I come,
 " To help the poor is my delight ;
 " Love is my nature, love my name ;
 " My help is free both day and night.
 10. " Bring all your money now to me,
 " Your weak, your wounded, bound and poor,
 " Rebels and pris'ners I will free,
 " The worst of all diseases cure.
 11. " I'll labour at my own expence,
 " Cancel all debts and pay the cost ;
 " And give my bond for their defence,
 " That not one patient shall be lost.
 12. " I'm bound by my own love to be,
 " Physician and a father too ;
 " A friend to all eternity,
 " What more can I propose, or do ?"
 13. Enough, O Lord, and we adore
 Thy wisdom, pity, and thy love,
 Thou giv'st thyself, we ask no more
 Now we may reign with thee above.
 14. Let all the sons of men rejoice,
 And join to laud thy precious name ;
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry voice
 The wonders of thy love proclaim.

15. Let saints and angels join above,
 The glories of thy name to sing,
 While the sweet wonders of thy love,
 Makes all the heav'nly arches ring.
16. Let all creation join as one,
 Through endless years thy love proclaim,
 While sacred echos, cry Amen,
 Amen, all worthy is the Lamb !

H Y M N XXV.—On the death of Christ.

1. **S**EE how the great Messiah bleeds,
 Stretch'd on the cursed tree ;
 And in his dying groans he pleads
 For me, my soul, for me.

2. Hark how his dying groans resound,
 In cutting pangs of death !
 The sun, the rock, and solid ground,
 Feels his expiring breath.

3. Ah ! how he groans beneath my wo,
 Dress'd in a gore of blood !
 All nature feels th' enormous blow
 Of an expiring GOD.

4. But soon he conquers death and hell,
 Rides to the courts above ;
 Let all created systems tell

- The wonders of his love,
 5. O lovely Jesus, bleeding friend,
 Fain would my spirit soar,
 In shouts of praise that never end,
 Thy goodness to adore.

H Y M N XXVI.—A call to the youth.

1. **A**WAKE, awake O youth, arise,
 Behold thy friend, the Lamb of GOD,
 Hangs bleeding on the cross, and dies,
 To wash you in his precious blood.

2. For thee he left the realms of light,
 And deign'd to clothe himself in clay,
 To save you from eternal night.
 And bring you to eternal day.

3. Long years of grief he's waded through,

And then concludes his days in pain ;
 And all, O precious youth, for you,
 That you with him in heav'n might reign.

4. His dying groans, calls thee away,
 From all thy vain amusing charms ;

O fly, dear youth, without delay
 Into his wide-extended arms.

5. How can you tread the ways of death,
 When Jesus groans beneath your sins ?

Can you despise his praying breath,
 And lead his wounded soul with pains ?

6. Will not his groans your spirit move,
 Nor all his kindness reach your heart ?

Will you despise such bleeding love,
 Before you will with idols part ?

7. Will you reject his boundless grace,
 And choose the downward road to hell ;

Or join with that redeemed race,
 Who will with him in glory dwell ?

8. Fain would he make you ever blest,
 And feed you with immortal love,

And give you everlasting rest
 In his eternal realms above.

P A U S E.

9. Now is the time to make your choice,
 Reject and sink in endless night ;

Or hear the waiting Saviour's voice,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

10. O think how shocking is the doom,
 Of those that choose the way to hell ;

But O how blest are those that come
 To Christ, and in his glory dwell !

11. What are the greatest joys on earth,
 But empty shades, and treach'rous toys ?

Then be intreated, precious youth,
 To leave them for eternal joys.

12. If you embrace the Saviour's love,
 You'll find his ways are paths of peace ;

And reign in the sweet realms above,

Where songs of joy shall never cease.

13. But if you choose the way to hell,
And still despise that precious name,
With endless curses you must dwell,
Cloth'd with eternal guilt and shame.
14. The Saviour waits now at your door,
Say sinner, whither will you go,
To bliss or pain forever more ?
Say will you have this Christ or no ?

H Y M N XXVII.—When met for worship.

- J**ESUS let not thy grace delay,
To meet us with thy love ;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove,
2. Come in with pow'r to ev'ry soul,
O thou immortal Dove ;
Make ev'ry wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.
3. We long to meet our GOD to day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That ev'ry soul with joy may say,
" *My Lord, my God, is mine.*"
4. What do we here without thy grace,
O blessed Lamb of GOD ?
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,
Unless we feel thy word.
5. Here's some that pants, O GOD, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love ;
O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.
6. Jesus inspire each heart and tongue,
To laud thy precious name ,
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

H Y M N XXVIII.—On the death of Christ.

1. **W**HAT solemn groans are those I hear,
It's like some bleeding victim near ;
From Golgotha methinks they rise ;
Ah ! tis the Saviour bleeds for me ;

For me, for me, for me, for me,

He bows his head and groans and dies.

2. Angels, behold your maker GOD,
Nail'd to the tree now dress'd in blood,

That he might spread his boundless grace :

Adam with all your sons behold,

Behold, behold, behold, behold,

The Saviour of your guilty race.

3. All dress'd in purple gore he hangs,

In agonies, and dying pangs ;

And praying gasps th' expiring breath ;

Freely the great Messiah dies.

He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,

To save immortal souls from death.

4. Think, O my soul, how can it be,

The king of glory bleeds for thee !

Behold, behold thy Jesus die !

How great thy goodness, O my GOD !

My GOD, my GOD, my GOD, my GOD,

To bleed for such a wretch as I !

H Y M N XXIX.—Met for to hear the gospel.

1. **J**ESUS with thy gospel sword,

In the chariot of thy word,

Ride thy boundless grace to spread ;

Heal the sick, and raise the dead.

2. We have come to seek thy love ;

Without thee we cannot move ;

Lord, we cannot be deny'd,

Come, and we shall be supply'd.

3. Heav'nly King our foes destroy,

Turn our grief to sacred joy ;

Make our guilt and death remove,

Fill us with redeeming love.

4. We can never happy be,

Till thy blessed face we see ;

We shall find no solid rest,

Till we lean upon thy breast.

5. Lovely Jesus let us be,

Heart and soul, bound up in thee ;

Then with joy we will proclaim,
Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb.

H Y M N XXX.—Giving God speed to his heralds.

1. **G**O forth ye heralds of the Lord,
Your Master's worthy name to spread ;
Gird on the armour of his word,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead.
2. Go tell the world, that Jesus reigns ;
Let Jew and Gentile nations know
The Saviour's come, and teach the strains
That angels sing to worms below.
3. Defy the frowns of earth and hell,
Disdaining all created bliss ;
Your portion doth in Jesus dwell,
And you by solemn vows are his.
4. Lean on your Master as you go ;
Your heart, and tongue, and life engage,
Nothing but Jesus Christ to know,
Long as you tread this mortal stage.
5. The great Jehovah is your friend,
And bound to lead you on your way,
Till all your labours here shall end,
Then bring you to eternal day.
6. May thousands by your faithful hands,
Be led to that immortal shore ;
Possess with you the promis'd lands,
Where storms of death shall beat no more.
7. A glorious crown you then shall wear,
With heralds on the blissful plains ;
And we with you in glory share,
Amen, amen, our Jesus reigns !

H Y M N XXXI.—The waters troubled.

1. **J**ESUS the Lord is passing by
Gird with his sword upon his thigh ;
Doth like a prince in grandeur tread,
His sword a flame, his garments red.
2. " I die, the mighty Saviour cries,
" A willing and full sacrifice ;
" Behold the blood my vester stains,

" Tokens of love from all my veins.

3. " With joy I came from realms above,

" To teach the world redeeming love :

" And freely groan'd upon the tree,

" To set the worst of rebels free.

4. " And now behold I'm passing by,

" My grace is free, my pow'r is nigh ;

" I ever was, and still the same,

" My nature love, and love my name.

5. " Now gather all your needy race,

" And point them to my courts of grace,

" Tell them it is my soul's delight,

" To save them from eternal night.

6. " They shall find help that come to me,

" The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see,

" The lame shall leap, the dead shall raise,

" And sighs and groans be turn'd to praise.

7. " Your greatest foes I will destroy,

" And slaves releas'd shall leap for joy ;

" Poor souls that long were bound in chains,

" Shall rise and sing immortal strains.

8. " My name it is the Prince of Peace,

" I love to make all sorrow cease ;

" I love to do the sinners good,

" And wash the guilty in my blood."

HYMN XXXII.—Thanks for earthly blessings, and improving them in the cause of Christ.

COME pilgrims let us praise the hand

That leads us through this barren land ;

The strength he gives our earthly frame.

Must all be spent to spread his name.

2 Our earthly blessings we'll improve,

And heart, and tongue, to spread his love :

And while we tread this mortal road,

He'll still go on to do us good.

3. Then when we quit this mortal shore,

And we shall want the earth no more,

He'll bring us all around his board,

To feast upon eternal food.

4. O then ten thousand thanks shall raise,
Where glory shines in perfect blaze ;
To him that gave his life so free,
For you, O pilgrims, and for me.

H Y M N XXXIII.—The pilgrims rejoicing.

1. COME pilgrims lift your joyful strains,
Remember your Redeemer reigns ?

He has descended from above,
And fed us with immortal love.

2. Our mourning souls have seen his face,
And felt the pow'r of gospel grace ;
He is our friend, and always nigh
To raise our souls with joys on high.

3. Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
With joy unite the heav'nly song ;
Praise him who spilt his blood so free,
And gave his life for you and me.

4. 'Twas freely he sustain'd our loss,
And nail'd our sorrows to his cross ;
And groan'd and died beneath our load,
To give our souls a life with GOD.

5. O let us mount to realms above,
And sing the wonders of his love ;
Let ev'ry soul unite as one,
To shout his praise with loud Amen.

H Y M N XXXIV.—For a revival of religion.

1. O Jesus come, thy kingdom spread,
Through these dark regions of the dead ;
Cause senseless souls to hear thy voice,
And in thy boundless love rejoice.

2. O cause the triumphs of our King,
Through all our villages to ring ;
And with delight we'll spread thy name,
Long as we feel the heav'nly flame,

3. Poor souls long bound in iron chains ;
Shall hear the echo of our strains ;
And then we'll point them to our GOD,
On Calvary all dress'd in blood.

4. And may the heathen nations know,
The christians have a heav'n below ;
And monarchs bow and join to sing,
That Jesus is the only king !

HYMN XXXV.—*At a marriage, when there is no carnal mirth.*

MAY Jesus bless the mutual bands,
And heav'nly wisdom bind your hands ;
By love divine made one in heart,
Till death all mortal ties shall part.

2. Then to the realms of perfect light,
May you both take your joyful flight ;
Find Christ your husband and your friend,
When earthly friends and lovers end.

3. There one you'll be with Christ in heav'n ;
None marry'd there ; nor marriage giv'n ;
But like the angels of the Lord,
To feast around his heav'nly board.

4. Then shall our joys be all divine,
The waters all turn'd into wine :
And each be found a welcome guest,
To join the everlasting feast.

HYMN XXXVI.—*A prize to be obtained.*

1. **L**ORD help me so to run the race,
That I may once obtain

A crown among the heirs of grace,
And with their Saviour reign.

2. O may I now by faith arise,
And find my sins forgiv'n ;
That I at last may share a prize,
In all the joys of heav'n.

3. There let me once behold thy face,
O thou, my only friend ;
And shout thy love, and share thy grace,
Where songs shall never end.

4. High wafted in the realms of light,
Beyond all sense of pain ;
Jesus shall be my whole delight,
And I with him shall reign.

HYMN xxxvii.—*Christ inviting sinners to his grace.*

- A** MAZING fight, the Saviour stands,
And knocks at every door ;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.
2. " Behold, saith he, I bleed and die,
" To bring poor souls to rest ;
" Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
" And be forever blest.
3. " Will you despise such bleeding love,
" And choose the way to hell ;
" Or in the glorious realms above,
" With me forever dwell ?
4. " Not to condemn your sinking race,
" Have I in judgment come :
" But to display unbounded grace,
" And bring lost sinners home.
5. " May I not save your wretched soul,
" From sin, from death, and hell ;
" Wounded or sick, I'll make you whole,
" And you with me shall dwell.
6. " Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
" And have your sins forgiv'n ?
" Or will you make a wretched choice,
" And bar yourselves from heav'n ?
7. " Will you go down to endless night,
" And bear eternal pain ?
" Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign ?
8. " Come answer now before I go,
" While I am passing by ;
" Say, will you marry me, or no ?
" Say, will you live, or die ?"

HYMN xxxviii.—*The mourning soul answered by Christ.*

1. **W**HERE, saith the mourner, is this Christ,
That calls the hungry to a feast ?
Where is that grace proclaim'd so free ?
Say, herald, point the way to me.
2. If, as you say, he spilt his blood,

To bring immortal souls to God ;

Then tell me, tell me, where I'll go,

To find if this be true, or no ?

3. " Well, saith the Saviour, here I be ;

" Where is the soul inquires for me ?

" I by my spirit now declare,

" My grace is free, and you may share."

4. O saith the soul, I wou'd receive ;

Speak, Lord, and help me to believe ;

Since thou declar'dst thy grace is free,

O give one precious drop to me.

5. " I wait, saith Jesus, at your door,

" With love that knows no bound nor shore ;

" And far more free I am to give,

" Than you are willing to receive.

6. " Freely I die, I mourn, I bleed,

" I weep, I wait, promise and plead ;

" Lab'ring for you all dress'd in gore,

" What can I do or offer more ?

7. " Say, will you now my love abuse,

" And all the joys of heav'n refuse ?

" Must I leave you ? must I go ?

" Will you choose eternal wo ?

8. " O be beseech'd to hear my voice,

" And make eternal li'e your choice ;

" Say, will you choose to sink in hell ?

" Or else with me in glory dwell ?

HYMN xxxix. — Choosing nothing but Christ.

1. **I** CHOOSE the Lord for all my joy ;

His praise I count my best employ ;

His name my constant theme shall be ;

Lord I would follow none but thee.

2. Without my Lord I cannot rest ;

There's none but he can make me blest ;

In him I find a solid peace,

And in him all my joys increase.

3. O let me never, never part,

From him the pleasure of my heart ;

Dear Jesus, keep me always near,

Till I with thee in heav'n appear.

4. O may I once at thy right hand,
Rejoice with all the glorious band ;
The unveil'd glories then I'll see,
Of him that gave his life for me.

5. Transporting scenes ! ah, glorious sight !
Shall wrap my soul in sweet delight :
And each immortal pow'r of mine,
Shall in exalted praises join.

H Y M N XL.—A call to sinners.

1. **S**INNERS arise, the Saviour's come,
And bleeds for wretched souls like you ;
His mercy calls the rebels home,
Forgives their sins and loves them too.

2. Come to the feast without delay,
Before the gospel call is o'er :
Embrace the blessed Lord to day,
Lest he should go, and call no more ;

3. Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
And found a feast of love divine ;
Come then, poor souls, with all your sin,
And the Redeemer will be thine.

4. Those happy souls that's gone before,
Were once in sin as vile as you ;
O doubt the Saviour's love no more,
But come and taste his goodness too.

H Y M N XLI.—For the spreading of the gospel.

1. **L**OOK on the sinking world, O God,
And make thy goodness known ;
Let sinners feel thy gospel sword,
And bow before thy throne.

2. O send thy heralds far and near,
To spread the gospel feast ;
And let the farthest corners hear
Of thy redeeming grace.

3. Why should poor dying souls be lost,
And plunge in endless death,
Since Jesus for them on the cross

Gave his expiring breath ?

4. Since boundless love hath stoop'd so low,
And still remains the same,
O let poor starving sinners know,
The goodness of thy name.

H Y M N XLII.—The same.

LONG has the world in darkness dwelt,

Though the incarnate GOD
His precious blood has freely spilt,
To spread his light abroad,

O shake them, mighty Jesus, now,
By thy redeeming word,

That wretched souls to thee may bow,
And own their bleeding Lord.

3. O send ten thousand to proclaim
Thy gospel far and near,

That heathen lands may know thy name,
And ev'ry nation hear.

4. Pity the souls, O GOD, that he
Without the gospel light,

And send them life before they die
And sink in endless night.

5. Since thy great love no limits know,
Nor thy free grace abound,

O let thy blessed gospel go,
And sinners hear the sound.

H Y M N XLIII.—For the morning.

1. **O** How kind the heav'nly pow'rs
Guarded my unguarded hours !

Through the dangers of the night
Led me to the morning light.

2. Now my soul awake with joy,
Make his praise thy whole employ ;
All thy future moments spend
To adore thy heav'ly friend.

3. When this life is cold in death,
I with angels shall break forth
In my blest Redeemer's praise,
Morning songs, seraphic lays.

*HYMN XLIV.—Free grace, the gospel call, and salvation
by faith.*

1. **N**ATIONS attend, let ev'ry mortal hear,
The gospel trumpet sounds the jubile year ;
The Saviour's death declares unbounded grace
To ev'ry soul of Adam's guilty race ;
Sinners behold your friend and Saviour bleeding,
Fly to his arms while he is interceding.
2. No more attempt to cleanse the guilty soul,
Or work to make your wounded spirits whole.
But hear, and let the waiting Saviour in,
His rising pow'r will cleanse from all your sins ;
Fly, mortals, fly, fly ev'ry town and nation,
While the Redeemer stands with free salvation.
3. " I want not works, saith he, to make you whole,
" I came to save the vile polluted soul ;
" My grace is free, I am the mighty God,
" My arms of love for you is stretch'd abroad ;
Sinners behold the great incarnate Saviour,
And fly for refuge to his lasting favour.
4. Behold, behold his wounded hands and side,
And then believe it was for you he died ;
He waits in love the sinners to receive,
And will you not his dying groans believe ;
He waits and calls, O sinners hear him pleading,
And then believe for you the Lamb is bleeding.
5. " How long, saith he, will you my love abuse ;
" How long will you my boundless grace refuse ;
" How long, poor sinners, will you shut the door ?
" Or must I leave, and call on you no more ?
" Say, wretched mortal must my love be slighted ?
" Or will you come to GOD while now invited ?
6. " Behold, behold I am the sinners friend ;
" Believe my word and all your griefs shall end ;
" Or lack you faith, 'tis faith I freely give ;
" Look up to me, poor dying soul, and live,
" The great Jehovah offers you a kingdom ;
" Come ev'ry soul, come as you are, and welcome.
7. " Your heart is hard, my love can melt away .

- " Both rocks and hills ; why will you longer stay ?
 " Once more I ask, poor soul I'm loath to go,
 " Say, dying sinner, will you live, or no ?
 " Your sins tho' great they shall be all forgiv'n,
 " And you shall live and reign with me in heav'n.
 8 " With all my countless hosts in realms above,
 " Your souls shall share in everlasting love ;
 " I'll be your father and your portion too ;
 " And you shall swim in joys forever new ;
 " Say now, poor souls, why are you unbelieving ?
 " Or what, say what, doth keep you from receiving ?
 9. " I'll conquer death and hell beneath your feet,
 " Behold my great salvation is complete ;
 " I've drank your bitter cup, and bore your load
 " Of sin and death, to bring you home to God ;
 " I'll change your heart, and take away your blindness :
 10. " Eternal riches shall to you be giv'n,
 " And a blest mansion in the seats of heav'n ;
 " Unbounded glory I will freely give,
 " If thou wilt but consent with me to live ;
 " Say wretched sinner, will you have a kingdom,
 " Now is the time, consent, and come and welcome."

H Y M N XLV.—On the death of Christ.

1. **B**EHOOLD the friend of sinners dies,
 With love and pity in his eyes,
 To save a guilty world from death !
 O sinners here his dying groan,
 Your load of sin he bears alone,
 And yields for you his life and breath.
 2. Down to the grave amongst the dead,
 Behold he bows his glorious head ;
 All earth and hell against him too ;
 For rebel men he prays, he cries ;
 All this, O wretched souls, for you.
 3. And now with mighty pow'r to save,
 Behold he triumphs o'er the grave ;
 To conquer death and save from hell ;
 And still he doth with sinners plead,
 His spirit with them intercede,

Intreating them in heav'n to dwell.

4. Now they may dwell upon his breast,
Dwell in his love forever blest;

O sinners bow and love his name;
Come now and taste his dying love,
And ever live in realms above,

To love and praise the slaughter'd Lamb.

H Y M N XLVI.—A gospel call to sinners.

1. **O** Hasten away, ten thousand souls,
With all your guilt, with all your grief,
To Jesus whose compassion rolls
For you, and comes for your relief.

2. Jesus your friend, the Lamb of God,
Rides triumph over death and hell;
And now extends his arms of love,
Inviting you with him to dwell.

3. To day he calls the hungry round,
And spreads a feast before their eyes;
With healing balm for ev'ry wound,
And life divine that never dies.

4. "Come now saith he, with all your wants
"Behold I have a large supply;
"The soul that for salvation pants,
"May freely drink and never die.

5. "I love to give the weary rest,
"And feed the poor with living bread;
"Tell ev'ry soul that would be blest,
"The Saviour loves to do them good."

H Y M N XLVII.—The heavenly pilgrims.

1. **F**ELLOW pilgrims let us join
Heart and voice in songs divine;

Our beloved passes by,
Calls aloud for you and I.

2. Like the warr'ors let us rise,
Carnal pleasures we despise;
Storms and frowns we will defy,
With our Master live and die,

3. Earthly friends we bid adieu,
Unless they will be pilgrims too;

We must not our Jesus leave,
For the nearest earthly love.

4. Jesus is our only friend,
He alone makes sorrows end ;
He will give us lasting peace,
When all other friends shall cease.

5. Soon we shall his love enjoy,
Where no trials can annoy ;
O the joyful sweets above !
Ev'ry joy is fill'd with love.

6. Think, O pilgrims, can it be,
This is all for you and me !
Have we found our sins forgiv'n ?
Is our treasure now in heav'n ?

7. Ah ! we've found redeeming grace ;
We will run the christian race ;
Till with shouting we shall rise,
With our Jesus to the skies.

8 O with what delight we'll see,
Him that died for you, and me !
This shall be our joyful theme,
Amen, worthy is the Lamb !

HYMN XLVIII.—Free grace proclaimed.

1. **C**OME trembling souls forget your fear,
For your eternal friend is near ;

O bow your souls before his face
And share in his redeeming grace.

2. Long time he's call'd your souls in vain,
And yet, behold, he calls again ;
Once more in love he's come to try,
Say, sinners, will you live, or die ?

3. Though long you have his grace abus'd,
And all his call of love refus'd ;
Yet even now he will forgive,
O sinner ! hear his voice and live.

4. Or will you crowd him from your door,
That he may never call no more ?
Then think, O souls, how can you bear,
To sink in death and long despair.

5. O sinners hear, he calls again,
And do not linger on the plain ;
Leave all and fly to Jesus arms,
And taste, O taste, his heav'nly charms.

HYMN XLIX — The name of Christ worthy to be spread.

1. **R**OUSE all ye saints of God.
And tell the world his love ;
Nor cease to sound his name abroad,
Till you awake above.

2. Sweet is the Saviour's name,
To all that ever taste ;
His love will mourning souls inflame,
His mercy is a feast.

3. No mortal tongue can tell.
How sweet his graces be,
But those that in his bosom dwell,
Who often taste and see.

4. O that poor sinners knew,
The sweetness of his name !
They would become the foll'wers too,
Of this despised Lamb.

5. And is this Jesus mine !
Have I e'er known his love !
Then let me live on themes divine,
Till I shall soar above.

HYMN L. — For the spreading of the gospel.

1. **O** Spread thy saving name abroad,
Thou blessed Prince of Peace ;
Bring dying sinners home to God,
And make their sorrows cease.

2. Since thy compassion still doth yearn,
O'er wretched men so free,
Help them, O Jesus, to return,
And find their help in thee.

3. O let them taste the Saviour's love,
And drink immortal joy ;
Let starving souls no longer rove
To seek an empty toy.

4. O let thy blessed gospel run
Through all these shades of night,

Let souls in darkness feel the sun

That brings immortal light.

5. Then in the beams of grace divine

Their chearful souls will sing ;

Ten thousand praises shall be thine,

O thou immortal King !

HYMN LI.—The strong persuasions of free grace.

1. O Sinners fly to Jesus' arms,

Enjoy his everlasting charms ;

He calls you to a heav'nly feast,

O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

2. Say, will you be forever blest,

And with this heav'nly Jesus rest ?

He'll save you from all sin and pain,

And you shall in full glory reign.

3. Say now, poor soul, what will you do ?

Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

Make now the choice, and halt no more,

For Christ is waiting at your door.

4. He waits, he woos, he's loath to leave,

And will you not his word believe ?

Why, will you let this Jesus go ?

Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

5. Once more I'll ask you in his name,

(I know his love is still the same)

Will you be sav'd from endless wo ?

Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

H Y M N LII.—When met for worship.

1. GLAD news to men, the Prince of Peace

Has in his triumphs rose !

From death and hell he takes release,

And tramples on his foes.

2. Lord may thy saints this day likewise,

Some heav'nly strength attain ;

From earthly clogs, and darkness rise,

And some new conquest gain.

3. Give us the quick'nings of thy grace,

To chase our sloth away ;

And may the smiles of thy face,

Make this a joyful day.

4. O come, thou heav'nly spirit, come,
With thy inspiring word ;
Call ev'ry wild affection home,
To love and praise the Lord.
5. Come in with us thou bleeding Lamb,
With blessings from above ;
And ev'ry mourning heart inflame,
With thy redeeming love.
6. Let starving sinners hear from thee,
And taste of food divine ;
O set them from their bondage free,
And let their souls be thine.

HYMN LIII.—The same.

1. **B**LESS us this day, O Lord our God,
And shed redeeming love abroad ;
O comfort ev'ry mourning soul,
And make the wounded spirits whole.
2. Let those that unconcern'd appear
Some thund'ring word from Sinai hear,
That they may fall before thy face,
And share in the Redeemer's grace.
3. Pity thy children that attend
Mourning the absence of their friend ;
O raise their drooping souls above,
And cheer them with their father's love.

HYMN LIV.—The gospel call to saints and sinners.

1. **A**RISE O all ye saints and sing
The conquests of your bleeding King,
Who bled and died, and rose for you ;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And bid your sorrows all adieu.
2. Come all ye mourning souls attend
The call of your eternal friend,
Receive his grace, and him adore ;
Say if ye will his love partake,
Awake, awake, awake, awake,
From death, and live forevermore.

3. Come guilty mortals as you be,
 He sets the worst of sinners free,
 From fear and darkness, death and hell ;
 His charming voice, O sinners hear,
 Draw near, draw near, draw near, draw near,
 Now while he calls, and with him dwell.
4. O sin-sick sinners come away,
 Let not your sins make your delay,
 But come with all your wounds and grief ;
 Come to this Jesus as you am,
 O Come, O come, O come, O come,
 With all your guilt, and find relief.

HYMN LV.—The same.

1. **G**OOD news for you, O Adam's race !
 From heav'n descends unbounded grace,
 The great Messiah now appears ;
 A mortal frame I AM assumes ;
 He comes, he comes, he comes, he comes,
 And to the world his love declares.
2. Sinners behold the great God-man,
 Your friend an infant of the span,
 Has stoop'd to dwell below the skies !
 Ye mourners bid your fears adieu,
 For you, for you, for you, for you,
 The mighty saviour freely dies.
3. And now from door to door goes,
 A man of sorrow, and of woes,
 Lab'ring to save poor souls from hell ;
 Mortals behold your Saviour near,
 O hear, O hear, O hear, O hear
 His voice and in his glory dwell.
4. Let ev'ry nation know his name,
 And ev'ry tongue his love proclaim ;
 Your sorrows may forever cease :
 Lift up your hearts with cheerful voice,
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
 And praise the glorious Prince of Peace.

HYMN LVI.—*A call to sinners.*

1. **A** WAKE, ye dying souls, awake,
Behold the Saviour stands,
Now at your door, and oft doth knock,
With pardons in his hands.
2. Why will you die, when Jesus bleeds
To save your souls from hell?
And now he waits, and woos, and pleads,
'That you would with him dwell.
3. O hear, ye mourning sinners, hear,
And now receive his grace;
Immortal glories now is near,
Come and these glories taste.
The great Jehovah calls you home
To everlasting day;
Come, O ye wretched sinners, come,
And make no more delay.
5. There's room enough in Jesus' arms,
For ev'ry mourning soul;
And if you're sick his heav'nly charms,
Will make your spirits whole.
6. He freely died that he might save
You from eternal woe;
Say now, poor mortals, will you have
This blessed Christ, or no?

HYMN LVII.—*Christ's death declares his grace is free.*

1. **A** WAKE, O guilty world awake,
Behold the earth's foundations shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you!
His death proclaims to all your race,
Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace,
To all the Jews and Gentiles too.
2. Come, guilty mortals, come and see
The Saviour on the cursed tree,
For you, all dress'd in purple gore;
His weight of woe has veil'd the sun,
'Tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done,
That man might live forevermore.
3. See how the wounded Lamb of God

Extends his bleeeing arms abroad
 To save a fallen world from death !
 Behold him in his agonies,
 He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
 And yields the last expiring breath.

4. He dies and triumphs over death
 To give the dead immortals, birth,
 And spread the wonders of his name ;
 Shout, mortals, shout, with chearful voice,
 Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
 And give the glory of the Lamb.

H Y M N LVIII.—A call to sinners.

1. **W**HAT more could Jesus do.
 To make poor sinners blest ?

O sinners bid the world adieu,
 And have eternal rest.

2. His blood was freely spilt,
 To save your souls from death ;
 And to remove your load of guilt,
 Gave up his life and breath.

3. And can you now refuse
 Such grace and dying love ?
 Will you his goodness all abuse,
 And slight the joys above ?

4. No pow'r can e'er relieve
 Your souls from hell but he ;
 Believe, O wretched men believe,
 And happy shall you be.

5. His goodness knows no bound,
 Nor will his love forbear ;
 What other wretched souls have found,
 Your mourning souls may share.

6. His golden scepter waits,
 With grace and pardons free ;
 O touch, and though your sins are great,
 Yet pardon'd you shall be,

7. Behold the King of kings,
 Is waiting yet for you ;
 And ev'ry word glad tidings brings

- To all the guilty crew,
 8. Behold the purple gore,
 'Which from his wounds doth flow,
 A sea of grace without a shore,
 To save your souls from wo.
 9. O cast your guilty souls
 In this unbounded sea ;
 His love will make the wounded whole,
 And set the pris'ners free.

H Y M N LIX.—On the birth of Christ.

1. **G**LAD tidings to our world is come !
 Mortals prepare your Saviour room ;
 Lift up your heads, forget your fears ;
 The great Messiah from above,
 With boundless love, with boundless love,
 Within your guilty realm appears.
 2. Ten thousand seraphs round him bow,
 And angels and archangels glow
 From the bright climes of heav'nly day ;
 Shouting they hail the happy morn,
 The Saviour's born, the Saviour's born,
 To take the sinners guilt away.
 3. Let kings and nations all attend,
 The birth of their eternal friend ;
 Let ev'ry land the tidings know ;
 Heathens forsake your wood and stone,
 For there is none, for there is none,
 But Christ can save from endless wo.
 4. Hail, dying souls, your friend is nigh,
 Believe and you shall never die ;
 O come and reign with Christ the Lord ;
 Ye mourners bid your tears adieu,
 He calls for you, he calls for you,
 For you his arms are stretch'd abroad.

H Y M N LX.—On the death of Christ.

1. **H**ARK ! O ye sons of Adam, hear
 Your Saviour's dying breath ;
 And all ye nations far and near,
 Attend your Saviour's death.

Hb

2. On Calvary behold he hangs,
And bleeds and dies for you;
Crush'd with the weight of dying pangs
In soul and body too.
3. This is th' eternal Son of God,
That spills his blood so free;
See how he bears the heavy load.
O guilty world for thee!
4. Mortals can you refuse his grace,
And all his love despise?
Or will you join the happy race,
With him that never dies?

HYMN LXI.—On the name of Christ.

1. **S**WEET is the name of Christ the Lamb,
To all that have his love enjoy'd;
They tasting thirst still for the same,
Their souls with love can ne'er be cloy'd.
2. This is the life of every saint,
And strength of ev'ry wounded soul;
When they are sick, or sore, or faint,
The name of Jesus makes them whole.
3. This name their dying souls will save,
When ev'ry other helper fails;
And lift them from the threat'ning grave;
O'er death and hell this name prevails.
4. This name will ev'ry foe destroy,
And give the helpless sinners rest;
This name will be eternal joy,
And make the saints forever blest.
5. O may this name my soul inflame,
Long as I walk this mortal shore;
Then will I make this glorious name,
My joys and theme forevermore.

HYMN LXII.—An invitation to sinners; and the vanity of all things but Christ.

1. **S**INNER, the Lord would save
Your soul from death and hell;
And joys in him your souls may have,
Beyond what tongue can tell.
2. In vain you search the earth,

Through all its good to find
 Some lasting joy or solid mirth
 To cheer the hungry mind,
 3. All pleasures dwell in Christ,
 For none but him is good ;
 Come starving sinners, come and taste
 Of this immortal food.

4. He is the living bread,
 And sea of perfect bliss ;
 His life and love can raise the dead,
 And make all sorrow cease.

5. O sinners hear his voice,
 While he is at your door ;
 In perfect bliss you'll soon rejoice,
 And live forevermore.

*HYMN LXIII.—Christ's work, and love, and success in the
 gospel.*

1. **L**ORD, in the chariot of thy word,
 Ride forth with pow'r thy name to spread ;
 Give speed unto thy gospel sword,
 Through these dark regions of the dead.

2. " Lo, saith the Saviour, here I am,
 " With all my vesture dip'd in blood ;
 " The FREE PHYSICIAN is my name,
 " Seeking to do the needy good.

3. " I love to feed the hungry poor,
 " To heal the sick and raise the dead ;
 " I love to see them crowd my door,
 " That I my boundless love may spread.

4. " I love to set those pris'ners free,
 " That are in debt and nought to pay ;
 " No guilty soul that comes,
 " Shall ever go condemn'd away.

5. " Now where's your guilty, weak and poor,
 " Your sick, your deaf, your dead, your blind ?
 " Call each by name around my door,
 " And they shall all a helper find.

6. Lord, saith the poor and trembling soul,
 I come with all my wants to thee ;

*My sins forgive, my wounds make whole,
And from my bondage set me free.*

7. "Then, saith the Lord, the work is done,

"It was for you I bled and died ;

"Cast all thy wants on me alone,

"And all thy wants shall be supply'd.

8. *O, saith the soul, my Christ is mine !*

I feel thy grace, I love thy name,

And I will be forever thine,

O Lord, to sound thy worthy fame.

9. Hosanna ! let the christians join,

A soul is added to our band ;

And welcome soul, the prize is thine,

To reign with us at Christ's right hand.

10. Amen, with joy our souls shall sing,

And let the same resound abroad ;

Amen, all glory to our king,

A soul is born to Christ our God.

HYMN LXIV.—Worthy is the Lamb.

1. **A**MAZING love, unbounded grace,
Through the Redeemer's name ;

Let mortal and immortal race

Cry "*worthy is the Lamb.*"

2. The mighty Saviour from the skies,

Comes down to bear our shame ;

Beneath our guilt he bleeds and dies,

"*All worthy is the Lamb.*"

3. Ten thousand thousand thanks is due,

O Jesus, to thy name ;

Let saints above and angels too,

Cry "*worthy is the Lamb.*"

4. And we on those immortal plains,

Inspir'd with sacred flame,

E'er long shall raise the highest strains

Of "*worthy is the Lamb.*"

HYMN LXV.—Christ and a youth, in a dialogue.

1. **J**ESUS from the bright realms above,

Stoops to display his boundless love ;

Calling the worst of sinners home,

And courting children in their bloom.

2. "Return, saith he, thou precious youth,

"To me the way, the life, and truth ;

"Partake my grace, enjoy my love,

"And set your heart on things above.

3. YOUTH.—Lord, I would hear thy gracious voice,

And in thy service might rejoice ;

But I am chain'd to things below,

And cannot let my pleasures go.

4. CHRIST.—"Your earthly joys affords no peace,

"And all those pleasures soon will cease ;

"Why will you then pursue such toys,

"And lose my everlasting joys ?

5. YOUTH.—I know my joys are mix'd with fear,

And soon they all must disappear ;

But I no other pleasures know,

Therefore I cannot let them go.

6. CHRIST.—"Nor can your greater pleasures find,

"While to these earthly joys inclin'd ;

"But if you'll hear my gracious voice,

"You soon shall find superiour joys.

7. YOUTH.—"But should I now attend thy call,

And think to make the Lord my all,

Ten thousand foes would soon engage

Against my soul with all their rage.

8. CHRIST.—"What mighty foes are those you see,

"That makes you dread to follow me ?

"Point them to me, I can destroy,

"Or chain them that they can't annoy.

9. YOUTH.—The loss of pleasure, earth's esteem,

The fear of man, reproach, and shame ;

Hard trials in this christian flight,

And conflicts with the pow'rs of night.

10. CHRIST.—"More than my love dost thou esteem,

"Vain man's applause, and call it shame

"To bear my cross, fear pow'rs of hell ;

"Yet choose forever there to dwell ?

11. YOUTH.—My pleas are vain, O God, forgive ;
What can I do, how can I live,
Chain'd down with twice ten thousand fears,
Surrounded with ten thousand snares ?

12. CHRIST.—“ If you from such small trials shrink,
“ How will you bear e'er long to sink
“ In all the fears, and pains of hell,
“ Where you are justly doom'd to dwell ?

13. YOUTH.—Truth, Lord, but I am now so deep
In blindness, darkness, death, and sleep,
Those further scenes do all but seem
An empty sound, an idle dream.

14. CHRIST.—“ Then more you need my call to hear,
“ Who sees your wretched doom so near ;
“ And if you're dark, and dead, and blind,
“ The more you need relief to find.

15. YOUTH.—Lord what thou say'st I can't deny,
And O I fear my doom is nigh ;
I now begin to feel my wo,
What shall I do ? where shall I go ?

16. CHRIST.—“ Arise, dear youth, you need not fear,
“ If you will but my spirit hear ;
“ Accept my grace, and follow me,
“ And happy days you soon shall see.

17. YOUTH.—I would, O God, with joy attend,
I was sure you was my friend ;
But unbelief, and darkness reigns,
And I am bound with heavy chains.

18. CHRIST.—“ Though darkness reigns, & you now
dwell

“ Just on the verge of death and hell,
“ Yet fear them not, I'll be thy friend,
“ Trust me and all thy fears shall end.

19. YOUTH.—O God, I am undone I see,
And dare not stay, but cannot flee ;
How can I have my sins forgiv'n ?
How shall I find the way to heav'n ?

20. CHRIST.—“ I am the way, the heav’n, the prize,
 “ The life, the strength, the ears, the eyes ;
 “ I’ll be thy portion and thy guide,
 “ And all thy wants shall be supply’d.

21. YOUTH.—Then helpless, Lord, to thee I come,
 With all my wants just as I am ;
 Thy face in love O let me see,
 And take my wretched soul to thee.

22. CHRIST.—“ In love behold thy Saviour’s face ;
 “ Believe my word, receive my grace ;
 “ Enjoy my love ; I’ll be thy GOD,
 “ And thou art mine redeem’d with blood.

23. YOUTH.—O GOD, my GOD, I feel thy voice !
 Thy love makes all my soul rejoice ;
 Ah ! joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 Now I have found doth in thee dwell.

24. O Lord my soul belongs to thee,
 And now I know thou died for me ;
 All things in Jesus now is mine,
 And all the glory shall be thine.

H Y M N LXVI.—An awakened sinner.

1. **I** Wander like a captive slave,
 In shades of death and night ;
 No friend nor happiness I have,
 Nor glimpse of cheering light.
2. Ten thousand snares beset my way,
 And storms of fury roll,
 And foes like cruel beasts of prey,
 Are thirsting for my soul.
3. Nor do I wish for rest or peace,
 But from the realms above ;
 O Jesus make my sorrows cease,
 With thy redeeming love.
4. O Jesus let me hear thee say,
 “ Fear not, I am thy friend ;”
 Give me a glimpse of heav’nly day,
 And joys that never end.

HYMN LXVII.—Desiring to spread the name of Jesus.

1. **O** Could I tread from pole to pole,
With my Redeemer's name,
How gladly would my active soul
The joyful news proclaim !
2. My life and strength I'd freely spend,
Through years of grief and wo,
If Jesus would with pow'r attend,
The gospel triumph to blow.
3. To dying sinners I would go,
And lead their souls to heav'n ;
That they might the Redeemer know,
And find their sins forgiv'n.
4. I'd bring my thousands round the fest
Of my eternal King,
Where they should find a happy seat,
And endless praises sing.

H Y M N LXVII.—Desiring to be wholly for Christ.

1. **I** Would be wholly for my God,
And hourly taste his love,
And spread his glorious name abroad,
Where e'er I rest, or rove.
2. The Lamb that gave his life for me,
My soul would so enjoy,
That his redeeming love should be
My life and whole employ.
3. Then should my soul one day be found
Within the peaceful shore,
Where I shall with archangels sound
His name forevermore.
4. There I of love would drink my fill,
Within my Saviour's arms ;
Complete in joy, and growing still
By his attracting charms.

H Y M N LXVIII.—The same.

1. **O** When, dear Jesus, shall I be
Devoted life and soul to thee ?

In wisdom's way O may I tread,
By thine unerring spirit led.

2. O let me often see thy face,
And feast upon redeeming grace;
And by thy word teach me to know
My Saviour's will where e'er I go.

3. O never, never let me rove
From thee my Father and my love;
But fix my heart on things above,
My constant theme shall be thy love.

4. Where e'er I go I'll always tell
What goodness in my GOD doth dwell,
That other starving souls may know
Thy name, and taste thy goodness too.

H Y M N LXIX.—To the profane.

1. **W**H Y, mortals, will you thus blaspheme
That name which all the heav'ns adore,
And for a short delusive dream,
Torment yourselves forevermore?

2. O think, poor souls, how near you stand
To an eternal gulf of pain!
Your fleeting days are but a span,
And certain death comes on amain.

3. Soon will you feel the fatal blow,
And shudder on the verge of death;
With what reluctance will you go,
When drawing your expiring breath?

4. O rouse, unthinking mortals rouse:
And flee those gaping joys of hell;
How can you bear, why will you choose,
In everlasting pains to dwell?

5. The gospel sounds the Saviour's grace,
Go bow before that worthy name;
Go spread your wants before his face,
And plead his love, and own your shame.

6. Who knows but love so long refus'd,
May stretch an arm of grace for you,
And that sweet name so much abus'd,

May yet forgive, and bless you too!

HYMN LXX.—The thoughtful sailor's confession.

1. **H**OW oft unthinking sailors feel,
The stragg'ring ship like drunkards reel,
And tremble o'er the wat'ry graves!
And yet how many soon forget,
The horrors of the gaping pit,
And that almighty arm that saves!
2. When trembling o'er the eternal state,
Our hopes are small, our fears are great:
Then we lament the distant shore;
When flaming sulphurs through the sky,
Like sheets of liquid fire doth fly,
And hell'wing thunders round us roar,
3. Then we expect immediate death,
And sigh, and groan at ev'ry breath,
O for some mighty pow'r to save!
We now in that distressing hour,
To God for his deliv'ring pow'r,
To save us from the gaping grave.
4. The Lord looks down with pitying eye,
He hears the trembling sailors cry,
And comes to make his mercy known!
He bids the threat'ning storms subside,
And calms the swelling of the tide,
And makes the thund'ring clouds return.
5. Then we rejoice to see the shore,
Our trembling sighs and cries are o'er,
And glad we tread the solid land:
But O our cries are soon forgot,
We made our vows, but paid them not,
And thus abuse the heav'nly hand.
6. Returning to our sins again
Forget his kindness and our pain,
Long as we feel a carnal peace;
Good Lord forgive the wretched crew,
Before that storm which doth pursue,
Roll on our heads and never cease.

HYMN LXXI.—*The christian surprised at Christ's love.*

1. **A**ND didst thou die for me,
O thou blest Lamb of God ?
And hast thou brought me home to thee,
By thine own precious blood ?
2. How couldst thou stoop so low ?
O what amazing grace !
He saves me from eternal wo,
And gives me heav'nly peace.
3. My soul, how can it be,
That Jesus freely bore
The pangs of death and hell for me,
And yet I love no more !
4. O let me now arise,
And soar to realms above,
And shouting gaze, with sweet surprise,
On such amazing love !

HYMN LXXII.—*The same.*

1. **I**S that the Son of GOD that cries,
Upon the bloody tree ?
O can it be the Saviour dies
For such a wretch as me !
2. He groans, he dies, and yields his breath,
And gives his life away,
To bring me from eternal death,
To everlasting day.
3. O must his heart, his wounded soul,
The pond'rous load sustain,
To make my guilty conscience whole,
And save from endless pain !
4. How can my heart refuse to melt
When Jesus dies for me !
No pains, nor grief was ever felt
As felt, O Lord, by thee.

HYMN LXXIII.—*The gospel call, by Christ's ambassador.*

1. **G**LAD tidings to the world is come,
O wretched sinners hear ;
Good news from Jesus I proclaim ;
The sinners friend is near.

2. Hark how he calls, and calls for you,
O hear his charming voice ;
Bid all your carnal joys adieu,
And in his name rejoice.
3. Cast all your righteousness away,
And come with all your guilt ;
Jesus will be your help and stay,
For you his blood was spilt.
4. If e'er you think to land in heav'n,
And share the joys above,
Come now and have your sins forgiv'n,
And taste redeeming love.

H Y M N LXXIV.—The same.

1. **O** Sinners make the Saviour room,
And let your bars remove ;
To day with boundless grace he's come,
And courts you with his love.
2. Free grace the Christians all declare,
And Christ declares the same ;
Free grace wev'e found and you may share,
Fly sinners to the Lamb.
3. Eternal life is worth your choice ;
Why will you go to hell ?
O hear this day the Saviour's voice,
And in his bosom dwell

H Y M N LXXV.—The same.

1. **O** sinners hear the gospel call,
And have your sins forgiv'n ;
Receive the Lord, and share in all
The life and joys of heav'n.
2. To day the Saviour calls for you,
And offers you his love ;
Say, will you bid your gods adieu,
And reign with Christ above ?
3. Why sinners will you disbelieve,
When Jesus dies so free ?
O come, and you shall grace receive,
For Jesus dies for thee.

H Y M N LXXVI.—Met for worship.

1. **A**LL hail thou lovely Lamb of God!

This day with us make thine abode,
And cheer our spirits with thy love;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And run with thee the christians race,
To thine eternal realms above.

2. O heal the sick and raise the dead,
And feed us with immortal bread;
Warm ev'ry heart, loose ev'ry tongue;

O let thy love our souls inflame,
We shall rejoice to feel thy name,
And make redeeming love our song.

3. We love thy name, and long to feel
More of thy love, and thirsting still,
Our souls for larger draughts would soar;

Nor would we e'er contented be
'Till all our souls are made like thee,
And safety reach'd th' immortal shore.

4. We almost long to quit this stage,
That all our pow'rs might once engage
To love and praise without annoy;

Then as immortal stars we'll shine,
In glory, Lord, forever thine,
And solace in unmingled joy.

H Y M N LXXVII.—The christians inviting sinners.

1. **S**INNERS attend, the Saviour's come

To bring the worst of rebels home;
O'er dying souls his bowels move,
His grace is free, his name is love.

2. We've seen his face, and hear'd his voice,
Enjoy'd his love, and must rejoice,
And can but court you to his name,
O sinners come enjoy the same.

3. Against the rage of earth and hell,
We have all vow'd with Christ to dwell;
He's gone before, and we'll pursue,
O sinners follow Jesus too.

4. Our names are with the sons of God,

- Eternal life is our reward ;
 Christ fights the battle, wins the race,
 While we believe and sing free grace.
5. To gain the crown Jehovah dies,
 While we look on and share the prize ;
 The more we gaze the more we have,
 The more we get the more we love.
6. Come sinners share a glorious part,
 One view of Christ will melt your heart ;
 And you with all the saints may rest,
 And reign eternal ages blest.
7. Soon by our Prince the field is won,
 All fightings and our sorrows done :
 And we shall with archangels share,
 O sinners have a mansion there.
8. There we shall sail in seas of love,
 And soar through all the realms above ;
 Millions of systems join as one,
 In one eternal song, Amen.

H Y M N LXXVIII.—Free Salvation.

- T** WAS GOD himself became the Lamb,
 To bear the sinner's guilt and shame ;
 'Tis GOD that offers grace to me ;
 Sure then his mercy must be free.
2. It is a GOD that cannot lie,
 That offers grace to you and I ;
 O let us all his word believe,
 And we shall all his love receive.
3. Let none presume his grace to bound,
 And make his oath an empty sound,
 For he's confirming by an oath,
 He has no pleasure in our death.
4. Now ev'ry wretched soul that will,
 May come and have their sins forgiv'n,
 And ev'ry soul that goes to hell,
 Are of their choice shut out of heav'n.

H Y M N LXXIX.—Early piety.

- I** JESUS in my youthful bloom,
 Take me to thee as I am ;

- Life and soul I now resign,
And will be forever thine.
2. Since thou gave thy life for me,
Lord, I'll give myself to thee,
Wash me in thy precious blood,
Fit me to enjoy my God.
3. Guard my feet from ev'ry snare,
Make my life and soul thy care ;
Often let me see thy face,
Feel and sing redeeming grace.
4. Let my heart, my life, and tongue,
Make thy blessed name my song ;
Bid all other loves adieu ;
Only thee I would pursue.
5. I must never think it shame,
For to own thy worthy name ;
Lest one day thou me despise,
And at last reject my cries.
6. But if thou wilt give me grace,
I will run the christian race ;
Then receive me to thy home,
Where reproaches never come.
7. There from all the storms of hell,
With my Jesus I shall dwell ;
He will own my worthless name
In his bright records of fame.
8. O for that immortal crown !
Jesus send the tokens down ;
Tell me Lord, shall I be there ?
O let me with angels share !

HYMN LXXX.—*The happy youth.*

1. **W**HILE I am blest with youthful bloom,
I will pursue that sacred Lamb
That bled and died for me ;
If God inspire my heart with grace,
And let me see his smiling face,
A pilgrim I will be.
2. I'll leave the world with all its toys,
And seek those far superiour joys.

That doth in Jesus dwell ;
 If Jesus be my GOD and king,
 Immortal triumphs I will sing
 O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

3. A frowning world I will defy,
 And all its flatt'ring charms deny,

It Jesus stands my friend ;
 Not long I have the storm to stand
 Of this ensnaring barren land ;
 My conflicts soon will end.

4. Jesus, my friend, my cause will plead,
 Conduct my steps, supply my need,
 And never let me fall ;

Jesus will all my foes destroy,
 Will be my life, my strength, my joy,
 Jesus is all in all.

5. With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
 To sound abroad my Saviour's praise,
 And tell the world his love ;

And when I quit this mortal stage
 I shall in sacred strains engage,
 With all the saints above.

6. There I shall with my Jesus dwell,
 In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 On that immortal shore ;

Jesus my love shall be my joy,
 His praises be my sweet employ,
 And part from him no more.

H Y M N LXXXI.—The wonders of redeeming love.

1. **O** How unbounded was that love
 That bled to save a guilty race !

The Saviour stoops from realms above,
 To spread abroad his boundless grace.

2. Behold the great Messiah hangs,
 And bleeds upon the shameful tree,
 And there he drank death's bitter pangs,
 That we from death might all be free.

3. Fain would my soul arise and tell,
 My Saviour's love from shore to shore,

That millions might return and dwell
With Jesus, and his name adore.

4. But O I mourn beneath my chains,
And can but list a faint desire ;
Impatient for those lofty strains
Where angels burn with sacred fire.

6. O all you disentangled saints,
This glorious theme belongs to you !
When death dissolves my long complaints,
I'll strike the highest praises too.

H Y M N LXXXII.—A call to sinners.

1. **S**INNERS behold your Saviour God,
With his extended arms abroad ;
For you, for you, his bowels move,
And calls you to redeeming love.

2. Why will you die when Jesus stands,
With life eternal in his hands ?
His goodness knows no bound nor shore,
O taste and live forever more.

3. Let not his pity wait in vain ;
Do not reject his love again ?
O hear his most endearing charms,
And fly for mercy to his arms.

4. Then shall your souls forever know,
What blessings from his goodness flow,
Nor will he ever leave you more,
Till safe you've reach'd the heav'nly shore.

H Y M N LXXXIV.—Desiring of Christ.

1. **O** Lord how can I live,
Or ever happy be,
Except thou doth thy spirit give,
To bring me home to thee !

2. I want thy love to taste,
And know thou art my God ;
O bring me to the gospel feast,
And feed me with thy word.

3. Ten thousand worlds won't do
To make a sinner blest,
O could I bid the world adieu,

And find eternal rest.

4. My life itself is wo,
My joys are mix'd with grief,
Where but to thee shall sinners go,
O GOD, to find relief?

5. To thee my soul would look,
And plead the Saviour's blood;
'Twas he the sinner's burden took
To bring them home to GOD,

9. O let my soul be one
That shall enjoy thy grace,
That I may worship at thy throne,
And see thy smiling face.

7. O may I know thy love,
And spend my days in peace,
Then sound thy name in realms above,
When death and sin shall cease.

HYMN LXXXIV.—Praying for the salvation of sinners.

1. **L**ORD why should sinners go to hell,
And in eternal darkness dwell,

When Jesus spilt his precious blood
To bring the worst of souls to GOD?

2. O GOD of love thy grace display,
And take their chains of death away;
That they may know that thou art love,
And reign with thee in realms above.

3. Though they are dead, yet call them forth,
From the strong pow'rs of sin and death;
And let them feel a life divine,
And be, O GOD, forever thine.

HYMN LXXXV.—The pilgrims song.

1. **Y**E toll'wers of the heav'nly King,
Who think your journey long,
Come as we journey let us sing
A note of Sion's song.

2. We will forget all things behind,
And ev'ry idol dear,
We're to the heav'nly lands inclin'd,
And that blest land is near.

3. Away from earthly charms and friends,
We'll bid you all adieu,
Unless you join the pilgrims hands,
And be a pilgrim too.
4. We're bought with the Redeemer's blood,
And must forsake you all ;
Our master calls us home to God,
And we'll obey the call.
5. Soon we shall see the happy day,
And walk the peaceful shore :
Our doubts and fears be done away,
And we shall mourn no more.

HYMN LXXXVI.—Christ calling of sinners.

1. " **C**OME, saith the Lord, O sinners come,
" And make my kingdom your blest home,
" And you shall leave all death and pain,
" And in eternal glory reign.
2. " My arms of love are stretch'd for you,
" O come, and bid your fears adieu ;
" From foes and storms I'll give you rest,
" And make your souls forever blest.
3. " Say, will you with my people go,
" And be redeem'd from endless wo ?
" O come and have your sins forgiv'n,
" And taste the boundless joys of heav'n."

HYMN LXXXVII.—Desiring Christ above all things.

1. **M**ETHINKS I long to see thy face,
O thou indulgent God,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace,
And spread thy name abroad,
2. Jesus let thy heav'nly arms,
Encircle me around,
And lift my heart above the charms,
Of this enchanted ground.
3. Let lofty themes my soul inspire
To soar for joys above ;
My heart inflame with the sweet fire
Of thine immortal love.
4. O let the glories of thy name,

My life and breath employ,
And ev'ry pow'r of thought inflame
With pure seraphic joy.

HYMN LXXXVIII.—*Longing for meekness and humility.*

1. **O** For the spirit of the Dove,
To bow this heart of mine !

Lord let my soul enjoy thy love,
And find a peace divine.

2. O for the meekness of the Lamb,
To walk with thee, my GOD !

Then should I feel thy lovely name,
And feed upon thy word,

3. Jesus, I long to love thee more,
And life divine pursue

I love thy worship, name adore,
In songs forever new.

HYMN LXXXIX.—*God's grace is free.*

1. **F**REE is the mercy of our GOD,
And free the Saviour spilt his blood ;

And now, O mourning soul, for thee,
His boundless grace is offer'd free.

2. You are surrounded with his love,
And courted to the joys above ;

There's no excuse ; why will you die ;
O fly, poor souls, to Jesus fly.

3. Immortal crowns are freely giv'n ;
The worst of souls may go to heav'n ;

If they will now to Jesus go,
They shall all taste of heav'n below.

H Y M N XC.—*The same.*

LONG has the Saviour call'd for thee,
O sinner, but in vain ;

And yet his goodness is so free,
He calls for thee again.

2. And will you still abuse such love,
And disregard his call ?

Say, will you go to realms above,
Or into ruin fall ?

3. O let the Saviour enter in,

And wholly rule your heart ;
 He'll save you from your death and sin,
 And never from you part.

4. He'll give your wounded spirits rest,
 And save your souls from woe ;
 He'll make your souls forever blest ;
 What more can Jesus do ?

HYMN xc1. — *Heaven begun on earth.*

1. **O**N earth I know immortal love,
 And taste of all the joys above ;
 My soul enjoys the great I AM ;
 And there's no pleasure but in him.

2. My light is but a feeble ray,
 Yet it is from eternal day ;
 Nay, joys are by my Jesus giv'n,
 And he is all the joys of heav'n.

3. Though in myself I am but death,
 Yet Christ in me the word of faith,
 Lifts up my heart to realms above,
 And feeds me with immortal love.

4. O when shall I be wholly free ?
 I want no joys, O God, but thee ;
 Thou art my all, my life, my peace,
 In thee my joys shall never cease.

HYMN xcii. — *The vanity of all but Christ.*

1. **O** What are all these earthly toys,
 Compar'd with heav'n's immortal joys,
 The world is all an empty sound ;
 But O ! in Christ true joys abound.

2. Why will the world for shadows rove,
 And turn their backs on Jesus' love ?
 Why will they choose the road to hell,
 When they might in full glory dwell ?

3. In Jesus is immortal love,
 In him is all the joys above ;
 In him is everlasting peace.
 Nor will his glories ever cease.

4. Arise ye sons of fallen earth,
 To life by an immortal birth ;

The GOD of all the hosts above
Surrounds you with eternal love.

HYMN xciii.—*Longing to feel the name of Christ.*

1. **O** For the name of Christ impress'd
With grace and love divine,
As seals, O GOD, upon my breast,
To be forever thine.

2. O may thy name my soul inspire
To reach the realms above ;
I long to feel that heav'nly fire,
And drink immortal love.

3. My soul would live in Jesus' name,
And know no other good ;
Where e'er I go his love proclaim,
And feast on angels food.

HYMN XCV.—*Free grace.*

1. **T**HE Saviour's grace is free,
And flows without a bound ;
Come starving sinners, taste and see
What countless souls have found.

2. The Saviour's passing by
This day, and calls for you ;
Why will you sink, why will you die,
And endless pain pursue ?

3. The great Jehovah's come
With his unbounded love,
To call you to his happy home,
And the joyful realms above.

4. O will you not be blest,
With everlasting joy ?
Or will you lose eternal rest
For but an empty toy.

HYMN xcvi.—*The mourning sinner.*

1. **O** Helpless, wretched soul am I,
Without a heav'nly friend !
What shall I do ? Where shall I fly ?
When will my sorrows end ?

2. Ward'ring I spend my days in grief,
And through long nights complain ;

- O shall I ever find relief,
From darkness, guilt and pain ?
3. O must I waste my moments so,
Without the smiles of heav'n ;
- O must I never, never know
My num'rous sins forgiv'n !
4. Since Jesus bled, and groan'd, and died,
To save the vilest race ;
- Why must I, must I be deny'd,
A share in his free grace.
5. But ah ! the Lord will ne'er deny
My wretched soul relief ;
- And if in sin at last I die,
It's by my unbelief.

H Y M N xcvi.—*The pilgrim's parting Hymn.*

1. **C**OME cheerful pilgrims, let us join
To sing a parting song ;
- Our notes shall be on themes divine,
From ev'ry heart and tongue.
2. The Son of David is our friend,
Is rose and gone before ;
- Where all the pilgrims sorrows end,
And doubts are known no more.
3. And there we trust e'er long to be,
And with our Jesus reign ;
- From all our sins and trials free,
And never part again.
4. There sacred joys, and themes divine,
Shall ev'ry soul inflame ;
- Each one shall say "THE LORD IS MINE."
And "WORTHY IS THE LAMB."

H Y M N xcvi.—*To the youth,*

1. **O** Happy youth, that in the bloom,
Is found in wisdom's ways !
- Let death or desolations come,
They may rejoice and praise.
2. Jesus for them will here engage,
With his kind arms of love ;
- And when they quit this mortal state,

Receive their souls above.

3. O then awake while vigour reigns,
Dear youth, from earthly charms,
Ye that are yet in death and chains,
Fly to the Saviour's arms.
4. Believe and soon your souls shall rest,
And find your sins forgiv'n ;
'Tis his delight to make you blest,
With all the joys of heav'n.
5. In bliss you shall forever dwell,
In perfect joy and light ;
While the despisers sink to hell,
In everlasting night.

H Y M N xcviII.—*Souls invited to heaven.*

1. **A**S boundless as the realms above,
Is the Redeemer's dying love ;
And the eternal joys of heav'n
Is to the vilest sinners giv'n.
2. Impartial grace is spread abroad ;
There's none excluded by the Lord ;
And ev'ry soul enjoys the feast,
But those that will refuse to taste.
3. This goodness knocks at ev'ry door,
And what can Jesus offer more ?
His blessed self to sinners giv'n.
And he is all the joys of heav'n.
4. O sinners from destruction flee,
While Jesus waits and calls for thee,
Bid other lovers all adieu,
And life eternal is for you.

H Y M N xcix.—*Jesus expostulating with sinners.*

1. " **W**HY, saith the Lord, O sinners, why
" Will you refuse my grace and die ?
" Why will you waste your life and breath,
" In the broad road to endless death.
2. " Freely for you I spilt my blood,
" And will you not come home to God ?
" Why will you plunge yourselves in hell,
" When you in perfect bliss might dwell ?

3. " I enter'd in your world of sin,
 " To save you from eternal pain ;
 " And when I groan'd upon the tree,
 " It was, poor dying souls, for thee.
 4. " And will you still despise my love,
 " And never see the realms above ?
 " Why will you choose eternal night,
 " Before the glorious realms of light ?
 5. " O turn poor sinners, turn I pray,
 " And I will take your guilt away ;
 " Bid all your idol gods adieu,
 " And I will be a GOD to you.

H Y M N C.—*The stupidity of the world, and the goodness of God.*

1. O THE dead state of Adam's race,
 Surrounded with redeeming grace,
 Wasting their days, their life and breath,
 For shades that lead to endless death.
 2. While Jesus bleeds and dies for them,
 And waits and woo's to get them home,
 They choose in darkness still to dwell,
 And laugh the downward road to hell.
 3. Where e'er they go, what e'er they do,
 The Lord doth still in love pursue,
 Intreating them to turn and live,
 With all the blessings he can give.
 4. But still for some poor empty sound
 They rush on still, to ruin bound,
 And risk an everlasting mind
 While they pursue their chaff and wind.
 5. Thus millions lash their wand'ring chase,
 'Till they conclude their mortal race,
 Then 'wake as wand'ring stars to dwell
 In their own blackness, death and hell.
 6. O sinners leave the enchanted ground,
 God's love is still without a bound ;
 O bid the charms of earth adieu,
 The Lord is waiting yet for you.

6. O come and taste immortal love,
And ever reign in realms above ;
There shine in everlasting fame,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

Chiefly confining on the new Birth, and the knowledge and joys of that glorious work.

H Y M N I.—*The soul's discovery of its lost condition, and its glorious deliverance.*

1. **D**ARK and distressing was the day,
When o'er the dismal gulf I lay,
With trembling knees and flutt'ring breath,
I shudder'd on the brink of death.
2. Destruction yawn'd on ev'ry side,
I saw no refuge where to hide,
Ten thousand foes beset me round,
No friend nor comforter I found.
3. I groan'd and cry'd, while torn with grief,
But none appear'd for my relief,
'Till Christ the Saviour passing by,
Look'd on me with a pitying eye.
4. His love did all my fears controul,
Subdu'd my foes and heal'd my soul ;
His goodness wip'd my tears away,
And turn'd my darkness into day.
5. He brought me from the gates of hell,
The wonders of his grace to tell ;
O may he now inspire my tongue
To make his lovely name my song.
6. Fain would I live to speak his praise,
And always point to wisdom's ways ;
That other souls his love may know,
And speak his boundless goodness too.

H Y M N II.—Acknowledging the great love of Christ

1. **H**OW great, O Jesus, was thy love,
To leave for me the realms above !

And to this wretched world descend,
To be my Saviour and my friend !

2. It was for me thou freely bled,
And bow'd thy great majestic head ;
Then gave thy last expiring breath,
To save me from eternal death.

3. My soul ! and did the Son of God
Give up his life and spill his blood,
To give to me his joy and rest,
With him as one forever blest.

4. Then let ten thousand praises be
To thee, O blessed Lamb, to thee !
And in those strains with all my heart,
May I forever bear my part !

H Y M N III.—The effects of faith.

1. **J**ESUS, my Lord, increase my faith,
And fill me with thy love ;
That I may break the bars of death,
And make these rocks remove.

2. There's nothing else that can suffice,
Or make my heart rejoice ?
'Tis faith that all my wants supplies,
And lifts my cheerful voice.

3. When e'er I feel that faith divine,
I clime to realms of bliss ;
I feel the blessed Lord is mine,
And know that I am his.

4. When I have faith, I feel and hear
Good tidings from above ;
Faith bids my soul with joy appear,
In the sweet realms of love.

5. Then mount my soul on wings of faith,
Stretch ev'ry pow'r away ;
And leave the clogs of sin and death,
To reach eternal day.

HYMN IV.—Under a sense of God's goodness.

1. **G**REAT was thy love, O GOD, to me,
When ev'ry helper fail'd!
And had not thou have set me free,
My foes had soon prevail'd.
2. O may I ne'er forget thy grace,
Long as I draw my breath!
But tell how free thy goodness is,
'Till voice is lost in death.
3. Then, then, with all thy saints above,
I shall forever reign,
And sound thine everlasting love,
In one immortal strain.
4. One I shall be with that blest Lamb,
That bled and died for me;
Enjoy his love, that sacred flame,
To all eternity.

HYMN V.—On the day of espousals.

1. **S**WEET was the day, and great the joy,
When Jesus spoke the saving word,
Which did my tears and foes destroy,
And told my soul he was my Lord.
2. Then drank my soul of living streams,
And fed upon redeeming love;
This world appear'd like shades and dreams,
While I with rapture soar'd above.
3. Ah then I thought no more to stray
For pleasures round this mortal shore,
And when my soul was drawn astray,
The earth supply'd my wants no more.
- 4 But he that lov'd my soul at first,
Smil'd and reviv'd my joys again;
On him my cheerful soul could trust,
And lost my sorrows and my pain.

HYMN VI.—Sion comforted, or religion reviving.

1. **D**ARK was the day, our tears were great,
And mournful was our captive song,
When wandering our captive state,
And all our threat'ning foes were strong.

2. *Sing us a song of Sion now,*
They laughing in derision said ;
Our harps were hung, our hopes were low,
And all our souls a prey was made.
3. 'Twas hard to speak of Sion then,
And hard to think our GOD would fail ;
How could we bear that cruel men
Should triumph, and at last prevail !
4. Then did the pow'rs of hell blaspheme,
Because our broken walls were low,
Saying " *Where is your boasted fame ?*
" And where's your mighty Saviour now ? "
5. But in the midst of all our grief,
Our GOD made known deliv'ring power ;
His arm appear'd for our relief,
And brought the long desired hour.
6. Soon he expel'd the gloomy shade,
Our hopes, and strength, and joys restor'd ;
The lambs which from his fold had stray'd,
He call'd, and led around his board.
7. 'Tis now we'll sing the Victor's song,
And laud our heavenly Captain's name ;
Eternal praise to him belongs,
While all our toes are cloth'd with shame.
8. All glory be to Sion's King,
Whose love redeem'd us from our woe !
Let saints above his praises sing,
And we with humbler notes below.

H Y M N VII.—Wondering at God's grace.

1. **G**REAT was the Saviour's love,
When for my soul he came !
For me he left the realms above,
And blessed be his name !
2. My soul had soon despair'd
In that distressing hour,
If Christ had not my friend appear'd
With his almighty pow'r.
3. He spoke the healing word,
And bid the storm to cease ;

He told me he would be my GOD,
And give me lasting peace.

4. O what a feast divine

My soul did then enjoy !

Then I could say my GOD was mine,
Nor could my foes destroy.

5. Now let my cheerful soul

On earth thy love proclaim,

And when these hours shall cease to roll,
Sound thine eternal fame.

H Y M N VIII.—A miracle of grace.

1. O How distressing was the scene,

When soon I thought to take my flight,

With but a flut'ring breath between

My soul and everlasting night.

2. My wasting body rack'd with pain,

And ling'ring on the verge of death ;

All helps to save my soul were vain,

Or yet to lengthen out my breath.

3. But in that most distressing hour

When all my soul was torne with grief,

Jesus with his almighty pow'r

Appear'd in love to my relief.

4. O what a friend did he appear

To my despairing guilty soul !

His goodness banish'd all my fear,

And made my wounded conscience whole.

5. Ten thousand tongues can ne'er express,

The greatness of his love to me ;

He brought my soul from deep distress,

And bid me drink of pleasure free.

6. O Jesus let me ne'er forget

The scenes of that important hour ;

I love redemption from the pit ;

But O ! I love thy goodness more.

H Y M N IX.—Amazed at the stoop of Jehovah.

1. WHY did Jehovah think on me,

And save my soul from hell ?

Could he come down to bleed so free

That I with him might dwell !

2. O pleasing thought ! a truth divine !

I've heard the joyful sound ;

My soul has drunk of heav'nly wine,

For Jesus I have found.

3. Ten thousand praises, O thou Lamb,

Unto thy name is due ;

And I shall sound thy worthy fame

In raptures ever new.

H Y M N X. — A pilgrim's song.

1. **W**ITH GOD's people let us go,

Heart and hand while here below ;

Run with joy the christian race,

Tell and sing redeeming grace.

2. He that lov'd us soon will come,

Wipe our tears and call us home ;

Then we'll see the peaceful shore,

Where the pilgrims part no more.

3. Soon we'll reign with Christ above,

Solace in his boundless love,

'Travelling scenes bear us away,

Raptures of eternal day.

4. Shout ye pilgrims, lift your voice ;

Jesus lives, let us rejoice ;

Travel on a few steps more,

Then your weary days are o'er.

HYMN XI. — Christ's Ambassadors inviting of sinners.

1. **S**INNERS this day the Saviour stands,

With crowns and pardons in his hands ;

O be intreated to receive,

What the Redeemer waits to give.

2. All those that have embrac'd the call,

Have found this Jesus all in all ;

And O ! he stands as free for you,

Come sinners share his goodness too.

3. He pluck'd us from the jaws of hell ;

In paradise he makes us dwell ;

O bid your Idols all adieu,

And go with us to glory too.

4. He wash'd us in his precious blood ;
 Seats us among the sons of GOD ;
 And you with us may have a seat,
 And with us all in glory meet.
5. His blessed ways are ways of peace,
 Nor will his goodness ever cease ;
 O come, poor sinners, taste and see
 How happy all his children be.
- 6 Come now and have your sins forgiv'n,
 And walk with us the road to heav'n ;
 We've bid all other loves adieu ;
 O come and love our Jesus too.
7. Say will you with us pilgrims join,
 And seek those joys which are divine ?
 Immortal glories are for you,
 If you will be a pilgrim too.

H Y M N XII. — For the evening.

1. **L**ORD I lay me down to rest,
 Let me lean upon thy breast ;
 Watch my pillow while I sleep,
 Thou my soul and body keep.
2. If in death I close my eyes,
 May I 'wake above the skies ;
 Reach with joy the peaceful shore,
 Where I'll need this sleep no more.
3. Ah ! might I with Jesus 'wake,
 All my sins, and clogs forsake,
 O how happy should I be,
 Blest to all eternity !

H Y M N XIII. — A miracle of grace.

1. **N**O mortal tongue can ever tell,
 The horrors of that gloomy night,
 When I hung o'er the brink of hell,
 Expecting soon my wretched flight !
2. I felt my burden waste my life,
 While guilt did ev'ry hope devour,
 Trembling I stretch'd with groans and strife
 For to escape the dreadful hour.
3. But in the midst of all my grief,

- The great Messiah spoke in love ;
 His arm appear'd for my relief,
 And bid my guilt and sorrows move.
4. He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
 With his almighty arm of pow'r ;
 And O ! no mortal tongue can tell,
 The change of that immortal hour !
5. Then I enjoy'd a sweet release,
 From chains of sin and pow'rs of death,
 My soul was fill'd with heav'nly peace,
 My groans were turn'd to praising breath.
6. How did my tongue rejoice to tell
 The goodness of the Lord to me !
 And O ! my soul with him shall dwell
 Ere long from all my sorrows free.
7. O may I live to spread his name,
 While mortal life with me remains,
 Then will I sound his lasting fame
 In glory with immortal strains.

H Y M N XIV. — The happy state of christians.

1. **B**LEST are the souls that ever knew
 The great Redeemer's name ;
 Sure they may bid their fears adieu,
 And trust and praise the Lamb.
2. Although ten thousand foes beset
 Their souls on ev'ry side,
 Jesus securely guides their feet,
 On him they may confide.
3. He feeds them from his table free,
 And holds them in his hand,
 And soon their happy souls shall see
 The blest and heav'nly land.
4. There they shall solace in his love,
 Releas'd from heav'nly pain ;
 Reign with the Lord in realms above,
 And never sin again.

H Y M N XV.—Remembering the day of espousals.

1. **O**NCE on the brink of endless death
I stood expos'd at ev'ry breath ;
Trembling I saw the gulf below
Yawning with everlasting wo.
2. But in the most distressing hour,
When ruin threaten'd to devour,
The sinners friend came passing by,
And look'd on me with pitying eye.
3. To him I freely gave my will ;
He bid mount Sinai's roar be still ;
He made my tears and sorrows cease,
And blest me with a heav'nly peace.
4. I felt his arms of love abound,
His cheering grace heal'd every wound ;
With his own blood he wash'd my soul.
And made my wounded spirit whole.
5. Then while I walk'd in heav'nly light,
No more I tear'd the shades of night ;
But ah ! how soon I turn'd from God,
And lost the sweetness of his word.
6. Yet blessed be his worthy name,
His love to me was still the same ;
And pray'd and vow'd no more to rove
From my Redeemer and his love.

H Y M N XVI.—The pilgrim's song.

1. **C**OME ye that know the blessed name
Of Christ our bleeding friend,
We'll all as one pursue the Lamb,
Till mortal notes shall end.
2. Although we walk through desert lands,
Where storms of sorrows fly,
We're led by the Redeemer's hand,
To brighter climes on high.
3. We will not think our journey long,
Nor call our trials great ;
We'll cheer our spirits with a song,
Through all our mortal state.
4. Soon shall our sorrows be no more,

For we shall soar above,
 And walk with joy that blissful shore,
 Where nothing reigns but love
H Y M N XVII.—The vanity of all things but Christ.

1. **T**HIS world with all her joys,
 Would starve a hungry mind,
 But when I hear my Saviour's voice,
 Substantial joys I find.

2. When I can taste his love,
 And hear my Saviour say,
 That I shall reign with him above,
 It takes my tears away.

3. Then I can bid adieu
 To ev'ry threat'ning storm ;
 With joy my Jesus I pursue,
 And sing his lovely name.

4. O then my soul is blest,
 With peace and joy divine ;
 Then I begin eternal rest,
 And know that heav'n is mine.

H Y M N XVIII.—A song of praise to Christ.

1. **S**HOUT all ye armies of the sky,
 The praises of the Lord most high,
 And sound his blest incarnate name.

Let all your heav'nly arches sound,
 With joy resound, with joy resound,
 All glory to the heav'nly Lamb !

2. A God, O think ! descends to dwell
 Among the wretched heirs of hell,
 And bleeds a rebel world to save ;

A God an infant of a span,
 The Son of man, the Son of man,
 Come to subdue death and the grave.

3. O mortals bid your flesh adieu,
 The God himself has come that you
 Might in his glorious kingdom dwell ;
 Behold he groans in agonies,
 And freely dies, and freely dies,
 To save your wretched souls from hell.

4. Let ev'ry mortal join the song,
 Ten thousand thanks to him belong,
 All hail thou blest incarnate name ;
 Let old and young, and rich and poor,
 This GOD adore, this GOD adore,
 Who dies to rear our lasting fame.

HYMN XIX.—Remembering the espousals to Christ.

1. **C**AN I forget that dreadful day
 When wall'wing in my sins I lay,
 And ev'ry moment, ev'ry breath,
 Expecting everlasting death.
2. Long nights of grief I waded through,
 With earth and hell against me too ;
 With threatening foes and storms around,
 My naked soul to refuge found.
3. I groan'd and cry'd, but all in vain,
 Nothing remov'd my guilt and pain,
 'Till Jesus spoke the saving word,
 And brought my guilty soul to GOD.
4. He fill'd me with his love divine,
 And told my soul that he was mine ;
 He wip'd my tears of grief away,
 And turn'd my darkness into day.
5. Then while I felt his cheering voice,
 I leap'd, I prais'd, and I rejoic'd ;
 And long'd to tell the world around
 What a blest friend my soul had found.

H Y M N XX.—The christian's request.

1. **O** Might I always feel the pow'r
 Of that eternal life divine,
 Then could I say at every hour,
 That I was his, and he was mine.
2. Then happy days I should enjoy,
 While feasting on my Saviour's love,
 His praises should my tongue employ,
 And o'er his beauties I would rove.
3. I should despise the joys of earth,
 And glories which the world admire,
 For all their grandeur and their mirth

Is far too low for my desire.

4. I'd bid adieu to all their dreams ;
Their pleasures would not do for me ;
Redeeming love should be my theme,
And GOD my only portion be.
5. Long as I felt the heav'nly charms,
And tasted the immortal food,
I would not leave my Saviour's arms,
For countless years of earthly good.
6. I count the sweetness of his grace
More than a thousand worlds to me ;
O may I see him face to face,
And where he is there let me be.

H Y M N XXI. — A pilgrim's song.

1. **T**EN thousand praises to the hand
That leads us through this barren land,
Safe from the pow'rs of hell and death !
O let us love his worthy name,
And join to spread his lasting fame,
Until our last expiring breath ?
2. We'll praise him for his kindness past,
And trust him still while time shall last,
And love and sing our journey through ;
Soon we shall hear our master say,
" Arise, ye pilgrims, haste away,
" And bid your sorrows all adieu.
3. Then in those peaceful realms of rest,
Among the saints forever blest,
Eternal anthems we shall sing ;
There shall our happy spirits rove,
O'er the unbounded sea of love,
And reign with our immortal King.

HYMN XXII. — All is vanity and sorrow without Christ.

1. **T**HIS world is but an empty sound,
With all its best delight ;
The brightest days that here is found,
Is but a tedious night.
2. Lord leave me not to wander here
Without thy smiling face ;

O let me find thee always near
To cheer me with thy grace.

3. Where shall my weary soul retire,
To find a moment's rest ?

Or where for happiness aspire,
But to my Saviour's breast ?

4. Dear Jesus, fill my soul, I pray,
With thy redeeming love ;

O take all unbelief away,
And bear my heart above.

5. Then might I live to praise thy name,
And walk, O GOD, with thee ;

And tell the world of that blest Lamb,
That gave his life for me.

HYMN XXII.—Acknowledging God's grace.

1. **G**REAT was thy goodness, O my GOD,
To such a wretch as me !

'Twas love that spread thy grace abroad,
And brought me home to thee.

2. Long as I live O let me tell
The wonders of that grace

That brought me from the jaws of hell,
Unto the heav'nly feast.

3. O could I through all nations rove,
With the Redeemer's name ;

I'd tell the wonders of his love,
And his free grace proclaim.

4. And O ! when I should leave this shore,
For brighter worlds above,

My raptur'd soul should still adore
This GOD of boundless love.

HYMN XXIV.—On the happy hour of conversion.

1. **O** Happy hour, and sweet the place,
Where first I knew redeeming grace ;

'Twas then I drank of joys divine,
And Christ the bleeding Lamb was mine.

2. His arm was reach'd from realms above,
And fill'd my soul with heav'nly love ;

And taught my stamm'ring tongue to sing,

The conquests of my bleeding King.

3. Secure I sat beneath his shade,
While on his breast I lean'd my head;
Wond'ring with joy, that ever he
Should look on such a wretch as me.

4. Ah happy happy, was the day !
My tears of grief were wip'd away ;
And I was brought from death and hell,
The goodness of the Lord to tell.

HYMN XXV.—The christian pilgrims.

1. COME let us join in heart and hand,
Ye fellow-pilgrims dear ;

We're hast'ning to the heav'nly land,
And the bright morn is near.

2. We must all earthly charms adieu,
If we pursue the Lord ;
We'll fight the storm of sorrows through,
And feed upon his word.

3. We must keep near our blessed Lord,
While trav'ling here below,
With joy we'll walk the heav'nly road,
And sing where e'er we go.

4. GOD is our friend, we need not fear,
Our toes shall ne'er prevail ;
His arm of love is always near,
Nor can his goodness fail.

5. May grace attend our trying way,
And love inspire each breast,
To wait us on without delay,
To our eternal rest !

6. Soon we shall sing the Victor's song,
On the celestial shore,
And join the vast angelic throng,
Then we shall part no more.

HYMN XXVI.—The christians parting Hymn.

1. ONCE more we'll join before we part,
To sing with ev'ry voice and heart ;

Since Jesus is our God and King,
Sure we with humble joy may sing.

2. Our heart and voice belongs to God,
Who bought us with his precious blood ;
Then when we part, where e'er we rove,
Let each proclaim redeeming love.

3. And when our work is done below
We'll bid adieu to all our wo ;
Shall leave our fears, and take our flight,
To climes of uncreated light.

4. There we shall with archangels join
In themes of love and joys divine ;
And there with raptures we shall see
The Lamb that bled for you and me.

5. Then, then, dear pilgrims, we shall sing
Immortal strains to GOD our King ;
O the sweet realms of joy and peace,
Where joys divine shall never cease.

HYMN XXVII.—On the Saviour's love.

1. O My Jesus, live with me,
Take me, take me near to thee ;
Where I stray, where e'er I rove,
Let me feast upon thy love.

2. Love alone can cheer my soul ;
Love doth all my foes controul ;
Love unites my soul to thee,
Sets my heart from sorrows free.

3. Love has brought my soul from hell ;
Love makes me in safety dwell,
Makes me sing with cheerful voice,
Over death and hell rejoice.

4. Haste my blessed Lord I pray,
Take all things but love away,
Fill me with thy love divine ;
Love shall make me wholly thine.

5. Help me Lord where e'er I rove,
To proclaim redeeming love ;
Let me never leave my friend,
Till this mortal life shall end.

6. Then shall love my soul inflame,
I wrap'd up in Jesus' name ;

There the GOD of love adore,
Love shall reign forever more.

7. Sailing through the climes above,
Drink and sing immortal love ;
Love shall all our hosts inflame ;
All in love with Christ the Lamb.

HYMN XXVIII.—Choosing of Christ.

1. O Lord I count all things but loss,
And all the joys of earth but cross,

Until thy blessed self I find ;
Give me my portion in thy love,
A mansion in the realms above,
For that alone can cheer my mind.

2. Dear Jesus shew thyself to me,
And bind my heart all up in thee,
Nor let me leave the ways of peace ;

Feed me thou life giving word,
And let me walk with thee my GOD,
Till earthly climes with me shall cease.

2. Then wilt thou call my soul away,
To brighter climes of heav'nly day,
To dwell forever on thy breast ;

But O my Jesus can it be,
That I shall ever reign with thee,
In boundless joys forever blest !

4. 'Tis there beyond death and the grave,
My only portion would I have,

And O I trust by grace I shall ;
I have already found his love,
And drank of the sweet joys above,
And found my Jesus is my all.

HYMN XXIX.—The heaven-born soul.

1. TEN thousand praises to thy name,
O thou incarnate GOD !

'Twas thou that bore my guilt and shame,
And wash'd me in thy blood.

2. Once I hung o'er eternal death,
A stranger to thy love ;

Nor all the joys and friends on earth

Could make my woes remove.

3. But thou beheld me on the brink
Of blackness and despair ;
Thou would not let the sinner sink,
But did thy love declare.
4. Thou rais'd my wretched soul from hell,
And gave me joys above,
And taught my cheerful tongue to tell
The wonders of thy love.
5. And since I've known thy blessed name,
I've found the life is sure ;
My Jesus he is still the same,
So shall my rock endure.

H Y M N XXX.—The happy state of christians.

1. **T**HINK, O my soul, how blest are they
Whose names and portion are above ;
Almighty goodness guards their way,
And feeds them with immortal love.
2. Safely they tread this desert through,
Held up in the Redeemer's hand,
And soon they'll bid all storms adieu,
And reach with joy the heav'nly land.
3. There they will rest in endless joy,
Where nothing can but love be known,
And ev'ry pow'r of thought employ,
To gaze on the eternal throne.
4. Lord may I be so happy too,
And find my lasting portion there ;
All earthly joys I'd bid adieu,
And with thy saints forever share.

H Y M N XXXI.—The christian's choice.

1. **J**ESUS my soul would fain abide
Forever humble at thy feet ;
I want no other place to hide,
Nor wish a more exalted seat.
2. I want to have my all in thee,
United with unbounded love,
Nor other joys my soul would see,
Long as immortal pow'rs shall move.

3. With joy I'd tread this desert through,
And lean upon my Saviour's hand,
And love divine my strength renew,
To press toward the heav'nly land.
4. There, blessed Jesus, would I dwell,
With thee above in perfect peace,
Far from the storms and pow'rs of hell,
Where life and joy shall never cease.
5. Lord thou wilt freely make me blest
With that immortal state of joy,
Nor would I lose that sacred rest
To chase this world's amusing toy.

H Y M N XXXII.—The work of conversion declared.

1. **W**HEN I was trembling on the brink
Of death and long despair,
Ling'ring, and fearing soon to sink,
Then Jesus did appear.
2. The Lamb of God (who died for me)
Beheld my helpless case;
From endless ruin set me free,
By his unbounded grace.
3. He gave my soul a heav'nly peace,
And gave me strength divine;
He made my cutting anguish cease,
And said that he was mine.
4. Ten thousand praises to thy name,
My Jesus and my GOD!
Who wash'd my soul from guilt and shame
In thy redeeming blood.
5. To you that love my GOD I'll tell
What he has done for me;
With you in glory I shall dwell
To all eternity.

HYMN XXXIII.—Desiring not only the name, but likewise the nature of a christian.

1. **O** For a taste of life divine
To feed this hungry soul of mine!
I want the Son of GOD to know,
And taste of heav'n while here below.

2. If I were sure that I should have
A crown of joy beyond the grave,
Yet that alone won' do for me ;
I want while here with GOD to be.
3. What e'er I do, where e'er I go,
I want those joys of heav'n to know ;
I want the pow'rs of sin subdu'd,
And find my wretched soul renew'd.
4. I do not want the christian's name,
Without the nature of the Lamb ;
I want to bid all loves adieu,
But Christ my Lord, and him pursue.
5. Dear Saviour thou my all must be,
And give me strength to walk with thee ;
Without a rival rule my heart,
And never let me from thee part.

H Y M N XXXIV.—Thanks to the Redeemer.

1. **T**EN thousand thousand praises be,
To Christ the slaughter'd Lamb !
He gave his precious life for me,
And bore my guilt and shame.
2. He sav'd my soul from endless pain,
And gave me heav'nly rest ;
And O I trust with him to reign,
And live forever blest.
3. He's wash'd me in his precious blood,
And his free spirit giv'n ;
He is my Father, and my GOD,
Yea, he is all my heav'n.
4. My soul would sing his dying love,
While this short life remains ;
Then in the glorious realms above
Shout forth the highest strains.

H Y M N xxxv.—The christian's parting Hymn.

1. **F**AREWEL ye happy saints of GOD,
Who are redeem'd with Jesus' blood ;
Where e'er ye go, your Saviour's nigh,
Your life in him shall never die.
2. Fear not your foes, though they are strong,

- The conquest doth to you belong ;
 The great Jehovah leads you on,
 And by his strength your crown is won.
3. You're trav'ling through a world of woes,
 Where clouds do often interpose ;
 But soon you'll reach the happy shore,
 Where clouds shall veil your souls no more.
4. Press on to that eternal day,
 That wipes the christian's tears away ;
 Your grief is short ; the hour is nigh,
 When you shall soar to realms on high.
5. While here go leaning on your Lord,
 He'll feed you with immortal food ;
 May Jesus make your lights divine,
 Where e'er you go, as cities shine.
6. Farewel, now let our bodies part,
 But still we'll be as near in heart ;
 And if in time we meet no more,
 We'll meet where parting all is o'er.

HYMN xxxvi.—*All glory to the Lamb.*

1. **T**O praise the bleeding Lamb,
 Let ev'ry tongue employ !
 This Jesus is the angels theme,
 And all the seraphs joy.
2. He is the sinners friend ;
 He is the saints delight,
 Then let our mortal notes ascend,
 And with the heav'n's unite.
3. Sing how Jehovah came
 To Bethlehem's vile ken,
 Is born, and Jesus is his name,
 To save the sons of men.
4. Tell how he waded through
 Long nights and years of grief ;
 Mourners may bid their fears adieu,
 He's come for their relief.
5. Tell how to Golgotha
 He travels dress'd in blood ;

- He dies to take our guilt away,
 And bring us home to GOD,
 6. O let him be ador'd,
 By ev'ry heart and tongue !
 Ye heirs of bliss by him restor'd,
 O ! make his name your song,
 7. Let crouds from pole to pole,
 Enter his courts of grace ;
 And cheerful join with voice and soul,
 His well-deserved praise.
 8. Ye heav'nly armies join,
 To sing his bleeding love,
 'Till we awake by grace divine,
 To join your notes above.
 9. There his all worthy name
 Shall be our sweet employ ;
 There we shall sound his glorious fame
 In everlasting joy,
 10. Amen, our Jesus reigns,
 And reigns a Prince of Peace,
 Our love, our joy, and cheertul strains,
 O GOD, shall never cease.

HYMN xxxvii.—*The travels of a christian.*

- O What a wand'ring soul am I !
 How crooked do I rove !
 How soon my comforts rise and die,
 As tears and hopes remove !
 2. Once I presum'd I ne'er should see
 Darkness and death no more ;
 I thought the Lord had set me free,
 And all my doubts were o'er.
 3. I thought in joy to spend my days,
 Without a slavish fear ;
 And always find a heart to praise,
 That friend I lov'd so dear.
 4. But O ! I left my heav'nly friend,
 And follow'd false delights ;
 Soon did my joyful moments end
 In long and tedious nights.

5 O then I said that 'twas with me,
As in past months of joy ;
When from these doubts my soul was free
And praise was my employ !

6 O Jesus let me once more see
Those happy hours of love ;
Extend thine arm of grace to me,
And make these clouds remove.

7 Awake my heart with life divine,
And give my spirit rest ;
Unless I feel that thou art mine,
I cannot think I'm blest.

H Y M N xxxviii.—*On the day of espousals to Christ.*

1. **I**T was a happy hour
When I first knew the Lord ;
When GOD with his all saving pow'r
My sinking soul restor'd.

2. How did my heart rejoice,
In joys that were divine !
With joy I heard the Saviour's voice,
Declare that he was mine.

3. Then he subdu'd my foes,
And made my tears remove,
He brought me from a scene of woes,
And cheer'd me with his love.

4. I lean'd upon his breast,
And see him face to face ;
My soul enjoy'd a heav'nly rest,
And sung redeeming grace.

5. Then on the wings of love
I bid the world adieu ;
My heart was soaring far above,
Where joys are ever new.

6. Ah what a scene of joy
My soul was carry'd in !
To praise the Lord was my employ,
And I cry'd out, amen.

H Y M N xxxix.—*Heaven on earth.*

1. **S**OME happy days I find below
When Jesus is with me ;
Nor would I any pleasure know,
O Jesus but in thee.

2. When I can taste immortal love,
And find my Jesus near,
My soul is blest where e'er I rove,
I neither mourn nor fear.

3. Let angels boast their joys above,
I taste the same below,
They drink of the Redeemer's love,
And I have Jesus too.

H Y M N xl.—*Longing to be kept near to Christ.*

1. **T**HIS life's a blatt ; this world's a cheat ?
Ten thousand dreams lead me astray ;

O GOD control my roving feet,
And lead me safe in wisdom's way.

2. Jesus my GOD, my life, my friend,
Is all the joy my soul would know ;

O cheer my heart till time shall end,
With joys that from thy goodness flow.

3. O let me feel thy boundless grace,
And on the rock securely stand ;

And lead me on my christian race,
To reach with joy the heav'nly land.

4. Then shall I drop all grief and fear ;
My Jesus wipe my tears away ;

And with triumphant songs appear
In climes of uncreated day.

HYMN xli.—*A christian in the dark, panting for light.*

1. **L**ORD how it grieves my wounded heart,
That I should e'er from thee desert ;

And for some vain amusing toy,
Forfake my GOD, and lose my joy !

2. Oft in a wilderness I rove,
Almost a stranger to thy love ;

Still I desire to see thy face,
And hope again to sing thy grace.

3. But still I find no solid rest ;
 A storm still raging in my breast -
 Lord from this bondage set me free,
 And let my soul rejoice in thee.
4. Haste for my help, dear Lord, I pray,
 And chase these d'smal clouds away ;
 Lord may these mountains now remove ;
 Let me once more enjoy thy love.
5. O happy hour, when I shall sing,
 Beneath the scepter of my King !
 Then shall I drink of streams divine,
 And know, O God, that I am thine.

HYMN XLII.—Wondering at God's grace.

1. **M**Y soul, O wonder, have I known,
 The Saviour's boundless grace !
 Am I so blest, O am I one
 Of the redeemed race !
2. Shall I one day be call'd to reign
 In the bright realms above ?
 Live with my God ! nor sin again ;
 But feast upon his love.
3. O what a wonder I shall be,
 To all the heav'n born race !
 Angels amaz'd may look on me,
 A miracle of grace.
4. Inflam'd with everlasting love,
 My Jesus I'll adore ;
 My mansion in the realms above,
 Where death is known no more.
5. O what a pleasing thought is this,
 That Jesus is my friend !
 The Lord is mine, and I am his,
 My joys shall never end.

*HYMN XLIII.—The christian who has been in the dark
 getting of strength and feeling encouraged.*

1. **H**OW oft in exile paths I rove,
 And mourning as the widow'd dove !
 Wand'ring in desert wiles below,

M m

Pursu'd with fear, oppress'd with woe.

2. I turn, I rove, I grieve I cry ;
My friends aloof ; and O, in vain,
All earthly joys to move my pain !

3. But O my Jesus can relieve ?
Lord give me faith ; I must believe,
Thou wilt not, cannot Lord pass by
And leave a helpless soul to die.

4. To thee I'll come, and tell my woe,
Thou must not, wilt not leave me so :
Thy bowels doth with pity move,
And thou wilt bless me with thy love.

5. No pleasure in the earth I crave ;
My portion here, I will not have ;
No happy days I wish to see,
But what is found, O Lord, in thee.

6. Jesus I cast myself on thee ;
Nor will I e'er contented be,
Until I find these clouds remove,
And feel thy grace, and sing thy love.

7. I must believe thou thought on me,
When thou hung bleeding on the tree ;
Nor would thou in thy glory dwell,
And see my soul go down to hell.

8. Methinks, O GOD, I feel thy love,
And feel my chains of death remove,
And now with pleasure I can sing,
The Saviour is my GOD and King.

HYMN XLIV — Longing to be wholly for God.

1. O For a heart my GOD to love,
While through this desert world I rove !

His name should always rule my tongue ;
Redeeming love should be my song,

2. Thine arm of love, O GOD, extend,
Be thou my life, my God, my friend ;
And let thy name my soul engage.

Long as I tread this mortal stage.

3. Ah ! Jesus may my portion be,
Found in no glory but in thee ;

And let me daily spend my breath,
To tell my fellow men thy death.

4. A victor o'er the grave I'll sing,
And say, "O death where is thy sting?"
My heav'nly Father calls me home.
And glad I answer "Lord I come."

HYMN LXV.—The same.

1. **O** Could I find a humble place,
But near the lowly Lamb.

How would my soul extol his grace,
And laud his precious name!

2. Lord bring my heart so near to thee,
While through this world I rove,
That I may ev'ry moment be
Transported with thy love.

3. O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh;
Give me to eat immortal food,
And I shall never die,

4. I want that grace that may be felt,
That will my soul inflame;
I want this harden'd heart to melt
At the Redeemer's name.

5. I want all felt to be subdu'd,
And pride no more to reign;
I want my soul, O God, renew'd,
And never sin again.

6. I want my will to be resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways;
And ev'ry pow'r of thought inclin'd
My God to love and praise.

7. I want my soul bound up in God,
And feel his nature mine,
To feast upon immortal food,
And drink of joys divine.

8. This, this, O blessed God, alone,
Is all that I implore;
O let me and thyself be one,
And I shall want no more.

HYMN XLVI.—*The day of espousals, & following travels.*

1. **M**Y soul reviews the happy day
When Jesus rais'd me from the dead ;
Took my enormous load away,
And fed me with immortal bread.
2. Pluck'd from the jaws of death and hell,
On a firm rock he set my feet ;
Told me that I with him should dwell,
And with his children find my seat.
3. O happy moments I enjoy'd,
Beneath the mantle of his love !
I eat, I drank, but was not cloy'd ;
My panting soul still soar'd above.
4. So strong my faith, so great my joy,
And so unshaken felt my peace,
I thought no foes would e'er annoy
My sacred joys till time shall cease.
5. But ah ! too soon my flesh inclin'd
To court some vain amusing toy ;
When I indulg'd my carnal mind,
The scene was chang'd ; I lost my joy.
6. Mourning in exile then I went
With all my soul in deep distress,
And fear'd my days would all be spent
In grief without one moment's rest.
7. But O ! my Lord return'd again,
And bid my doubts and fears remove ;
My soul with joy forgot her pain,
And sung aloud restoring love.

HYMN XLVII.—*The christian feeling a sense of removing from Christ.*

1. **O** How unguarded, Lord, I am,
So much to wander from thy name !
Ungrateful wretch from thee to rove,
To wound my soul, abuse thy love !
2. When e'er I leave my heav'nly friend,
My tears arise, and comforts end ;
And yet for some amusing toy,
I leave him, and pollute my joy.

3. Then wades my soul through hours of grief,
Till he appears for my relief ;
The joys that led my soul astray
Proves but a torment in my way.

4. And yet I think it grieves my heart,
That I should from my love desert ;
Nor do I find a moment's peace,
Till I again behold his face.

5. O could I see my friend again ;
I'd tell him how my joys were slain ;
'Tis not his will that I should go
In storms of grief sunk down so low.

6. Come then, my Jesus, don't delay ;
Come take this unbelief away ;
One spark of thine immortal love
Will make my sorrows all remove.

7. Then will my cheerful tongue proclaim
The goodness of thy lovely name,
And never cease the sacred strains,
While an immortal thought remains.

HYMN XLVIII.—The christian desiring to be nearer the Lord.

1. **F**ROM the remains of sin,
O Lord, I would be free,
Or keep them down by grace divine,
That I might live to thee.

2. Engage my heart and tongue,
To tell the world thy name :
My soul would make thy love my song,
And triumph in the theme.

3. My soul would walk with thee,
While on this mortal shore ;
And then, O God, in heav'n I'll be
With thee forevermore.

4. Then in eternal bliss
With my dear God I'll reign ;
If I can be where Jesus is,
It's all I want, Amen.

HYMN XLIX.—The christian in the dark.

1. **O** How I've left my Christ, my God,
And with the 'musing world have trod !

And now I feel myself in chains,
Nor can I sing the heav'nly strains.

2. My mourning soul can find no rest ;
Nor all creation make me blest ;

Until I find the heav'nly Dove,
And taste the sweetness of his love.

3. Could I once more my Jesus find,
And in him rest my weary mind,

Methinks I never more would rove,
To lose the presence of my love.

4. I long to fly into his arms,

And taste again those heav'nly charms ;

O Jesus set the mourner free,

And cause me to rejoice in thee.

HYMN L.—The Christians warfare with the old and new man.

1. **T**OO often, O my blessed God,
I have deny'd thy name ;

Have hid my light, conceal'd thy word,
And crucify'd the Lamb.

2. When I have been in deep distress,
And all my helpers fled,

Jesus the Lord my righteousness
Has rais'd me from the dead.

3. Oft has he gave my spirit peace,
And bid my toes remove ;

Has caus'd my doubts and tears to cease,
And cheer'd me with his love.

4. Yet when my doubts began to rise,
I soon deny'd the Lamb ;

For unbelief steps in and cries
"I never knew his name."

5. And then instead of standing firm,
Or flying to the Lord,

I unbelieving doubt his name,
And give my foe the sword.

6. I ask for light, and yet I choose
In darkness still to be ;
I plead for mercy, yet refuse
His love held out so free.
7. I often promise if I see
One glimpse of light again,
I never more will faithless be,
But break through ev'ry chain.
8. I beg a freedom from my pains,
Yet when it would appear
I chose my prison and my chains,
And hug my slavish fear.
9. O what a roving soul am I !
How full of unbelief !
What shall I do, where shall I fly,
That I may find relief ?
10. Strengthen, O Lord, the inner man
The outward to subdue,
Nor let me tread th' enchanted land,
But bid their snares adieu.

HYMN LI—A soul between hope and fear.

1. **O** That I knew it was the case
My soul was born of GOD,
And found myself among that race,
Wash'd in the Saviour's blood !
2. The time has been I thought I knew
The blest Redeemer's voice ;
I thought I lost a burden too,
And felt my heart rejoice.
- 3 I thought my will was then resign'd
To the Redeemer's ways,
And felt my inmost soul inclin'd
To tell the world his grace.
- 4 But O ! too soon the scene was turn'd,
I lost the pleasing view ;
I lost that sweetness once I found,
Lost earthly pleasures too.
- 5 And ah ! if he was once my friend,
Could I his presence leave ?

Why can I not on him depend ?

Why can I not believe ?

6. This makes me doubt my state the more,
Because if he was mine

I think these clouds would soon be o'er,
And heav'n around me shine.

7. O Jesus wilt thou now appear

With thine almighty arm;

These clouds expel, my standing clear,
And shew me what I am.

8. I cannot rest no longer so,

My soul risk'd over hell ;

O, blessed Jesus, let me know

That I with thee shall dwell.

HYMN LII.—On the day of espousals to Christ.

1. **T**EN thousand praises to the Lamb

Who freely bore my guilt and shame,

And gave his life and spilt his blood

To bring my sinking soul to GOD !

2. He took me from the jaws of hell

That I might in his bosom dwell ;

Gave me a mansion in his love,

And fed me with the joys above.

3. 'Twas he that broke my chains away,

Gave me a glimpse of heav'nly day ;

My soul beheld him face to face,

And sweetly sung redeeming grace.

4. 'Twas then I tasted angels food,

And on the rock of ages stood ;

His love did all my tears destroy,

And turn'd my sorrows all to joy.

5. Nothing, O Lord, can I return

To thee who hast my anguish borne ;

No compensation can I make,

Yet of thy love must still partake.

6. Ten thousand worlds a gift too small,

Yet I must give to thee my all ;

And when I've yielded all will say,

"I've nothing paid, and naught to pay."

HYMN LIII.—The pilgrims parting song.

1. **PILGRIMS** with pleasure let us part,
Since we are all bound up in heart;

No length of days, nor distant space
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2. Parting with joy we'll join to sing
The wonders of our bleeding King ;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

3. In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine :
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4. And now in love with Jesus' name,
Let bodies part to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their wo,
And share with us in glory too.

5. And O a few more days or years
Shall bring a period to our tears !
And we shall reach that blissful shore,
Where parting hours are known no more.

6. There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land ;
Loose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

HYMN LIV.—The awakened sinner.

1. **TELL** me some friend where shall I go,
To find a quick relief ?

How shall I leave this gulf of wo,
And chains of unbelief ?

2. I'm lost, I'm dead, I cannot rise,
No refuge can I see ;

I've neither heart, nor ears, nor eyes,
From this black gulf to flee.

3. My golden moments like a blast,
Are swiftly passing on ;

And should my day of grace be past
I am forever gone !

4. I cannot feel the name of GOD,
Nor love his blessed ways ;
I find no spirit in his word,
Nor sweetness in his grace.
5. O might my stubborn spirit bow,
At the Redeemer's feet !
They say his love I soon should know,
And find a happy seat.
6. O could I once in Christ believe,
This mountain soon would move ;
My soul would his free grace receive,
And sing his boundless love.

H Y M N LV.—Longing to be with Christ.

1. **M**Y soul, O GOD, aspires to be
From interposing darkness free,
Ravish'd with scenes divine ;
I long to swim in boundless grace,
And see my Saviour face to face,
And know my GOD is mine.
2. I long to find my happy seat
Where I might wash my Saviour's feet
In humble tears of love :
To praise my GOD with all my heart,
And never from his love desert
Till I awake above.
3. Millions of years of carnal joy,
With earthly crowns, are empty toys
Compar'd with Christ my friend ;
In him alone I can be blest ;
'Tis he that gives me solid rest,
And makes my sorrows end.
4. O shall I, shall I ever be,
Where I this blessed Christ shall see,
And ev'ry storm blown o'er ?
On wings of the celestial dove
I'll soar and drink immortal love,
And leave my friend no more.
5. There I shall bask in sacred beams,
And solace in celestial streams

Of sweet unmingled joy ;
 There I shall find my long abode
 In perfect likeness of my God,
 Where nothing can annoy.

6. A palm of honor I shall wear ;
 With all the heav'nly armies share,
 In all their joys divine ;
 There I shall find eternal peace,
 My songs of joy shall never cease,
 And Jesus shall be mine.

*HYMN LVI.—The christian declaring his conversion, and
 wondering at God's goodness.*

1. **H**OW could Jehovah stoop so low,
 To think on me with love !

Must GOD himself assume my wo
 To bear my soul above.

2. He saw me loathsome in the field,
 And wall'wing in my blood ;
 My guilt and shame all unconceal'd
 Before a spotless GOD.

3. No feeling trav'ler passing by,
 No arm with pow'r to save,
 No friend to look with pity'ing eye,
 No ransom to be gave.

4. At length behold a GOD appears,
 And feels his bowels move,
 Then heav'n itself lets fall a tear,
 And spreads a skirt of love.

5. O boundless love ! what shall I say
 To such a stoop as this !

What thanks O GOD, can I repay
 For thine unbounded grace !

6. O GOD to praise thy worthy name,
 Let all creation join ;
 And when all creatures sound thy fame,
 The highest note be mine.

7. Amen, let hallelujahs sound,
 Through all the realms above !
 Anthems of pleasure shall resound

The wonders of thy love.

H Y M N LVII. Redeeming love.

PILGRIMS let us join to sing

Hallelujahs to our King,
While as pilgrims here we rove,
Tell and sing redeeming love.

2. Tell how Jesus on the tree
Gave his life for you and me ; -
Point to the incarnate Dove,
Shew poor souls redeeming love.

3. Sinners see the Saviour dies,
See him in his agonies,
Can your hearts forbear to move ?
Open to redeeming love.

4. Thus expiring bows his head ;
To the caverns of the dead ;
Then triumphant mounts above,
Sounding his redeeming love.

5. Still he labours on the earth,
Raising wretched souls from death ;
He at every heart doth move,
Offering redeeming love.

6. Sinners justly doom'd to hell,
If they would in heaven might dwell ;
Room enough in realms above,
Jesus courts them to his love.

7. Wretched souls by sin astray,
Owing much with nought to pay
Cease in foreign lands to rove,
Fly home to redeeming love.

8. Prodigals wipe off your tears ;
Banish all your slavish fears ;
Jesus feels his bowels move,
Runs to meet you with his love.

P A U S E.

9. Wounded hearts may now rejoice !
Mourners hear the Saviour's voice ;
Hasten to the courts above,
There to sing redeeming love.

10. Christ extends his bleeding hand,
 Courts you to the sacred band ;
 Come and with the pilgrims rove.
 Share and sing redeeming love.
11. Soon from all these storms of night,
 We to heav'n shall take our flight ;
 Wing'd on the celestial Dove,
 Sailing in redeeming love.
12. With the countless throng we'll join,
 Each may say "*This Christ is mine ;*"
 Each enjoy a seat above,
 Where there's nothing known but love.
13. Shining in immortal bloom ;
 Hail ! all glory, this our home !
 Shouts resounding all above,
 Boundless is redeeming love.
14. Love shall be our lasting theme ;
 Love shall ev'ry soul inflame ;
 Always NOW in realms above ;
 Ah ! amen, redeeming love !

HYMN LVIII.—*The new born soul rejoicing in Christ.*

1. **H**OSANNA to the bleeding Lamb !
 Praise him ye hosts above !

'Twas he that bore my guilt and shame,
 And taught my soul his love.

2. Just like a Lamb he freely dies
 For such a wretch as I ;
 And with his dying groans he cries,
 "*Let not the sinner die.*"

3. Great love indeed ! O could it be
 That he would bear my guilt !

Can I believe it was for me
 His precious blood was spilt !

4. Yes, Jesus knows I've found his love,
 And long to love him more ;

And fain I would where e'er I rove,
 His worthy name adore.

5. Let me be seal'd upon his breast,

And ravish'd with his name ;
 Then in the realms of glory blest,
 His love shall be my theme.

H Y M N LIX.—*In debt to everlasting love.*

1. **D**OWN from the glorious realms above,
 Descends the Saviour cloth'd with love ;
 Assumes a body (can it be !)
 To bleed and suffer death for me.
2. Freely he spent his life and breath
 To save me from eternal death ;
 And when no helper I could see
 Made known his dying love to me.
3. He took me from the jaws of hell,
 And told my soul that all was well ;
 His love so great, his grace so free,
 He said he spilt his blood for me.
4. O love amazing ! boundless grace !
 To me the worst of mortal race ;
 How could the Saviour die so free
 For such a worthless wretch as me.
5. What shall I do ? what shall I say ?
 What can my soul to him repay
 Who spilt his precious blood so free
 For such a guilty wretch as me ?
6. Lord all I have is double thine ;
 And I with pleasure will resign
 My everlasting all to thee,
 Who died for such a wretch as me.
7. This name shall dwell upon my tongue ;
 With joy I'll make his love my song ;
 I'll laud that name that stoop'd so free
 To save a soul so vile as me.
8. Forever in the realms above,
 Bound up in everlasting love,
 I shall with joy and wonder see
 That Christ who gave his life for me.
9. I'll sound with all the countless race
 The wonders of redeeming grace ;
 And this shall be my lasting plea,

The highest note belongs to me.

H Y M N LX.—*Panting after Christ.*

1. **I** F I the Saviour know,
And have my sins forgiv'n,
Why then, O Jesus, should I go
Without the smiles of heav'n ?
2. My soul can never rest
Without the love of GOD ;
O let me lean upon thy breast,
And feed upon thy word.
3. There's nothing here can give
My wounded soul release ;
But when I near my Jesus live
I find a solid peace.
4. O let me see thy face,
Thou blest unspotted Lamb ;
Then will I sing redeeming grace,
And tell the world thy name.
5. O Jesus rule my heart,
With beams of love divine ;
And when this mortal life shall cease,
I'll be forever thine.

HYMN LXI.—*The daily experience of GOD's goodness.*

1. **G**REAT is the grace of GOD to me,
While thro' this wretched world I rove ;
How oft I feel, how oft I see
The tokens of his love !
2. Ten thousand hellish foes engage
Against my poor unguarded soul ;
But Christ secures me from their rage ;
His love doth all my fears controul.
3. O may I ever trust his hand,
And praise his name with ev'ry breath !
By his free grace my soul doth stand
Secure from everlasting death.
4. And when this mortal spirit dies,
And time with me shall be no more,
My soul where pleasure never dies
Shall mount my Jesus to adore.

HYMN LXII.—Desiring to be strengthened with divine life.

1. **B**REATH on my soul, O breath divine,
And rouse me from this stupid frame ;
Give strength to this weak faith of mine,
And all my soul with love inflame.
2. O lead me all the desert through,
And let me be with vigor blest ;
Then will I bid the earth adieu,
And travel to eternal rest.
3. Soon shall my sorrows have an end,
And all the storms of hell shall cease ;
And I enjoy my heav'nly friend,
In the eternal realms of peace.

HYMN LXIII.—For the morning.

1. **O** Could my soul this morning rise
And feel that life that never dies,
I'd praise that hand with all my pow'rs
That guarded my unguarded hours.
2. 'Tis he that gives me life divine ;
In him eternal joys are mine ;
Then rouse my soul, bid sloth adieu,
Thy Jesus love, and him pursue.
3. Haste on to that immortal shore,
Where night and sleep is known no more ;
There shall I soon in glory rise,
With seraphs in a sweet surprise.
4. Then will I raise a morning song,
With all the vast angelic throng ;
Sailing in everlasting peace,
My morning song shall never cease.

HYMN LXIV.—Longing for more faith and love.

1. **O** Could I love the blessed Lamb,
While here on earth with all my soul !
I'd never cease to sound his name,
Till fleeting moments cease to roll.
2. Then to the peaceful realms above,
From these dark regions take my flight ;
Wrapt up in everlasting love,
A child of uncreated light.

3. Their unbelief shall vex no more
 My soul from all her sorrows free ;
 Gaze on with wonder and adore
 The great I AM that stoop'd for me.

HYMN LXV.—Desiring the heart to be wholly for GOD.

1. **C**LEANSE me, O GOD, by grace divine,
 To live alone to thee ;
 My soul would be entirely thine,
 From other lover's tree.

2. Let not this worlds' amusing toys,
 Find room within my heart ;
 But charm me with immortal joys ;
 Nor let me e'er desert.

3. Revive thy kingdom in my breast,
 By thy redeeming love ;
 Then I shall be forever blest
 With thee O GOD, above.

4. There will my soul rejoice in thee,
 My everlasting bliss ;
 The Lord will mine forever be,
 And I forever his.

HYMN LXVI.—The saints portion.

1. **O** What a portion have the saints,
 God is their all, they know his love ;
 And death will soon end their complaints,
 And hand them to their realms above.

2. There they will reign in perfect light,
 And drink uninterrupted joy ;
 No pow'rs of hell, or shades of night,
 Their heav'nly raptures shall annoy.

3. A mansion there in perfect bliss,
 Their souls forever shall possess ;
 For they will be where Jesus is,
 And he is all can make them blest.

4. O let that portion, Lord, be mine,
 And give thy blessed self to me ;
 If I might be forever thine,
 It's all the joys I wish to see.

HYMN LXVII.—*A christian's travel.*

1. **N**ONE but the toll'wers of the Lamb
 (Whose wrestling souls have felt the same)
 Can ever tell, or ever know,
 What diff'rent scenes I'm carry'd through.
2. Sometimes I drink of joys divine,
 And sing, AH! MY BELOV'D IS MINE;
 But unbelief returns again,
 And loads my soul with fear and pain.
3. Some times I get a short release
 From chains, and find a heav'nly peace;
 I leap for joy, expecting soon
 That all my sorrows will be gone.
4. But soon, ah! soon my joys are fled,
 And raging fears perplex my head;
 Ten thousand beasts of prey return,
 And cause my bleeding soul to mourn.
5. Then like a captive I complain,
 Till the blest star appears again,
 Then heav'nly joys my tears controul,
 My GOD transports my wounded soul.
6. Some times I'm like a wand'ring Jew,
 That seeks a friend whom once he knew;
 Nor doth my weary foot-steps end
 Until I find my absent friend.
7. Some times I'm like a thirsty plain,
 Parch'd up with drought, thirsting for rain;
 And when I'm water'd from above,
 Cheerful I drink the show'rs of love.
8. O when, dear Jesus, shall I be
 From all these clouds and trials free?
 When shall I reach that peaceful shore
 Where storms of grief are known no more!

HYMN LXVIII.—*The christian's safety.*

1. **W**HEN I can find my Saviour nigh,
 I feel my standing sure;
 I rest beneath his watchful eye,
 And find my heav'n secure.
2. I lean my soul upon his breast,

- Encircled in his arms,
 And there I find my lasting rest,
 And drink immortal charms.
 3. If death and hell my life invade,
 With all their rage and pow'r,
 I'm safe beneath my Father's shade
 In ev'ry trying hour.
 4. Still spread thy kingdom in my heart,
 O Lord my loss repair ;
 Make ev'ry other lover part,
 And reign forever there.

HYMN LXIX.—A cheerful sense of living with God forever.

1. **O** Happy thought ! to be so blest,
 As with my GOD to reign !
 And there for ever I shall rest,
 Nor mourn, nor sin again.
 2. Ere long I shall be freed from death,
 And meet my GOD in peace ;
 Far from the storms of hell and earth,
 Where joy shall never cease.
 3. O how it makes my joys arise,
 To feel it is for me !
 My life immortal never dies,
 For Jesus reigns in me.
 4. Mount, O my soul, and reach the shore,
 Where I delight to dwell ;
 When once these storms are all blown o'er,
 I'll sing " NOW ALL IS WELL."

HYMN LXX.—The christian in the dark.

1. **L**ONG nights of darkness and of grief,
 I've waded through without relief ;
 And groan'd to see the break of day,
 To scatter midnight shades away.
 2. This earthly sun brings not the light ;
 The morn remains a gloomy night ;
 But O one glimpse of light divine,
 Expels these gloomy shades of mine !
 3. Break forth my blessed GOD I pray,
 With one sweet glimpse of heav'nly day ;

Then will my heart rejoice in thee,
And bless thy name who set me free.

*H Y M N LXXI.—The heaven-born soul rejoicing in the
grace of GOD.*

1. **G**REAT was the peace my soul enjoy'd,
When first I knew the Lord !

I eat, I drank, but was not cloy'd,
Still feasting round his board.

2. Rich was the feast of joys divine,
Which Jesus did bestow ;

I felt the blessed Lamb was mine,
And heav'n begun below.

3. His arms of love were clasp'd around
My poor unguarded soul ;

And I a heav'nly calmness found ;
And all my wounds were whole.

4. Cheerful I sung my Saviour's name ;
And firmly was resolv'd

To spread abroad his bleeding fame,
Till death this life dissolv'd.

5. O Jesus give me strength divine
To tell the world thy love ;

O make me as a light to shine,
While this dark world I rove.

H Y M N LXXII.—Christ is all the christian's joy.

1. **O** Jesus let me often taste
The wonders of thy love ;

None but thyself can give me rest,
While I this desert rove.

2. I I could call this world my own,
With all created bliss,

I could not live on that alone
Without redeeming grace.

3. With thee, my GOD, there's solid peace,
And life and food divine ;

I always find my sorrow cease
When I feel that thou'rt mine.

4. And O shall I with Jesus dwell,
In joys forever new !

Then will I triumph over hell,

And bid the earth adieu,

HYMN LXXIII.—Praise to GOD for his goodness.

1. I'LL bless thee, O my GOD of love,

While through this vale of tears I rove;

Thy goodness doth around me shine,

And thou, O Lord, hath made me thine.

2. O may thy goodness on my breast,

As marks divine be well impress'd;

My heart, O GOD, I've give to thee,

Nor shall I ever parted be.

3. Thou art my Father, and my GOD,

My life, my strength, my peace, my food;

And now with pleasure would I sing

The name of my eternal King.

4. Inspire me, Lord, to lift my strain;

Reign in my heart, forever reign;

Thy name I love; and must adore

My GOD, my all, forevermore.

HYMN LXXIV.—The converted soul declaring what GOD has done.

1. **T**O you that love my Christ I'll tell,

And to the world declare,

The Saviour brought my soul from hell,

The borders of despair.

2. And O he's led me with his love,

And shew'd his smiling face;

Now I can talk of joys above,

And sing redeeming grace.

3. It was because his grace was free,

His love without a bound,

That ever one so vile as me,

A free salvation found.

4. O come ye starving souls and share

The joys of Sion's hill;

The great Jehovah doth declare

There's room for all that will.

H Y M N LXXV.—*The same.*

1. **O** GOD how shall I tell
The freedom of thy grace,
That drew me from the jaws of hell
To see thy smiling face !
2. O the sweet joys divine,
Of that important day !
I felt the beams of glory shine,
And stole my heart away.
3. It was my sweet employ
To tell the world of Christ,
That others might with me enjoy
The everlasting feast.
4. I drank the joys above,
And felt a heav'nly flame,
Beneath the banner of his love,
I sung my Saviour's name.
5. Ten thousand thanks is due,
Ten thousand praises be
To this eternal Saviour who
Gave his own life for me.

H Y M N LXXVI.—*Adieu to all for Christ.*

1. **A** DIEU to earth with all your joy !
Adieu to all below !
Your pleasures all I'd count a toy,
If I might Jesus know.
2. Adieu to all created bliss !
Your greatest friendship too ;
Adieu to all but Jesus Christ,
For him I must pursue.
3. O give me Christ ! for he is all,
My soul for him doth pant ;
Let others take this little pail,
No share of it I want.
4. Jesus while here is my delight ;
No other joys I'd know ;
And when I quit these shades of night,
I shall with Jesus go.

HYMN LXXVII.—*The pilgrims song.*

1. **W**HY should we pilgrims mourning go,
When Jesus goes before ;
And he has drunk our cup of wo,
That we might weep no more.
2. Short are the sorrows of an hour,
The storm will soon subside ;
We're guarded by almighty pow'r,
In him we may confide.
3. We'll triumph over hell and death,
And all their rage defy ;
And soon we'll take our flight from earth,
And soar to realms on high.
4. There soon the pilgrims all will meet,
Within the joyful plains ;
Each one shall find a happy seat,
And sing immortal strains.
5. And there from all these sorrows free,
We'll reign in perfect bliss ;
With Christ our all we then shall be,
We are forever his.

HYMN LXXVIII.—*Nothing cheers the christian but Christ's love.*

1. **W**HEN I from my beloved flee,
No happy moments can I see ;
But soon with joy my spirits move,
When I enjoy my Saviour's love.
2. Ten thousand worlds are all in vain,
When I am dark to ease my pain ;
There's nothing can my grief remove,
But Christ with his redeeming love.
3. Not all my dearest friends on earth,
Their honours, or their carnal mirth,
Can make my drooping spirit move,
Until I taste my Saviour's love.
4. Insipid is my food to me,
No pleasing object can I see,
Until my soul doth soar above,
And taste of my Redeemer's love.

5. If I had all the joys below,
 It would not cheer my passions so
 As when I feel my darkness move,
 And taste of my Redeemer's love.
6. Or should I search the stars to find
 Some solid joy to feed my mind ;
 It would but all a burden prove,
 Unless I found redeeming love.
7. O let this love be all my song,
 While mortal vigour moves my tongue,
 Then with my Christ in realms above,
 I'll drink and sing redeeming love.

H Y M N LXXIX.—The saints may rejoice for Jesus.

1. **J**ESUS the Lord forever reigns,
 His children may exalt their strains ;
 In him their standing is secure,
 Their joys forever shall endure.
2. When moon and stars shall cease to shine,
 They'll reign, in realms that are divine ;
 With Jesus reign, with Jesus rest,
 And live eternal ages blest.
3. Then shout ye saints, ye sons of God,
 And spread your heav'nly joys abroad ;
 Fear not the rage of earth and hell,
 Your Jesus reigns, and all is well.
4. Let time lash all her scenes away,
 And hand you to eternal day ;
 Immortal glory is for you,
 Soon as you bid these climes adieu.

HYMN LXXX —The freedom of Christ's love.

1. **O** What a blessing I have found !
 A sea of love that hath no bound ;
 Sure I may sing that grace is free,
 That has redeem'd a wretch like me.
2. Though long I with the wicked trod,
 Yet the unbounded grace of God
 Pursu'd and pluck'd my soul from hell,
 And now in peace and joy I dwell.
3. Sure I am bound with ties of love

To spread his grace where e'er I rove ;
 And if poor souls inquire of me,
 I must declare his love is free.

4. Come then, ye starving sinners, come:
 And hasten to my Father's home ;
 His boundless grace is free for you,
 O come, and taste his goodness too.

4. Why will you die when grace so free
 Is calling now, poor soul, for thee ?
 The Saviour's love no more despise,
 O taste of life that never dies.

HYMN LXXX.—The freedom of Christ's love.

1. **I**T was the uncreated word
 Begot my soul again to God,
 To an inheritance divine,
 A crown that will for ever shine.

2. He made my soul his goodness feel,
 And seal'd me with his heav'nly seal ;
 He rais'd his kingdom in my heart,
 Nor will he ever from me part.

3. How sweet the joys my soul doth taste
 In him my all, my friend, my Christ !
 And O I ever shall enjoy
 This love where nothing can annoy.

4. Let all these worlds dissolve and die,
 My kingdom stands secure on high,
 And when this life shall cease to move,
 I shall awake in realms of love.

HYMN LXXXII.—The pilgrims arising.

1. **C**OME pilgrims let our heart arise,
 And all our lamps prepare,
 To take our journey to the skies,
 For the bright morn is near.

2. He that has bought us with his blood
 Will shortly for us come ;
 And we that love the blessed Lord
 Shall find a happy home.

3. There all the pilgrims meet in joy

At their Redeemer's throne,
Where sin shall never more annoy,
For joy triumphs alone.

4. Then shall we dwell with GOD our King,
And see him face to face ;
Our hearts with raptures then shall sing
The wonders of his grace.

5. Come pilgrims let us all awake,
That all our lights may shine ;
The earth and all its charms forsake,
And soar to realms divine,

HYMN LXXXIII.—*Christ the christian's only joy.*

HOW pants my soul to see thy face,
My Jesus and my love !

There's nothing cheers me but thy grace,
While I this desert rove.

2. Not earth with all her richest joys
Can ever make me blest ;

Their greatest bliss I count but toys
Compar'd with thee my Christ.

3. Let me have nothing but my GOD
To rule in all my soul,

I'll run with joy the heav'nly road
Till years shall cease to roll.

4. Then let the happy moment come
And call my soul away,

I'll meet my Father and my home,
In realms of heav'nly day.

5. There I expect ere long to be
In my Redeemer's arms,

From all my sins and sorrows free
Transported with his charms.

HYMN LXXXIV.—*A sense of sin, and Christ's sufferings.*

THINK, O my soul, what thou hast done !

My guilt has pierc'd the holy One ;

I hung a weight upon his soul,
Which caus'd those floods of grief to roll.

2. He sunk beneath the weight of sin,
The load so great he died therein ;

The fallen nature which he bore,
Crush'd him in death, dress'd him in gore.

3. O what unbounded love was this

To bring us to eternal bliss !

Freely he bore our death and hell,
That we might in full glory dwell.

4. And now, methinks I hear him say,

" Come, dying sinners, come away ;

" So great my love, my grace so free,

" I spilt my blood, and died for thee.

HYMN LXXXV.—*The christian happy in any place, if they
enjoy God's presence.*

SHOULD I be call'd to distant wilds,

Or station'd on some foreign shore,

If there I found my Saviour's smiles,

And liv'd with him, I'd want no more.

2. 'Tis all alike a heaven to me,

If I might there enjoy my GOD ;

Cheerful I'd tread while Christ I see,

O'er rocks and hills by feet untrod.

3. Far from the broils of mortal tongues,

Or carnal scenes of mirth and pride,

I'd chant my solitary songs,

And in sweet contemplations glide.

4. The moss should be my downy bed,

Through silent watches of the night ;

And Jesus guard my slumb'ring head,

'Till morning rays restore the light.

5. Then should my sweet and morning lays,

Send echoes through the silent grove ;

Jesus would hear the notes I raise ;

My song should be redeeming love.

6. Thus freed from ev'ry outward snare,

To heav'n I would devote my breath ;

Jesus would make my life his care,

Until I slept the sleep of death.

HYMN LXXXVI.—*The christian soon to be delivered.*

SOON shall I quit this mortal shore,

And Jesus stand my friend ;

My night's of grief shall all be o'er,
And all my labors end.

2. Then shall I reach the realms of bliss,
Where my beloved reigns ;

Then I shall dwell where Jesus is,
And sing immortal strains.

3. There I shall drink unmingled joy,
From streams of love divine ;

No passing clouds for to annoy
Where GOD in glory shines.

4. O what immortal scenes of bliss
Will bear my soul away !

How sweet the realms of joy and peace
In uncreated day !

HYMN LXXXVII.—*Giving all to Christ.*

1. **W**ITH joy, O GOD, I all resign
To be for thee, forever thine ;

I ask no joy nor life but thee ;
One with thyself, O let me be.

2. While time remains my soul shall stand
Safe in the hollow of thy hand ;

O let thy love for me engage
Long as I tread this mortal stage.

3. O let me daily walk with thee ;
Where e'er I go thy presence see ;
Then shall my life, and all my days
With joy be spent in wisdom's ways.

4. And when these changing scenes are o'er,
I'll quit the murmurs of this shore,
And sail in that eternal sea,
Where all is swallow'd up in thee.

HYMN LXXXVIII.—*Who can praise GOD ? Or who can
forbear ?*

1. **H**OW can poor mortals ever praise
The great immortal King,
When hosts above can never raise
The well-deserved string ?

2. And yet how harden'd is the wretch
(From all that's good remote)
That doth not wish and aim to stretch
The most exalted note !

3. My heart and lips are all unclean,
And long in sin I've trod,
With interposing clouds between
My spirit and my GOD.
4. And yet my heart cannot forbear ;
Nay, tongue presumes to try ;
Let me thy lovely name declare ;
If not, Lord, let me die.
5. Inspire my soul, O GOD of grace,
To tell the world thy love ;
'Till I shall join thy lofty praise,
In brighter realms above.

HYMN LXXXIX.—*A miracle of free grace.*

1. **O**NCE did my soul unguarded lay
In darkness on the brink of death ;
O how I fear'd to launch away
Yet soon I thought to lose my breath.
2. My sins and foes beset me round,
And I beheld no place to hide ;
No friend nor helper to be found,
But death and hell on ev'ry side.
3. Then did the great Redeemer look
With pity on my help'less case ;
And in my arms my soul he took,
And made me sing redeeming grace.
4. He heal'd my wounds, and cheer'd my heart,
And fed me with redeeming love ;
I felt my guilt and fears depart,
My raptur'd soul was borne above.
5. O how amazing was the change
My soul enjoy'd by grace divine !
Pluck'd from the jaws of endless pains,
And brought to know the Lord was mine.
6. Lord I shall make thee no returns
For thine unbounded love so great !
And yet thy love within me burns
With warm desires to wash thy feet.

HYMN XC.—*The sweetness of Christ's name.*

1. **O** What a joy I've found
In the Redeemer's name!
It brings a cure to ev'ry wound,
And wipes away our shame.
2. It will restore the blind,
And cause the deaf to hear,
It cheers the poor unhappy mind,
And triumphs over fear.
3. This name is living bread
For ev'ry starving soul;
'Twill heal the sick and raise the dead,
And make the wounded whole.
4. The thirsty souls may drink,
And find a sweet supply;
And souls that do begin to sink
May taste and never die.
5. O come ye sinners, then,
And know the bleeding Lamb;
And soon your souls will say Amen,
Sweet is the Saviour's name.

HYMN XCI.—*Choosing of all in Christ.*

1. **T**HY blessed self, O Jesus grant,
And in thee let me ever rest;
'Tis all I need, 'tis all I want,
To be with thee forever blest.
2. Thy love excludes my grief and pain,
And bears my spirit far above;
O let me with this Jesus reign,
And ever sing his dying love!
3. Sweet are the streams of joy divine
That from my blessed Jesus flow;
And since this glorious Christ is mine,
What treasures can my soul have more;
4. O GOD! my GOD! and can it be
This prize immortal is for me?
Ah! Lord thyself was freely giv'n,
And thou art my eternal heav'n,

HYMN XCII.—*G O D's goodness, and the christian's ed-
ness.*

1. **O** What a careless soul am I
To rove so far from thee my GOD ?
Who saw my soul condemn'd to die,
And sav'd me by thy precious blood.
2. When death and hell with all their pow'r,
Arose against my naked soul ;
Thine arm appear'd that dreadful hour,
Subdu'd their rage, and made me whole.
2. Thou heal'd the wounds that sin had made,
And fill'd my soul with love divine ;
And then in love thou spake and said,
" *Fear not' I'll be forever thine.*"
4. But Lord I wander'd far from thee,
And did my comforts all destroy ;
And now in midnight shades I be
Without a sense of Christ my joy.
5. Remove my darkness, O my GOD,
And bring me from these chains of death ?
Feed me again with heav'nly food,
And let me feel my sacred birth.
6. Beneath the banner of thy love,
I long to sit again and sing ;
And feel my spirit mount above,
Wrap'd in the mantle of my King.

HYMN XCIII.—*The pilgrims parting Hymn.*

1. **B**LESS us, O GOD, before we part,
And take us near to thee,
That we may still be join'd in heart,
Where e'er our bodies be.
2. Though long and distant we may rove,
While this desert we tread,
May ev'ry soul be one in love,
Secure in Christ our head.
3. Fill ev'ry heart, O GOD, with grace,
And all our lives engage
To run with joy the christian race
Through this enchanted stage.
4. Long as we feel the heav'nly flame,

- 'Tis joy to spread thy love ;
 O may thy goodness be our theme
 'Till we awake above.
 5. Then ravish'd in immortal bliss,
 Shall sing, and love, and gaze ;
 For we shall be where Jesus is,
 In his meridian blaze.

H Y M N xciv.—The travelling pilgrims.

1. **PILGRIMS** in the Lord rejoice ;
 We are one in heart and voice ;
 Christ has bought us with his blood ;
 We are hast'ning home to God.
 2. We may all forget our pain ;
 We shall soon in glory reign ;
 Griefs and doubts shall soon be o'er,
 Meet where pilgrims part no more.
 3. World adieu with all your toys ;
 We despise your carnal joys ;
 We have better joys above ;
 We have found redeeming love.
 4. Jesus is our friend and King ;
 His high praises let us sing ;
 Riches here we count but dross ;
 We will glory in the cross.
 5. Though the world load us with shame,
 We will choose the pilgrims name ;
 Heav'nly lands we're bound to see,
 There with Christ we soon shall be.
 6. O the raptures of our flight,
 Sailing home to perfect light !
 Anthems to the Saviour then,
 Ev'ry soul shall say Amen.

HYMN xcv.—Christ precious to the believer.

1. **M**Y tongue can ne'er express
 The worth of Christ my friend !
 He doth his heav'nly foll'wers bless
 With joys that never end.
 2. These treasures will endure
 When earthly crowns shall cease ;

- The joys of all the saints are sure,
And ever will increase.
3. O blessed Souls are those,
Who have their portion there!
Their happiness no limits knows,
For they in Jesus are.
4. He is their chief delight,
And all that they can have;
Their leader through these shades of night,
And life beyond the grave.
5. Safe in his blessed hand,
His bosom and his love,
Their new-born souls securely stand,
Their rock can never move.
6. They never need to fear,
Whilst Christ their Saviour reigns,
They shall with him in heav'n appear,
While he his throne maintains,
7. He's all the christian's peace,
While trav'ling here below ;
And when these mortal clouds shall cease,
To endless bliss they go.
8. O let this Christ be mine.
And I will ask no more ;
Forever Lord I would be thine,
And thy blest name adore.
9. On earth thy love I'd taste,
I shall be happy then ;
Say thou art mine, O precious Christ.
And I will say Amen.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K IV.

Consisting chiefly of christian travels ; the joys and trials of the soul.

HYMN I.—The doubting christian panting for liberty.

1. **W**HEN will the pow'r of grace
My doubts and fears destroy ?

When shall I see my Saviour's face,
To turn my grief to joy ?

2. When shall I see the day
That Jesus will make known
His love to me, that I may say
My Jesus is my own ?

3. Jesus is all I want ;
O give thyself to me ;
My spirit groans, my heart doth pant,
Thy smiling face to see.

4. Then will my soul rejoice,
And trust upon thy word ;
The world shall hear my cheerful voice
Extol the Lord my God.

H Y M N II.—*The Messiah come with free salvation.*

1. **A**LL glory to the GOD in clay !
Thus stoop'd his goodness to display,
Now Jesus is his name ;

Hark ! how the heav'nly arches ring,
While thousands and ten thousands sing
All glory to the Lamb !

2. Let ev'ry land below the skies,
From earth's amusing slumbers rise,
And find the Saviour room ;
While ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Unite in one harmonious song,
And sing redeeming grace.

3. Say mortals, can your tongues forbear
Such boundless goodness to declare ?
O spread redeeming love !

How can the Gentiles or the Jews,
Monarchs or nations e'er refuse
Their stamm'ring tongues to move ?

4. His love deserves the highest praise
That all created pow'rs can raise ;
O sound his worthy name !

Let heav'n and earth the concert join,
To shout his name with songs divine ;
All glory to the Lamb !

HYMN III.—*The prayer and complaint of the doubting christian.*

1. **U**NHAPPY soul, O God, I rove
So distant from thy face !
When shall I feel eternal love,
And sing redeeming grace ?
2. O speak the healing word to me,
Dear Lord, and let me know
Thy bleeding love hath set me free
From everlasting wo.
3. My life, O God, without thy love,
With ev'ry earthly good,
Will all a scene of sorrow prove,
And find a tiresome road.
4. But O one spark of heav'nly day,
One crumb of food divine
Drives all my slavish fears away,
And makes redemption mine.
5. Come glorious Prince of Peace, and give
Thy blessed self to me ;
O let me, let me, let me live,
To thee, my GOD, to thee.

H Y M N IV.—*The same.*

- O** Could my soul the Saviour find,
And know he died for me,
How would the scene transport my mind !
How happy should I be !
2. There's nothing else that can rejoice
This wounded heart of mine ;
O Jesus let me hear thy voice
Declare that I am thine.
3. I cannot rest until I know,
O come the happy hour,
And bring a period to my wo,
By heav'ns immortal pow'r.
4. Then will my heart rejoice to sing
The praises of my GOD ;
I'd lean upon my heav'nly King,
And spread his love abroad.

H Y M N V.—The christian's choice.

1. **T**HIS, this O GOD, is my request,
Thyself the boundless sea of love ;
On earth with thy sweet presence blest,
And with thee in the realms above.
2. I cannot be contented Lord,
To spend one day without thy love,
O feed me hourly with thy word,
To walk with thee where e'er I rove.
3. Fain would I wholly live to thee,
And follow other gods no more ;
And in thy presence always be,
Until I reach the peaceful shore.
4. Thy face, O Jesus, let me see,
And feel the wonders of thy love :
Spend all my mortal days with thee,
And then awake in realms above.
5. There shall my soul from sorrows rest,
And sound with joy my Saviour's fame ;
O thought ! to be forever blest,
In the embraces of the Lamb.
6. O give, thou blessed Prince of Peace,
This everlasting crown to me ;
Where songs of joy shall never cease,
And all my pow'rs wrapt up in thee.

H Y M N VI.—A song of praise to Christ.

1. **J**ESUS the heav'nly Lamb was slain,
A rebel world to save ;
Jesus the sinners life to gain,
His own a ransom gave.
2. He bleeds, he dies beneath the weight
Of man's enormous guilt ;
His grace so free, his love so great,
His blood was freely spilt.
3. Ten thousand praises to thy name,
Thou sinners only friend !
Let ev'ry tongue thy love proclaim,
Till mortal days shall end.
4. Then let eternal ages sound

Thy name in realms above,
Where everlasting joys abound,
A sea of perfect love.

HYMN VII.—The doubting christian mourning under sin and death.

1. **O** GOD does not my spirit grieve,
And groan with panting breath,
And long and pray to be reliev'd,
From darkness, sin, and death,
2. I cannot rest beneath these chains,
Without some life divine ;
But nothing can remove my pains,
Till heav'n doth on me shine.
3. O must I still this desert rove,
Without the Lord my friend ?
There's nothing but the Saviour's love
Can make my sorrows end.
4. Break down this wall of unbelief,
And let me see thy face ;
O Jesus give my soul relief,
Then will I sing thy grace.
5. I long to see the happy hour,
When I shall Jesus know ;
Send down thy spirit Lord with pow'r,
And save me from my wo.

HYMN VIII.—The christian thirsting for a nearness to Christ.

1. **O** FOR an heart inspir'd with grace,
To love and serve the Lord !
With joy I'd walk in wisdom's ways,
And feed upon his word.
2. Then would I tread all earthly joys
As dust beneath my feet ;
All things but Jesus are but toys ;
But he is joys complete.
3. O let me near this Jesus live,
How happy shall I be !
The greatest blessings he can give

Is his own self to me.

4. O what blest hours I then should see,
Enrich'd with joys divine !

O say, dear Jesus, can it be,
Such boundless treasure's mine.

H Y M N IX.—The happy state of christians.

1. **B**LEST are the souls that know the Lord,
And humbly walk before his face ;

They feast upon immortal food,
And sing with joy redeeming grace.

2. Cheerful they tread this desert through,
Led by the blest Redeemer's hand ;

And when they bid the earth adieu,
With joy will reach the heav'nly land.

3. There from their sorrows they shall rest,
With angels on the peaceful shore,

And with immortal glories blest,
To leave their chief delight no more.

4. O might it be my portion too,
To have the blessings they enjoy !

I'd bid all other joys adieu,
And join in their divine employ.

H Y M N X.—A song of praise to Christ.

1. **W**HAT shall we render to thy name,
O thou incarnate God ?

We would adore the bleeding Lamb,
For his redeeming blood.

2. Thy dying love, O Prince of Peace,
Deserves eternal praise ;

Nor shall the cheerful accents cease,
Through everlasting days.

3. Freely thou left the realms of light,
And dy'd for wretched men ;

That from the gulf of endless night,
They might in glory reign.

4. Thy grace and spirit so abounds,
Through all the world doth move ;

To every heart thy voice resounds

The offers of thy love.

HYMN XI.—The christian mourning under sin, doubts, and death.

1. **H**OW sad and heavy is my days,
 O GOD, without thy cheering voice !
 But when I feel thy heav'nly rays,
 My soul mounts up and can rejoice.
2. But now without the Saviour's love
 I'm bound with chains of death and sin ;
 And like a captive mourning rove,
 Till he revives my soul again.
3. Ten thousand foes beset my way,
 When I with the ungodly run ;
 Yet wretched soul how oft I stray,
 And mourn like Job without the sun.
4. The day I spend in deep distress,
 And through ten thousand subjects rove ;
 And nights without one moment's rest,
 Until I find my absent love.
5. O could I from this bondage flee,
 And find my soul in Jesus' love,
 How happy, happy should I be,
 While through this wretched world I rove !

HYMN XII.—The joy of saints above.

1. **H**OW happy are the saints
 Awoke in perfect joy !
 Far from their sorrows and complaints,
 Where nothing can annoy.
2. Rejoicing there they see
 The glories of their GOD ;
 Where Jesus is 'tis there they be,
 And he is all their good.
3. They drink of Jesus' love,
 And lean upon his breast ;
 They sail through all the realms above,
 With joy forever blest.
4. They've reach'd the peaceful shore,
 And found their happy home ;
 Their souls rejoice forevermore,

Where grief can never come.

H Y M N XIII.—For the morning.

1. **N**OW with the morn, my soul, arise,
And stretch to realms above the skies;
Let ev'ry pow'r of heart and tongue,
Unite to lift a morning song.
2. Jesus preserv'd me through the night,
And rais'd me to the morning light;
O may I now with Jesus wake,
And ev'ry other love forsake.
3. O Jesus come and lead my way
Through all the dangers of the day;
Thou heav'nly sun upon me shine,
And cheer me with thy joys divine.
4. From sins and darkness set me free,
And let me walk this day with thee;
And when these mortal days shall cease,
I shall awake in realms of peace.

H Y M N XIV.—For the evening.

1. **T**HIS evening, O my GOD, to thee,
I will myself resign;
Come life or death, O let me be,
Dear Lord, forever thine.
2. Secure, O Lord, my spirit keep,
From hell's insulting pow'rs;
Thou shepherd of thy feeble sheep,
O guard my slumb'ring hours.
3. If death this night my life invade,
And I must quit my clay,
O lead me through death's gloomy shade,
To everlasting day.
4. But if once more thou raise my head
To see the rising sun,
O may I leave my slumb'ring bed
The christian race to run.
5. O let me live alone to thee,
While through this world I rove!
And when from mortal clogs I'm free,
Reach thy blest realms of love.

H Y M N XV.—On Christ's death, and his love.

1. **G**REAT did thy love and pity reign,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God,
When in the agonies of pain,
Thou bore the sinners load !
2. Ten thousand sins upon thy soul,
Like pond'rous mountains press'd,
And wasting floods of anguish roll,
Through all thy wounded breast.
3. O boundless love of ancient date !
Redeeming grace how free !
Think. O my soul, and tell how great
That love that bled for thee !
4. Jesus our God, what shall we pay
For love so great as thine !
What shall we think, what shall we say,
Of wonders so divine !
5. Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tongue,
And ev'ry land and shore,
Commence an everlasting song,
Thy goodness to adore.
6. Let saints on earth with pleasure sing
The honours of thy name,
While all the heav'nly arches ring
With "Worthy is the Lamb."

H Y M N XVI.—The christian's complaint, and plea.

1. **O** Jesus take away
This pride and unbelief ;
They lead thy wand'ring child astray,
And load my soul with grief.
2. I never can rejoice
But when my GOD is near ;
O let me feel thy charming voice,
And I'll forget my fear.
3. I long to be releas'd
From unbelief and pride ;
I long to feel my love increas'd,
And on the Lord confide.
4. Lord may thy love constrain

My drooping heart away,
And lead me in the paths divine
To everlasting day.

4. How cheerful would I go,
If Jesus would attend,
To let my fellow mortals know
The love of Christ my friend.

HYMN XVII.—The christian amazed at his own stupidity.

1. **O** Was it for my wretched soul
The Saviour bled so free !
What sorrows through his bosom roll,
And pains of death for me !
2. Then, O my soul, how can'st thou sleep,
Or from such goodness rove !
How can my tongue a silence keep,
And not declare his love !
3. Shall the eternal Prince of heav'n
Give up his life for me,
And shew me all my sins forgiv'n,
And I so stupid be.
4. Ten thousand thousand thanks belong
To thee, O Lamb of God,
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Should sound thy name abroad.

HYMN XVIII.—On unbelief.

1. **O** Jesus could my soul believe
I soon should see thy grace ;
Nothing but faith can me relieve
And let me see thy face.
2. 'Tis unbelief, that cruel foe,
Doth all my peace destroy,
And chains me down to scenes of woe
Without one spark of joy.
3. 'Tis this that bars poor souls from heav'n,
And sends them down to hell ;
And by this sin the saints are driv'n
In darkness oft to dwell.
4. It wounds my soul, and slights the love
Of Christ my bleeding Lord ;

It keeps me from the joys above,
And veils th' eternal word.

H Y M N XIX.—The christian's safety.

1. **W**HY do ye mourn, ye blessed saints ?
Or why indulge your fear ?

Fall not a prey to sad complaints,
Since GOD is always near.

2. Although in sins you often grieve,
And feel your heavy chains,
Think on the Lord, in him believe,
And you'll forget your pains.

3. He loves you with eternal love,
And soon for you will come ;
Make all your doubts and sorrows move,
And bring you to your home.

4. Go on rejoicing in your friend,
And sing immortal love,
'Till all these mortal scenes shall end,
And you awake above.

H Y M N XX.—On the happiness of saints above.

1. **G**REAT are the joys of saints above,
Beyond what tongue can tell ;
Full they enjoy their Saviour's love,
And in his bosom dwell.

2. Now they have reach'd their happy home,
The sea of perfect joy ;
Where interposing clouds ne'er come,
Nor foes their peace annoy.

3. Their joys are now forever new,
And all their sorrows gone ;
All other loves they've bid adieu,
And with the Lord are one.

4. Cheerful they've run the christian race,
And reach'd the peaceful shore,
And see their Jesus face to face,
Where clouds can veil no more.

5. Arise my soul, the crown pursue,
And taste redeeming love ;
For I may share the glories too

With all the saints above.

HYMN XXI.—Encouragement for christians.

1. **T**HO' saints pass thro' some trying days,
By that intruding unbelief;

Soon they shall shout eternal praise,
And from these sorrows find relief.

2. Oft times they feel a stupid frame,
And mourn the absence of their love;
But soon their Jesus doth enflame
Their souls, and bear them far above.

3. And soon he'll wipe all tears away,
And they from all their sorrows rest;
He'll hand them to eternal day,
To be with him forever blest.

4. O give my soul a friend so dear,
A portion in the realms above;
And while I tread this desert here,
Let me enjoy thy constant love.

5. Descend thou heav'nly Dove, descend;
Bear me on thy celestial wing;
I will rejoice in thee my friend,
And triumphs on my journey sing.

HYMN XXII.—On the death of Christ.

1. **T**HINK, O my soul, what Jesus bore,
When nail'd upon the shameful tree!
His body dress'd in purple gore,
His soul in agonies for me.

2. Behold he bleeds, and groans, and dies,
And till his last expiring breath,
He groans, and prays with earnest cries,
For wretched souls condemn'd to death.

3. O what amazing pity this!
The Saviour bears the sinners load,
To crown them with immortal bliss,
And make poor rebels sons of God.

4. Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
I never could his love express;
But O! I'd raise ten thousand songs
To Christ the Lord our Righteousness.

HYMN XXIII.—*Encouragement to the mourning christians.*

1. **W**HY do ye thus in sorrow stray,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb?
Believe, and drive your fears away,
And sing your Saviour's name.
2. Though worldly sorrows you sustain,
Forbid a murmur'ing tear,
Since Jesus is your only gain,
Why will you mourn or fear?
3. Though trials often chain you down
From his immediate love,
Yet soon you'll reach the heav'nly crown
With all the saints above.
4. There face to face your souls shall see
Your everlasting friend;
In perfect glory you shall be,
And all your sorrows end.

HYMN XXIV.—*The same.*

1. **N**O more ye foll'wers of the Lamb.
Indulge your fear and grief,
Believe and feel that lovely name
That died for your relief.
2. Soon will he wipe your tears away,
And turn your grief to joy;
He'll bring you to eternal day,
Where nothing can annoy.
3. There shall you join the heav'nly throng,
Who drink immortal love;
With triumphs sing the Victor's song,
Through all the realms above.
4. O Lamb of God, and shall I have
My portion with them there?
'Tis all I need, 'tis all I crave,
With thy dear sons to share.
5. All things below I count but small
When I can Jesus see,
And find he is my life, my all,

And I from bondage free.

6. Speak, Lord, and let me really know
That I am in thy love,
And call my heart from joys below
To solid joys above.

HYMN XXV.—Wondering at, and rejoicing in the love of God.

1. **O** Has Jehovah thought on me,
And bore my guilty load !
Amazing thought ! and can it be,
To bring me home to GOD !
2. Then leap my soul from sorrows free'd !
And sing the glorious plan ;
Jehovah enters flesh to bleed
For wretched dying man.
3. My ears have heard the joyful sound,
Of the Redeemer's love ;
My soul hath felt my heart hath found
A Saviour from above.
4. Forever blessed be thy name,
Thou Lamb that dy'd for me !
And all my soul with love inflame,
To thee, my GOD, to thee.

HYMN XXIV.—The blessed and safe state of christians.

1. **T**HREE blessed are the saints of GOD,
Though oft they grieve in darkness here ;
Christ has the way before them trod,
And for their help is always near.
2. His arm of love shall guard them safe,
Long as they tread this barren land,
And soon he'll call them from their grief
To reign with joy at his right hand.
3. Hell may invade, and earth annoy,
Their joy and peace while here below ;
But earth nor hell cannot destroy,
Nor move their final overthrow.
4. Their lives in Christ are hid secure ;
Their portion lies beyond the grave ;
Their life forever must endure,

For GOD is all the life they have.

5. Their names are seal'd upon his heart,
And well the Saviour knows his own ;
Nor shall they from his bosom part,
As long as GOD maintains his throne.

HYMN XXVII.—For the evening.

1. **M**Y life and soul to thee, O GOD,
This evening I resign,
And trust upon thy living word,
To be forever thine.

2. O Jesus take me in thy care,
And guard my life in peace,
And keep my soul from every snare,
'Till all these nights shall cease.

3. Then in the ev'ning of my days,
When trembling nature dies,
Call me away to love and praise,
With saints above the skies.

4. There I shall need this sleep no more,
Nor feel this mortal frame ;
But bask on life's immortal shore
In heav'n's transporting flame.

HYMN XXVIII.—For the morning.

1. **L**ET ev'ry morning, O my GOD,
My songs of praise renew,
To spread thy glorious name abroad,
And learn thy wisdom too.

2. The silent nights declare thy grace,
While thy protections keep
The tou'ring lives of mortal race,
And they securely sleep.

3. O might this rising morn engage
My soul and thousands more,
Long as we tread this mortal stage
Thy goodness to adore.

4. And when th'immortal day shall break,
And all these clogs shall cease,
We shall, with all thy saints, awake
In everlasting peace.

5. No clouds of night shall interpose ;
 No enemies annoy ;
 And all our changing scenes shall close
 In everlasting joy.

HYMN XXIX.—Encouragement to christians under trials.

1. **Y**E toll'wers of the Lamb that mourn
 The absence of your friend,

Believe and he will soon return,
 And all your sorrows end.

2. 'Tis unbelief (that foe) that reigns,
 That makes you doubt and fear ;
 But faith will break ten thousand chains,
 And bring your Saviour near.

3. He loves you, and will ne'er forget
 Your trials and complaints ;
 He's with your souls in ev'ry state,
 And feels for all his saints.

4. Though death and hell may all engage
 His children to destroy,
 He'll soon defeat their hellish rage,
 And turn your grief to joy.

5. O lift your heads ye saints of God,
 For Jesus is your king ;
 Let faith inspire you on the road,
 And as you journey sing.

HYMN XXX.—Thoughts on saints above.

1. **O** Joys of heav'n's immortal throng,
 In the sweet realms above !

There ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 Is borne away with love.

2. There they enjoy eternal peace,
 In him the great I AM ;
 They sing the song, and never cease,
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

3. Ten thousand blessings on them rest,
 Of wisdom and of love ;
 And ev'ry saint and angel blest,
 With all the joys above.

4. When countless years have run their round,

They just begin to know
 What a rich heaven they have found,
 Nought past, but always NOW.
 5. They never more shall need the sun,
 To give them light by day ;
 Nor ever want the feeble moon,
 To scatter shades away.

6. There the eternal Son of GOD,
 Expels all shades of night,
 And spreads the glorious beams abroad
 Of uncreated light.

H Y M N XXXI.—A prayer for increase of faith.

1. **O** Give me strength of living faith
 My Lord my GOD I pray,
 Then shall I feel what Jesus saith,
 And night be turn'd to day.

2. I fain would soar to realms divine,
 But O my faith is low ;
 And if I'm ask'd if thou art mine,
 Some times I do not know.

3. When I have faith then I can move
 Mountains of death and sin ;
 When I have faith I feel thy love,
 And find a heav'n within.

4. But unbelief rejects the grace
 That Jesus would bestow,
 And veils me from my Father's face
 Chain'd down to guilt and woe.

5. Lord give me faith to set me free
 From chains of sin and death,
 And let no spirit reign in me,
 But thou the word of faith.

*HYMN XXXII.—Thirsting after God, and thoughts
 on the upper realms.*

1. **MY** GOD doth not delay ;
 His grace is always free ;
 But unbelief leads me astray,
 Far, far, O GOD, from thee !

2. But still my inmost soul
Is thirsting, Lord, for thee ;
O let these chains no more control,
Lord set the pris'ner free.
3. O let me feel thy love,
Dear Jesus, ev'ry hour ;
Fix my affection all above
By heav'n's attracting pow'r.
4. I long, O GOD, to be
Engag'd with all my heart,
To love and praise and follow thee,
And never more depart.
5. And when I reach the shore
Of everlasting rest,
My Jesus I shall still adore,
And be forever blest.
6. There in those realms divine
I trust e'er long to be ;
There all the glories shall be mine,
For Christ belongs to me.
7. And there my soul shall know
Ten thousand glorious scenes,
And sweet delights that while below
Were veil'd with clouds between.
8. There I shall free enjoy
The presence of the Lamb,
And this shall be my sweet employ,
To sound his worthy fame.
9. Without the loss of years,
New glories will arise,
And ev'ry prospect that appears,
Transport my wond'ring eyes.
10. O blessed, blessed GOD,
And is this all for me ?
Yes ; thou hast freely spilt thy blood,
To bring me home to thee.

HYMN XXXIII.--*Complaining of stupidity.*

1. **H**OW can a fool so senseless be,
That ever knew the Lord !

Ah ! oft I've felt he dy'd for me,
Yet how I rove abroad.

2. How little do I love his name,
Or live on things above !

How little is my heart inflam'd
With his redeeming love !

3. I call him Lord, and so he is,
A faithful Lord to me,
And yet how oft I leave his ways,
And after shadows flee !

4. The very heathens might condemn
Me, and my creed abhor,
While I confess but one I AM,
Yet serve a thousand more.

5. O could I feel what I confess,
How happy should I be !
A heav'n through all this wilderness,
For Christ would dwell with me.

H Y M N XXXIV.—On Faith.

1. **T**HAT living faith, O GOD, I need,
That purifies the heart,
Then shall my soul from chains be freed,
And every foe depart.

2. 'Tis faith that brings me near to thee,
And makes my soul rejoice ;
'Tis faith that doth thy stoopsteps see,
And faith that hears thy voice.

3. 'Tis faith that conquers all my foes,
And triumphs over death ;
'Tis faith alone surmounts my woes,
O Jesus give me faith.

4. When I have faith then I can tell
The wonders of thy grace ;
'Tis faith that conquers death and hell,
And runs the christian race.

5. Faith looks with joy within the veil,
And views eternal things ;
Darkness and doubts, and sorrows fail,
When faith extends her wings.

H Y M N XXXV.—Complaining of stupidity.

1. **L**ORD GOD I feel my stupid frame,
And mourn my exile state ;
Once I was near to Christ the Lamb,
My distance now how great !
2. I cannot bear to think how far
From Jesus I desert,
While ev'ry poor, delusive star
Allures my wand'ring heart.
3. Can I that once have known the Lamb
From such a Father rove !
Thus I deny that heav'nly name,
And sin against his love.
4. O what a stupid wretch am I !
How can I e'er forget
The day that Jesus passed by,
And sav'd me from the pit !
5. He dy'd to make me ever blest,
And I have known his love ;
Oft times I've lean'd upon his breast,
And yet again I rove.
6. Lord 'wake me from this stupid frame,
And fill my soul with love ;
Then shall thy name be all my theme,
'Till I awake above.

H Y M N XXXVI.—On living near to Christ.

1. **O** Could I live but near my GOD,
How happy should I be !
I'd walk the paths that Jesus trod,
The heav'nly lands to see.
2. Jesus would be my constant guide,
And cheer me with his love ;
Triumphant o'er my sins I'd ride,
To the bright realms above.
3. O blessed spirit lend thy wing
To bear my soul away,
I'd soar with all thy saints and sing,
To everlasting day.
4. Jesus for thee my soul doth pant,

And fain would thee adore ;
Thy blessed self is all I want,
Now and forevermore.

HYMN xxxvii.—*The Christian wondering at the goodness
of GOD and his own stupidity.*

1. **H**AVE I been blest with grace divine,
And know the joyful sound !

And is the blessed Jesus mine !

O what a pearl I've found !

2. Why then my soul am I so dead !

How can I senseless be !

How can I with the wicked tread,

Since Jesus dy'd for me !

3. Ungrateful mortal that I am !

When Jesus is my friend ;

O could I now adore the Lamb,

Till all these trials end !

4. O Prince of Peace awake my heart,

With thy transporting love,

Nor let my soul from thee depart,

Till I shall soar above.

HYMN xxxviii.—*Thoughts on the disentangled saints.*

O Thought ! how blest the saints above.

Who sail in everlasting love,

Around the glorious throne of light !

Their active spirits now arise,

With joy and triumph through the skies,

Without one passing shade of night.

2. See how the countless crowds rejoice,

All really one in heart and voice ;

Their shouts a sweet harmonious strain ;

Borne with the sweet celestial dove,

On wings of most transporting love,

Through all the vast immortal plain.

3. There they triumph in joys complete,

Terrestrial worlds beneath their feet,

Wrap'd up in love's immortal flame ;

Thus basking in eternal day,

Amen, amen, amen, they say,

Amen, all glory to the Lamb !

H Y M N xxxix.—The christian thirsting for liberty.

1. **O** Could my soul a freedom find,
From these black clouds that veil my mind !

Or must I still in exile rove,
So far from all my joy and love ?

2. O blessed Lord, my faith revive,
And make my dying soul alive ;
Awake me with a sacred flame,
To feel thy grace, and love thy name.

3. Unlock these prison doors I pray ;
Take bars of unbelief away ;
O help me thou immortal Dove,
To feel and sing redeeming love.

HYMN XL.—Desiring to acknowledge the goodness of God.

1. **H**AD I ten thousand tongues
I'd spread thy name abroad ;
With joy I'd raise ten thousand songs
For to confess my GOD.

2. His goodness claims my praise,
And I'll adore his name ;
Yet all the songs that angel's raise
Can add no joy to him.

3. O GOD thy spirit give,
That I may love thee more,
And let my soul forever live,
Thy goodness to adore.

4. Forever, Lord, I trust,
I shall adore that love
That bled for me when I was lost,
And bore my soul above.

5. O what blest scenes I'll see
When once I'm landed there !
With GOD (who is my all) I'll be,
And what can I have more.

HYMN XLI.—On the condescension and love of Christ.

1. **G**REAT was the sloop, great was the love
Of Jesus to the fallen race !

With joy he left the realms above,

To spread the wonders of his grace.

2. Down, down he stoops beneath the skies,
With love and pardons in his hands,
And dies, the mighty Monarch dies,
To bring us to the heav'nly lands.

3. Think, O my soul, Jehovah bleeds
For wretched men, O dearly bought !
Such love and goodness far exceeds
The last extent of human thought.

4. Let all the glorious hosts above,
Where they, unveil'd, his glories see,
Resound the wonders of his love,
For 'tis a note too high for me.

HYMN XLII.—*An advice to the new-born souls never to
part for their different opinions about non-essentials.*

1. **L**EN not the sons of Jesus call
That common which the Lord hath cleans'd ;
When Christ who is their all in all,
Has lov'd them, and their hearts have chang'd.

2. They're fav'rites of the Lamb of God,
Who freely spilt his blood for them ;
If then they're wash'd in his own blood,
Who dares their chosen names condemn.

3. Jesus has seal'd them on his heart,
And loves them as his heav'nly seed,
Then why should christians ever part
When in essentials they're agreed ?

4. O then no more ye heaven-born race,
For modes and forms so warm contend,
You're all redeem'd by the same grace,
And all have Jesus for your friend.

5. 'Tis love that doth fulfil the law,
And meekness spreads the Saviour's name ;
But warm debates will never draw
Not one poor soul to Christ the Lamb.

6. Proclaim ye saints your Master's love,
In ev'ry hour and ev'ry breath,
And soon you'll land with him above
To join the triumphs of his death.

HYMN XLIII — *The christian hungering for the bread of life.*

1. **W**HY should I starve my hungry mind
On earth's alluring charms !

No solid pleasure shall I find
But in my Saviour's arms.

2. 'Tis there alone I find relief
From ev'ry sore distress,

'Tis there I lose my guilt and grief,
And taste of heav'nly bliss.

3. O could I hourly walk with God,
And feel his boundless love,

With joy I'd sound his name abroad,
And sing where e'er I rove.

4. Take me my Jesus by thy hand,
And lead to streams divine,

Cheerful I'll join the heav'nly band,
And sing the Lord it mine.

5. O give me that immortal food
That saints enjoy above,

There's nothing worth the name of good
But that redeeming love.

HYMN XLIV.—*The christian in the dark panting for light and liberty.*

1. **O** When will these black clouds depart,
And bars of death remove ?

Break heav'nly morn into my heart,
And cheer me with thy love.

2. How would my soul arise with joy
To see my Saviour's face,

And ev'ry pow'r of thought employ
To tell the world his grace !

3. I long to love my Jesus more,
And let poor sinners know

His goodness hath no bound nor shore,
That they may love him too.

4. O Jesus break my heavy chains,
And set the mourner free ;

I'll sing for joy, and lose my pains,

And walk dear Lord with thee.

HYMN XLV.—*Complaining of pride and unbelief, and thirsting for liberty.*

1. **O** GOD my heart is hard,
And pride yet reigns within;
In death and darkness I am bar'd,
With unbelief the chain,
2. O break thou Prince of Peace,
These bars that chain me so,
And give my wounded soul release
Out of this gulf of woe.
3. O let me feel and see
The wonders of thy grace;
And let my happy portion be
Among the heaven-born race.
4. Then would my soul rejoice,
In the Redeemer's name;
And while I live I'd spend my voice,
His goodness to proclaim.

HYMN XLVI.—*Panting after Christ, and the spreading of his cause.*

1. **J**ESUS my soul doth long to know
More of thyself in time;
And while I tread these climes below,
Feed on those joys sublime.
2. Then could I tell of Christ my God,
And spread his lovely name,
The other souls might hear his word,
Come, and enjoy the same.
3. My soul, dear Jesus, longs to see
Thy blessed cause revive;
O bring poor sinners home to thee,
And let the mourners live.

HYMN XLVII.—*The doubting christian wrestling for a real knowledge of Christ.*

1. **O** Cutting doubts! when shall I know
That Jesus is my friend?
When shall I leave these floods of woe?

- When will these conflicts end?
 2. Sometimes I think I feel his love,
 And taste of joys divine;
 But ah! too soon in doubts I rove,
 And cannot say he's mine.
 3. But still I must presume to know,
 Since all I have's at stake;
 Tell me, dear GOD, O stoop so low
 For the Redeemer's sake.
 4. 'Tis for the glory of thy name,
 And my eternal joy,
 That I should know and love the Lamb,
 Then, Lord, these doubts destroy.
 5. I never shall with peace be blest,
 While doubting thus I rove;
 Nor dare I sleep, nor dare I rest,
 'Till I have known thy love.
 6. O come dear Jesus, come, I pray,
 And speak the word of peace;
 Take all my doubts and fears away,
 And make my sorrows cease.
 7. O might I see the happy day,
 When I could all resign;
 These doubts and fears be fled away,
 And know that Christ is mine!

HYMN XLVIII.—*Desiring Christ above all.*

1. **L**ORD fill my heart with love divine,
 And let me live to thee,
 Let me be thine, and thou be mine,
 Then happy I shall be.
 2. This is the portion I request,
 And this is all I want;
 Nor can I think that I am blest,
 'Till thou this blessing grant.
 3. There's nothing else, O GOD, can do;
 All other gifts are small;
 The love of Christ, O let me know,
 For Jesus must be all.
 4. Say, blessed Jesus, shall I be

One leaning on thy breast ;
 In heav'n where I shall reign with thee,
 O can I be so blest !
 5. So great the prize, so great my need,
 I cannot be deny'd ;
 Give me thyself, O God I plead,
 And I shall be supply'd

HYMN XLIX.—*The same.*

1. **O** Jesus at thy feet I fall ;
 Be thou my everlasting all ;
 No other joys my soul would know,
 Long as I tread these climes below.
 2. I'll give myself to Christ the Lamb,
 And make his praise my constant theme,
 Until my last expiring breath,
 Then triumph over sin and death.
 3. Then Jesus let my soul arise
 To realms where pleasure never dies ;
 There shall I tread the blissful shore,
 And leave my God, my life, no more.

HYMN L.—*On the birth of Christ.*

1. **S**EE Jesus in a manger lies !
 Archangels gaze with sweet surprize,
 At their Creator's mortal birth ;
 Hark ! hark ! the heav'nly arches ring,
 When GOD their King, when GOD their King
 Appears among the sons of earth.
 2. Angels descend, with joy proclaim
 To mortals his incarnate name,
 And bids the world forget their fear ;
 Lift up your eyes, O Adam's race,
 An act of grace, an act of grace,
 By Jesus comes, O sinners hear.
 3. Sinners behold your only friend,
 For you his arms doth wide extend,
 Tastes death for you, and all mankind ;
 Fear not, O shepherds, this is he,
 Arise and see, arise and see,
 The Babe at Bethlehem you'll find.

4. Shout, dying mortals, shout his praise,
 Let ev'ry tongue his honors raise ;
 Glad tidings to your world is come ;
 Go tell the world from shore to shore,
 Despond no more, despond no more,
 He's come to call the rebels home.

HYMN LI.—*Panting after Christ.*

1. **L**ORD Jesus let thy grace appear
 And touch my harden'd heart,
 Thy love would banish all my fear,
 And make my foes depart.
2. How can I live so far from thee
 A GOD of boundless grace !
 When shall I hourly walk with thee
 And see thy smiling face ?
3. I know dear GOD thy love is great,
 And like a boundless sea ;
 But when my soul no taste doth get,
 It is not love to me !
4. 'Tis for that love my soul aspires,
 O Jesus hear my cry,
 Thy love fulfils all my desires,
 And lifts my soul on high.
5. O Lord to thy dear feet I come,
 And plead thy precious blood ;
 Be thou my portion, life, and home,
 And my eternal food.

HYMN LII.—*Desiring nothing but Christ.*

1. **A** Beggar Lord behold I stand,
 And wait the moving of thy hand,
 O send me not away distressed ;
 I never can true pleasure see
 Until I find it Lord in thee,
 But O in thee for ever blest.
2. Not earthly crowns, nor length of days,
 Nor all the grandeur time can raise,
 Would ever tempt me from thy door ;
 But O thy kingdom in my soul,
 Is all I want, 'tis all in all,

O be my life forevermore.

3. I call no arm a friend but thine,
I know no joys but joys divine,
Thy presence brings immortal light ;
Thy love doth all my foe destroy,
In thee is everlasting joy,
But without thee eternal night.

HYMN LIII.—*The Christians parting hymn.*

1. **B**LEST be the Lord that we may part,
And bodies far remove,
Yet we are bound in every heart
By the Redeemer's love.
2. Although our mortal feet may tread
Our souls are one in Christ our head,
And blest where e'er we go.
3. As faithful warr'ors let us fight,
For Jesus leads our band,
He'll guide our feet both day and night
'Thro' all this desert land.
4. When a few moments more are gone
We'll reach the peaceful shore,
Where ev'ry soul to Jesus born
Will meet and part no more.
5. There where our Saviour's glories shine
We'll walk the blestful plain ;
Our souls shall drink of streams divine
And with our Jesus reign.

HYMN LIV.—*For the youth.*

1. **L**EAD me O Jesus in thy truth,
While I am in the bloom of youth ;
Redeem my soul from death and sin
And let me feel thy love within.
2. While I pass thro' this mortal stage,
My life in thy blest cause engage ;
And let me tell the world thy death
Until my last expiring breath.
3. Then when my mortal life shall fail,
And I must pass death's gloomy veil,

R r

With gladness would I yield my breath,
And triumph o'er the pow'rs of death.

4. I'd bid adieu to all my woe,
And to my heav'nly Father go;
To join with all the youthful throng
Where love shall be our lasting song.

HYMN LV.—*Panting for divine light and life.*

1. **W**HO will expel these shades of night,
And give my soul immortal light?

None but the Saviour, he's my joy;
'Tis he alone can let me know
The joys of upper worlds below,
And my unnumber'd foes destroy.

2. Soon as I hear his charming voice,
I leap, I sing, and I rejoice,

And feel my soul wrapt up in love;
Could I but always feel me so
Triumphing through the world I'd go,
'Till I should reach the realms above.

3. O happy thought! transporting hour!
And shall I once with Jesus there
In everlasting glory reign?

There all the heav'nly hosts are one,
The battle's fought, the field is won,
Nor shall they ever part again.

HYMN LVI.—*A christian in the dark.*

1. **O** Must I wander all my days
In doubts and slavish fears,
Through horrid toes, and gloomy ways,
And floods, and griefs, and tears?

2. Where shall I wander for relief
But to the Prince of Peace?

'Tis he alone can ease my grief,
And make my trials cease.

3. O Jesus take me in thy hand,
And let me know thy love,
Each hour let me enjoy my friend,
And never from thee rove.

4. My weary'd soul can never rest,

Nor ever happy be,
 Except I lean upon thy breast,
 O Lord, and live with thee.

HYMN LVII.—The pilgrims song.

1. **P**ILGRIMS let us all engage,
 While we tread this mortal stage,
 Spread the name of Christ our King,
 And while on our journey sing.

2. Jesus for us spent his breath,
 Dy'd to save our souls from death ;
 He must have our life and soul,
 For our GOD is all in all.

3. Shouting, praising, let us go,
 Leaving all the joys below ;
 Soon our souls shall mount on high,
 Where our joys shall never die.

HYMN LVIII.—The doubting christian.

1. **L**ONG have I wander'd from my GOD,
 And lost the sweetness of his word ;
 When shall I meet my friend again,
 And sing his love, and lose my pain ?

2. Ne'er shall I rest until I find
 My love to cheer my drooping mind ;
 I long to feel his sacred flame,
 And tell the world his lovely name.

3. Come Jesus, come and cheer my heart,
 Make ev'ry carnal love depart ;
 What e'er I have, where e'er I be,
 Let me for ever be with thee.

HYMN LIX.—The same.

1. **O** GOD break in my heart with love,
 And let me feel this death remove ;
 Let me enjoy my Father's face,
 That I may triumph in thy grace.

2. Unhappy mortal I shall be
 If I still wander without thee ;
 But if with thee, where e'er I go
 It is a heav'n begun below.

3. Come Lord and speak a "hail all peace,"

And ev'ry storm will quickly cease ;
 O lead me with thy heav'nly hand,
 Safe to the blest, the peaceful land.

HYMN LX.—A song for the Pilgrims.

1. **P**ILGRIMS lift your hearts to sing
 Songs of praise to GOD our King ;
 He that bought us with his blood
 Soon will bring us home to GOD.
2. There in peace we soon shall rest
 With his saints for ever blest ;
 There enjoy our Saviour's love,
 Never more from Jesus rove.
3. There forever we'll rejoice,
 Love uniting ev'ry voice ;
 Feasting on immortal food,
 Ev'ry soul made one with GOD.
4. Through the realms of light we'll sail,
 Perfect joys shall never fail ;
 Countless pilgrims landed there,
 In angelic glories share.

HYMN LXI.—Desiring to be always near to God.

1. **O** That I might forever be,
 Kept near my GOD, and him adore,
 Till face to face I him shall see,
 Within the blest immortal shore !
2. Lord speak the word and seal my heart
 So fast to my eternal friend,
 That I may not from thee desert
 Till all these mortal changes end.
3. Then in th' eternal world of rest,
 Let me with thee my Father reign,
 With all thy saints and angels blest,
 And never, never part again.

HYMN LXII.—Desiring to know more of God.

1. **M**UCH more, O GOD, I fain would be
 Acquainted with myself and thee ;
 Nothing but Jesus let me know,
 Then shall I have a heaven below.
2. No more, O Jesus, let me stray,

- To lose the sweetness of thy way ;
 Or if I should a captive rove,
 Reclaim me with thine arm of love.
3. Much of thy spirit may I have,
 With thee to walk, and in thee live ;
 Let grace my heart and tongue employ,
 To court poor sinners to my joy.
4. And when these mortal clogs shall cease,
 I shall exult in realms of peace,
 Discharg'd from earth and all her toys,
 To share in everlasting joys.

HYMN LXIII.—The doubting christian.

1. **W**HEN will the blest immortal Dove,
 These heavy doubts and clouds remove,
 And let me know my standing sure ?
 O will his love e'er on me shine,
 That I may say my God is mine,
 And doubt his love to me no more ?
2. Dark state of mine to live so far
 From Christ the bright the morning star,
 And wander in these shades of night ;
 My faith is weak, my joys are low ;
 Long nights I wade thro' seas of woe ;
 O Jesus bless me with thy light.
3. Lord take me by the hand I pray,
 And lead me to eternal day,
 Where ev'ry fear and doubt shall cease ;
 There shall I drink of living streams,
 And bask in thine immortal beams,
 Where all the glorious realms are peace.

HYMN LXIV.—The strange travels of a doubting christian.

1. **T**HERE's none can tell, or yet conceive,
 What diff'rent scenes I'm carried through,
 But those who in the Lord believe,
 Are born, and known the travels too.
2. Some times I think the Lamb of God
 Has spoke a word of peace to me,
 Has spent his life and spilt his blood,

And bore my curses on the tree.

3. Then leaps my soul with joys divine,
Long as I feel the heav'nly flame,
I think the blessed Lamb is mine,
And find a sweetness in his name.

4. But O how soon does unbelief
Pretend it is too great for me !
I never found that true relief
Which real christians know and see.

5. Cast down and mourning then I go,
And feel the borders of despair,
My bleeding heart o'erwhelm'd with woe,
Is drove from place to place with fears.

6. Yet when a glimpse of light returns
I feel my former joys again ;
My wounded soul doth cease to mourn,
My fears are fled, and foes are slain.

7. My faith revives, my joys increase,
I think my trying hours are gone ;
But unbelief soon breaks my peace,
And all my doubts and fears return.

8. And thus I'm toss'd from hope to fear,
As faith, or unbelief prevails ;
But still my GOD is always near,
Though clouds so oft his face may veil.

9. Lord since thy goodness knows no bound,
O let me feel thy kingdom stand,
Then when thy mercy I have found,
I'll trust my all upon thy hand.

10. Then let the pow'rs of hell invade,
I'll triumph while my rock I feel ;
My hope is on Jehovah laid,
My anchor sure within the veil.

H Y M N LXV.—Desiring to walk with God.

1. **O** Jesus with me go,
And lead me by thy love,
Long as I journey here below,
Nor let me from thee rove.

2. Where e'er my lot may be,

While on this mortal stage,
 Help me my GOD to walk with thee,
 And in thy cause engage.

3. Let love inspire my tongue
 To spread thy grace abroad,
 Redeeming love shall be my song,
 And thou shalt be my GOD.

4. And when this life shall end,
 And all my labour cease;
 Let me enjoy my heav'nly friend
 In the sweet realms of peace.

H Y M N LXVI.—The christian in the dark panting for light.

1. **H**ASTE dear Jesus, haste I pray,
 Take this unbelief away,

Fill me with thy love divine,
 Let me know that I am thine.

2. Far I live dear Lord from thee,
 Little of thy glories see,
 Must I still in exile go,
 Wading in these scenes of wo!

3. O my Jesus make me blest,
 In thy bosom let me rest,
 Guide my feet, possess my heart,
 Let me never from thee part.

4. Can I live without thy grace!
 Must I mourn thy distant face!
 All my hopes, and joys are slain,
 Till I see thy face again.

5. Lead me Lord in paths of peace,
 Then with all my sorrows cease,
 Lend thy hand from realms above,
 To inspire me with thy love.

6. O for blessings so divine!
 Can such glories e'er be mine?
 Yea thyself, O Lord, hath sworn,
 Thou dost freely give the crown.

HYMN LXVII.—The christian encouraged under trials by the victory others have gained.

1. **T**EN thousand toll'wers of the Lamb,
Who once this desert trod,
And suffer'd for their Saviour's name,
Are resting with their GOD.
2. Hard hours of grief they waded through,
While fighting here below ;
But now they've bid a long adieu
To all these scenes of wo.
3. Safely they've reach'd the peaceful shore
Where love immortal reigns,
Where storms of sorrow are no more,
And they forget their pains.
4. Then O my soul ! I must pursue
My Jesus and my love,
Till I shall meet in glory too,
With all the saints above.
5. Soon I shall sing the Victor's song
In mansions of delight,
And join the vast angelic throng
Far from these shades of night.

HYMN LXVIII.—Thirsting after Christ.

1. **L**ORD my soul doth now aspire
For a spark of heav'nly fire ;
O that I may feel thy love
Waft me to the realms above !
2. Help me, O GOD, I pray ;
Bear my soaring heart away ;
Set me from my bondage free ;
Wrap my soul all up in thee.
3. Guide me Lord where e'er I go ;
Let me taste of heaven below,
Till my last exchange shall come.
Then, O Jesus, call me home.
4. There I would forever reign,
Never part from thee again ;
With the children of thy love
Reign with thee in realms above.

HYMN LXIX.—*The same.*

1. **O** When, my blessed Jesus, when
 Shall I enjoy thy love again?
 O let me see the happy hour,
 When I shall feel thy love with pow'r.
2. How can I live without my friend?
 O come and bid my sorrows end,
 One word, one word, dear Jesus give,
 And cause my drooping soul to live.
3. My head is overwhelm'd with grief,
 I wander round to find relief;
 But none, O GOD, I e'er shall see,
 Until I find myself with thee.
4. Lord Jesus break this gloomy shade;
 Be thou my life, my joy, my aid;
 And let me leave my friend no more
 Long as I tread this mortal shore.

HYMN LXX.—*The vanity of the world.*

1. **T**HIS world with all with all its charms
 Are vain and poison too;
 O let me fly to Jesus' arms,
 I'd bid them all adieu.
2. Methinks my soul can say,
 I find no pleasure here;
 The more for earthly joys I stray,
 The greater is my fear.
3. Too long I've sought for joy
 Where it was never found;
 Why should I still my life employ,
 To search a desert round?
4. My hungry soul aspires
 To bid them all adieu;
 My heart awakes with strong desires,
 The Saviour to pursue.
5. Lord help me to arise
 From ev'ry earthly toy;
 Give me a life that never dies,
 And be my only joy.

HYMN LXXI.—Panting for a felt knowledge of Christ.

1. **W**HEN shall my soul from doubts be free,
And be possess'd of life divine?

That happy day when shall I see,
That I can say that Christ is mine?

2. When will he for my soul appear,
And give my drooping spirit rest?

Forgive my sins, expel my fear,
O Lord, and make me ever blest.

3. Then will my soul, O God, rejoice,
And tell the dying world thy love;

Sinners around shall hear my voice,
Till death command my last remove.

4. Then shall my lasting portion be,
To share with all the saints above;

And live eternal God, with thee,
And solace in thy boundless love.

HYMN LXXII.—For the morning.

1. **K**IND was the hand that brought me thro'
My slumb'ring hours in peace;

His mercies are forever new;
Nor can his goodness cease.

2. Though earth and hell surrounds my bed,
And threatens to devour,

My Jesus safely guards my head,
With his almighty pow'r.

3. Great is thy goodness Lord to me;
Thy mercy hath no bound;

When either 'sleep or 'wake I be,
Thine arm doth me surround.

4. O could I now leave all my sloth,
And rising with the sun,

Speak my Redeemer's praises forth,
While mortal wheels shall run!

5. Then when these nights and days are o'er,
I'll bid all pains adieu,

And reach the everlasting shore,
Where joys are ever new.

6. Then from these clogs I shall be freed,

And rest in sacred love ;
Where I no more this sleep shall need,
Or suns or moons to move.

HYMN LXXIII.—Thirsting after Jesus.

1. **A**S pilgrims wish their rest to find,
So doth my poor distressed mind

Long to enjoy a place of rest,
Among the saints for ever blest.

2. I cannot live contented here
Unless my Jesus does appear ;
His presence brings a heav'nly feast,
And makes me in his goodness boast.

3. Lord speak and set my spirit free,
And cause me to rejoice in thee ;
Let all my life and strength be thine
'Till I awake in realms divine,

4. Immortal love shall then inflame
My soul to sound thy lasting fame,
And blest beyond what tongue can tell,
For there I shall with Jesus dwell.

*HYMN LXXIV.—The christian in the dark, confessing
his desertion.*

1. **O** Must I spend my moments so
In this dark vail of death and woe !
Through cutting fears, and shades of night,
I rove without one glimpse of light.

2. And must I still in darkness rove,
So far from thee my friend, my love !
That happy hour shall I ne'er see,
When I can triumph, Lord, in thee ?

3. 'Twas my false heart led me astray,
And far I've wander'd from the way,
Yet, O thou blest, thou bleeding Lamb,
Thy poor, thy wand'ring sheep reclaim,

4. Though I have rov'd so far from thee,
Thou art not injur'd, Lord, by me ;
But I have wounded my own soul,
And thou alone can make me whole.

HYMN LXXV.—Panting after Christ.

1. **L**ORD Jesus let me see
The beauties of thy face ;
O let me live and walk with thee,
And triumph in thy grace.
2. My heart for thee doth pant,
O give me my request,
Thy blessed self, O God, I want,
And in thy love to rest.
3. Why should I spend my breath
For that which is not bread ?
The ways of sin are ways of death,
They strike my comforts dead.
4. But Lord I find in thee
All joy and ev'ry good,
And since thy goodness is so free,
May it be all my food.
5. Then will my cheerful soul
Rejoice my journey through,
My mortal days shall sweetly roll,
And all my fears adieu.

*HYMN LXXVI.—The doubting christian, longing to know
that his Redeemer liveth.*

1. **W**ITHOUT a doubt O could I know,
Dear Jesus, that I was in thee,
My soul would soon forget her woe,
And O how happy should I be !
2. Ah ! if I felt that Christ was mine,
With joy I'd sing his boundless love ;
My tongue should dwell on themes divine,
Till I should soar to realms above.
3. But if in doubts I spend my days,
No happy moments shall I see,
But wander in these dismal ways,
Distress'd and poor where e'er I be.
4. This world would be a scene of woe,
And life itself a burden prove ;
And must I still a mourner go,
Without my friend, my life, my love.

5. O thou that came to help the poor,
 Make bare thine arm and set me free ;
 Thy goodness knows no bound nor thore,
 Then Lord extend thy love to me.

*H Y M N LXXVII.—The christian sensible of desertion
 from God.*

1. **T**OO long I have abus'd thy grace,
 O my indulgent GOD !

Too long forsook the ways of peace,
 And with the wicked trod.

2. I've captive been by sin and death,
 But now begin to see

How vain I spend my life and breath,
 When I desert from thee.

3. No peace I find so far from thee,
 Nor rest without thy love,

And yet O thoughtless wretch I be,
 For empty shades I rove.

4. I never can contented be
 Without the smiles of heav'n,

O blessed Jesus let me see
 My sins are all forgiv'n.

5. O let me hear, O let me feel
 That soul-transporting voice,

Which will my wounded spirit heal,
 And make my heart rejoice.

6. Then would my soul with joy proclaim
 The goodness of my GOD,

I would adore my Saviour's name,
 And spread his love abroad.

*H Y M N LXXVIII.—The christian confessing of coldness
 and stupidity.*

1. **L**ORD I have cause to be aham'd
 That I rejoice in thee no more,

That all my soul is not inflam'd
 To spread thy love, and thee adore.

2. Ten thousand worlds were all in vain
 To save a soul condemn'd to die ;

Yet Christ the Son of God was slain
For such a guilty worm as I.

3. And when he saw me in my guilt,
His bowels did with pity move ;
He wash'd me in the blood he spilt,
And fed me with redeeming love.
4. O God my careless frame forgive,
And melt my heart with love divine,
That I may near to Jesus live,
And he possess this heart of mine.

H Y M N LXXIX.—The christian acknowledging God's goodness, and his own ingratitude.

1. **O** HOW rejoicing was the day
When I first knew the Lord !
He drove my tears and woes away,
And wash'd me in his blood.
2. No arm could save, no help was nigh
In that distressing hour,
'Till Christ the Lamb came passing by,
With his redeeming pow'r.
3. And often since I've been distressed,
And no relief could find,
'Till Christ the Lord, my righteousness,
Told me his love was mine.
4. And yet how careless have I been
Since so much grace receiv'd !
How oft I've trod the ways of sin,
And thy blest spirit griev'd.
5. Ungrateful mortal I have been,
From such a friend to rove !
Yet he reclaims my soul again,
And cheers me with his love.

HYMN LXXX.—The travels of a doubting Christian.

1. **W**HEN Jesus smiles on me,
My soul is on the wings,
I feel myself from bondage free,
My heart awakes and sings.
2. Then stands my mountain strong,
And I presume to say

- My hope is sure, my soul doth long
To wing herself away.
3. But soon my doubts return,
And fears come on again,
And when those happy hours are gone,
I fear my joys were vain.
4. Then I indulge my fear,
And nourish unbelief,
Until ten thousand clouds appear,
And load my soul with grief.
5. The devil he perswades
My fears are humble sighs,
And it is best to walk in shades,
Lest my presumption rise.
6. And when I get a glimpse
Of cheering light divine,
He doth my rising joys eclipse,
Saying it is not mine.
7. Thus when I might rejoice
Those slavish doubts appear,
Saying 'twas not my Saviour's voice,
And so I hug my fear.
8. Then storms of sorrow roll
Thro' all my troubled breast;
Thus I torment my wounded soul,
And thus deny my Christ.
9. Forgive me Lord I pray,
And take me near to thee;
Drive Satan and his schemes away,
And set the mourner free.

HYMN 1xxx1.—The christian feeling his desertion from God.

1. **O**NCE I enjoy'd the Saviour's love,
And thought I felt his grace divine;
My soul convers'd with joys above
And call'd the blessed Jesus mine.
2. But soon, ah! soon I turn'd aside,
And often with the sinners trode;
Which caus'd the wicked to deride
The precious name of Christ my God:

3. The blinded world beheld my sin,
And scoff'd at the Redeemer's name,
Behold, say they, *he's turn'd again,*
And thus I crucify'd the Lamb.
4. A dagger piercing thro' my soul,
And I with trembling fears oppress'd ;
Ten thousand sharp reflections roll
Like floods thro' all my wounded breast,
5. Forgive me O thou blessed Lamb,
That I so far from thee desert,
And let thine arm of love reclaim,
My wand'ring and deceitful heart.
6. Dwell in my soul O God I pray,
And let no rival enter there ;
Give me the smiles of heav'nly day,
And let me yet thy goodness share.
7. O let my ways no more defame
The gospel which I have profess'd ;
But let me live to praise thy name,
Until I reach eternal rest.

HYMN LXXXII.—Desiring to be wholly for God.

1. **O** Thou that bought me with thy blood,
And wash'd my guilt away,
Let me enjoy so much of GOD,
That I may never stray.
2. Let Jesus all my life control,
To bid false loves adieu ;
Let him alone possess my soul,
And ev'ry foe subdue.
3. Now and forever I'll be thine,
And thou my only joy,
And soon I'll rest in realms divine,
Where nothing can annoy.

HYMN LXXXIII.—Desiring to walk daily with Christ.

1. **C**OME Prince of Peace, my foes destroy,
And fill my heart with sacred joy ;
Soon as I feel thy dying love,
It makes my greatest trials move.
2. There's none but thee can make me blest,

In thee my soul would live and rest ;
But O I fear this treach'rous heart
Will often cause me to desert.

3. O could I with my Jesus walk,
With Jesus live, with Jesus talk,
And ev'ry hour my Jesus see,
A happy mortal I should be.

4. Then by his grace where e'er I went,
My life and days should all be spent
Unbounded goodness to proclaim,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXIV.—Groaning for liberty from foes within.

1. **O** How I feel these foes within !
This darkness, these remains of sin,
They haunt my soul where e'er I go,
And make me wade through scenes of woe.

2. O Jesus rise and set me free,
And fight the battle Lord for me,
That I may rove no more from God,
Long as the world is my abode.

3. I'm griev'd to think how much I rove
From thee my Father, life, and love,
And since thy grace so much I've known,
O let me live to thee alone.

4. Why should I waste my hours in vain,
And load myself with guilt and pain ?
If Jesus is a friend to me
Why may I not with Jesus be ?

5. Since he is all, O let me know
No other love while here below ;
Then let me clime to realms above,
Where I shall solace in his love.

HYMN LXXXV.—Between hope and fear.

1. **S**HEW me O GOD how stands the case
Between the Saviour and my heart ;
If I had known thy saving grace,
How could my soul so far desert ?

2. 'Tis true I once thought I believ'd,
And had a crumb of living bread ;

- But if my soul was not deceiv'd,
 Why is my hopes and comforts fled?
 3. If Jesus had redeem'd my soul,
 And I had known that he was mine,
 How could this world so soon have stole
 My heart away from joys divine?
 4. I've seen the time I did rejoice,
 And thought I felt a heav'nly flame,
 But if that was the Saviour's voice,
 How could I get this stupid frame?
 5. If I have the Redeemer known,
 O may the truth now set me free,
 And if he is my help alone
 I cannot rest till him I see.

HYMN LXXXVI.—*On unbelief.*

1. **U**NNUMBER'D souls by unbelief,
 Have sunk themselves in hell,
 And saints by it endure more grief
 Than mortal tongue can tell.
 2. When to my door the Saviour's come,
 And offers me his love,
 This unbelief won't give him room,
 Nor suffer me to move.
 3. Lord break these bars and set me free
 From these tormenting chains,
 Then shall my soul my Jesus see,
 And lose my guilt and pains.

HYMN LXXXVI 1.—*On death.*

1. **W**HAT devastations death has made,
 By his resistless pow'r!
 Whole lands in desolation's laid,
 And still his joys devour.
 2. Proud mortals may in vain contend,
 With his all-conq'ring rage;
 And thus he rides till time shall end,
 Thro' all this mortal stage.
 3. Great is his sway and great his rage,
 O'er all the sea and land;
 The infant and declining age

Are crush'd beneath his hand.
 Yet blessed be eternal love,
 There's life beyond his pow'r !
 And we may hide our souls above,
 Where he cannot devour.

5. Secure our souls O blessed King,
 In everlasting peace ;
 That we the Victor's song may sing,
 When this poor life shall cease.

HYMN LXXXVIII.—*The christian mourning the absence of his beloved.*

1. **H**OW dark and gloomy is the night,
 When I in darkness mourn !

I grieve without my chief delight,
 Until his love return.

2. I wander like some mourning one,
 Forsaken of his friend ;

And nothing but my friend alone,
 Can make my sorrows end.

3. Some times I think my friend is nigh,
 And then my fears are gone ;

But ah ! how soon he passes by,
 And all my doubts return.

4. O could I meet my friend again
 I'd tell him all my woe,

Nor would he leave my soul in pain
 A prey to ev'ry foe.

5. Haste happy moment when he'll come
 To give my soul relief,

And call me to my happy home
 From all these seas of grief.

HYMN LXXXIX.—*The same.*

1. **A**MONG ten thousand hateful foes
 My doubting soul finds no repose,

Wand'ring and inurning wild I rove
 In search, but cannot find my love.

2. Dark and distressing is the night,
 The morning brings my soul no light ;

The sun that lights the world so well

Does not my gloomy shades expel.

3. My food's unpleasant to my taste,
My couch affords my soul no rest,
Nor can my wounded heart rejoice
Until I hear my Saviour's voice.

4. My nearest friends no comforts prove,
With all their strongest ties of love ;
But one sweet look O Lord from thee,
Sets me from all my sorrows free.

5. O when wilt thou my friend appear,
Thy love alone casts out my fear ;
Lord, break these chains of unbelief,
And give my doubting soul relief.

6. Thy hand of love, O God, employ,
And turn these mourning hours to joy,
Once more let me behold thy face
And triumph in redeeming grace.

HYMN xc.—*The christians changing frames.*

1. **S**TRANGE that a soul that ever knew
The blest Redeemer's love,

Should ever earthly joys pursue,
And for a shadow vow !

2. Some times when I enjoy his love,
And taste his heav'nly charms,
I think I never more shall rove
From my Redeemer's arms.

3. But ah ! how soon some glitt'ring toy
Strangely allures my heart !
I leave my heav'n my only joy,
And from my Lord desert.

4. Then wand'ring in a wilderness,
I mourn my absent friend ;
Thro' scenes of darkness and distress,
And all my comforts end.

5. O then I think if e'er I see
My heavenly friend again,
I never would so vainly flee
From him for toys so vain.

6. I promise if he will return,

I would desert no more ;
 But when he does I soon am gone
 As vainly as before.
 7. Good Lord forgive my follies past,
 And lead me by thy hand,
 And bring me when I drop my dust
 Unto the heav'nly land.

HYMN xci.—*The backslider.*

1. **O** How ungrateful have I been
 Since I have known the Saviour's love,
 To follow earthly charms again,
 And to my friend a traitor prove.
 2. How could I leave that heav'nly friend
 Who gave his precious life for me !
 And O ! how soon my pleasure end
 When from his blessed arms I flee.
 3. He heal'd my wounds, and calm'd my fear,
 And led me with redeeming grace ;
 And did my drooping spirit cheer,
 Yet I forsook his smiling face.
 4. Unhappy day I left my God,
 In quest of earth's alluring toys,
 And with the blind ungodly trod
 To share among their beastly joys,
 5. Forgive my sins, O God of grace,
 And let me rove from thee no more ;
 O let me see thy smiling face
 Until I reach th' immortal shore.

HYMN xcii.—*Desiring to walk with, and enjoy Christ.*

1. **O** That my soul might always be
 Kept near my Saviour's feet ;
 His love engage my heart to flee
 From earth's amusing cheat !
 2. O might I feast on food divine,
 And love inspire my heart
 To have no will, O God, but thine.
 Nor from thy ways desert.
 3. How can I bear so far to rove

- From thee as I have done !
 How can I bear to lose thy love,
 And grieve without the sun !
4. O keep me, keep me, blessed GOD,
 Within thy heav'nly arms,
 And let me never rove abroad
 In quest of earthly charms.
5. Thy love, O GOD, is all in all ;
 O let my soul receive
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,
 And all my wants relieve.
6. Methinks, O GOD, tis all I want
 To live upon thy word ;
 With warm desires my soul doth pant
 For to enjoy my GOD.

HYMN xciii.—*The mourning soul panting after Christ.*

1. **S**AY blessed GOD where shall I go
 To feel thy love and find relief,
 From long and tedious nights of woe,
 From darkness, guilt, and unbelief ?
2. If I, O GOD, am born to thee,
 Then let me live upon thy grace ;
 Where e'er I go O let me be
 Blest with the smilings of thy face.
3. But yet, O GOD, too oft I rove
 For but some poor deceitful charm,
 Then lose the relish of thy love,
 And wallow in a stupid frame.
4. And must I still a mourner go
 So much bewilder'd in distress ?
 When shall I feel, when shall I know
 Jesus the Lord my righteousness ?
5. Lord shall my troubles ever end ?
 When shall I see the happy day
 When thou wilt be my only friend,
 And wipe these tears of grief away.

HYMN xciv.—*On exile.*

1. **F**AR from my Father's house I rove ;
 In exile paths I tread ;

- Far from my Jesus and my love,
In regions of the dead.
2. O where's that friend I once enjoy'd,
Whose love oft cheer'd my heart?
Why are my comforts all destroy'd?
Why did my Lord desert?
3. Or was it I that left my God?
How could I leave him so!
O wretch to wander thus abroad
And plunge myself in woe!
4. My husband he is still the same,
And bears me on his heart,
Nor will he ever lose my name,
Altho' I thus desert.
5. But O I still in exile rove!
Nor can I happy be
Until I do enjoy my love;
My friend when shall I see?
6. O must I wade in sorrow still!
My God what shall I do?
O give my soul but one sweet smile,
And my lost joys renew.
7. Some times I think my Jesus nigh,
O how it lifts my heart!
But ah! too soon he passes by,
My rising joys depart.
8. O come, my distant husband come,
Nor let thy love delay;
O bring the mourning wand'rer home
And wipe my tears away.

HYMN xc.—*The same.*

1. O GOD my broken groans attend,
And come for my relief;
Make known thyself to be my friend,
And banish all my grief.
2. Loaden'd with death I mourning go,
And pride within me reigns;
Bound down with darkness guilt and woe,
With unbelief the chains.

3. Some times I think my Jesus nigh,
From my distress and pain ;
My soul enjoy'd a heav'nly peace,
My hopes reviv'd again.
4. But ah ! too soon my doubts return,
And clouds begin to rise ;
My glimm'ring sparks of joy are gone,
And all my comfort dies.
5. My soul then in a restless frame,
Cries out *I've been deceiv'd,*
I fear I never knew the Lamb,
Nor savingly believ'd.
6. Thus vex'd with darkness, doubts, and fears,
In exile paths I rove ;
God knows I find no pleasure here,
Yet don't enjoy his love.

HYMN xcvi.—*The same.*

1. **H**OW long and tedious is the night
When absent from my love !
When I enjoy no heav'nly light
How dismal my abode !
2. Not earth with all her richest joys
Can satisfy my mind ;
All creature comforts are but toys
Till I my Jesus find.
3. O shall I ever ever see
My Saviour's face again ?
Nothing but thee, nothing but thee
O God can ease my pain.
4. O Let me know that thou art mine,
Then with a cheerful voice
I will proclaim that I am thine,
And all my soul rejoice.

HYMN xcvi.—*The christian in distress by leaving Christ.*

1. **O** GOD inflame my soul with love,
To thine adored name ;
Give me the nature of the dove,
And meekness of the lamb.
2. O God among the humble throng,

- My panting soul would be ;
 My love should be my only song,
 And I would walk with thee.
3. This earth with all her charming sweet,
 Is but an empty toy !
 But O one moment at thy feet,
 Is most substantial joy !
4. There let me have my long abode,
 And feel thy heav'nly flame ;
 Then will I boast of Christ my God,
 And laud his precious name.
5. O blessed, blessed Jesus say,
 And shall my portion be
 In realms of everlasting day,
 Wrap'd up in love with thee.

H Y M N xcviII.—*The christian in distress by leaving Christ.*

1. **O**NCE did my soul rejoice,
 And knew the Lord was mine ;
 With joy I heard his charming voice,
 Say, "*sinner I am thine.*"
2. But ah ! when once I turn'd
 From my Redeemer's face,
 My soul in a wild desert mourn'd,
 Without his cheering grace.
3. O what a fool was I
 To leave my only friend !
 When I desert my comforts die,
 And all my pleasures end.
4. Thus mourning in distress,
 I spend my weary days,
 Wading without one moment's rest,
 In solitary ways.
5. O come my heav'nly friend,
 And make these bars remove ;
 My storms of grief will never end,
 'Till I enjoy thy love.
6. Then would I sit and sing
 The wonders of thy love,

'Till I should strike th' immortal string,
In the blest realms above.

HYMN xcix.—*Desiring nothing but Christ.*

1. **O** GIVE me nothing but that Lamb
That bled and died for me ;

His name shall be my constant theme,
And he my portion be.

2. Had I ten thousand lives to give,
I'd give them all away,

That I might with my Jesus live
In one eternal day.

3. He died for souls as vile as me,
Then I may share his grace ;

I must with this dear Jesus be
Among the heav'n-born race.

4. Appear my blessed friend, appear,
And shew thyself to me ;

O let me find thy presence near,
And live alone to thee.

5. O let me have my humble place,
Where I may praise thy name ;

There let me reign through boundless grace,
In everlasting fame.

HYMN c.—*The pilgrims song.*

1. **N**OW pilgrims let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove ;

'Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2. Tho' trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,

We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God,

3. Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove,

And join with heart and voice to sing,
The wonders of his love.

4. Soon we shall reach the heav'nly lands,
And tread the peaceful shore ;

And we unite the glorious band,

- Our Jesus to adore,
 5. O the transporting scenes of bliss,
 Our souls shall then enjoy !
 For if we be where Jesus is,
 There's nothing can annoy.
-

HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK V.—*Consisting chiefly of infinite wonders, transporting views, and christian triumphs.*

HYMN I.—*The christian's wonder and joy.*

1. **H**AIL ye dark tenants of the earth,
 Hear the glad news thy Saviour's birth !
 Jehovah breaks thy shades of night,
 Brings immortality to light.
 2. A GOD descends, becomes a man,
 My GOD ! an infant of a span !
 What, the ETERNAL bear my woe !
 My soul ! and can he stoop so low ?
 3. Steal pleasing scene into my heart,
 And ravish ev'ry pow'r of thought ;
 O let me leave created good,
 And nothing know but Christ my GOD.
 4. O bear my pining soul away
 To realms of everlasting day,
 There, there with rapture shall I gaze
 On GOD in his meridian blaze.
 5. Good GOD ! and are such glories mine ?
 Yes, Lord I feel the life divine,
 But would enjoy the perfect scene
 Without one passing shade between.

HYMN II.—*The christians triumph over death.*

1. **M**OUNT my soul on wings triumphant,
 Jesus bids the dauntless rise ;
 One sweet ray of life immortal
 Conquers death, and never dies :
 O my Jesus, O my Jesus,
 Bear my soul above the skies.
 2. Let me feel the pleasing rapture,

Rising in immortal birth ;
 I shall have no grave to enter,
 Never feel expiring breath ;
 Life eternal, life eternal,
 Swallows up the grave and death.
 3. Fear and grief an empty story,
 While I feel that Jesus reigns ;
 Rapures of immortal glory,
 Loses all the sense of pains ;
 Draws the curtain, draws the curtain,
 Lets me tread the blissful plains.
 5. While in time my soul doth enter,
 Realms of everlasting day ;
 Thus to GOD, my life I'd center,
 Till my soul was stole away ;
 Live forever, live forever,
 In my soul O GOD my stay.
 5. O pleasing scene ! I can but wonder,
 While I on Jehovah gaze ;
 And I, O thought ! partake the splendor
 Of his most meridian blaze ;
 Lost in glory, lost in glory,
 For ever join angelic lays.

HYMN III.—A look within the veil sinks created good.

1. **T**ELL me no more of earthly friends,
 Their comfort fails, their friendship ends ;
 And sink ye vain created joys,
 I've weigh'd, and found you empty toys,
 2. But in the Lord I've life divine,
 Where glories in meridian shine ;
 Love is his nature, and his name
 A friend of everlasting fame.
 3. Tho' storms arise and foes invade,
 I am secure beneath his aid ;
 In death itself I set and sing,
 Ah grave and death where is thy sting ?
 4. My conqu'ring King bears me away
 To realms of everlasting day ;
 There is my life, and there my home,

Where sin nor death can never come.

5. I feel, O GOD, my portion there,
My soul doth now with angels share ;
But would like them be wholly free
From ev'ry lover, Lord, but thee.

HYMN IV.—God and the converted soul inseparably one.

1. **N**OT crown, nor worlds, O GOD, I crave,
But thee I want, and thee must have ;

One with thyself O let me be,
Forever ravish'd Lord with thee.

2. But dare I lift a thought so high
To the great GOD presume so nigh ?
Ah ! such the nature of my GOD
'Tis his delight to do me good.

3. He loves to give the weary rest,
And make the worst of sinners blest,
From the detested jaws of hell
Brings all that will with him to dwell.

4. O what a pleasing thought is this,
Rebels enjoy consummate bliss !
And this is mine ; O let me rise
Where perfect pleasure never dies.

5. Let earth and hell with rage conspire
To quench this spark of heav'nly fire ;
It conquers all, nor feels the pains,
And lives while the Jehovah reigns.

H Y M N V.—The only happy.

1. **O** Happy souls alive to GOD
Who walk the paths that Jesus trod !
Tho' storms and foes beset their way,
They're safe, for Jesus is their stay.

2. Let crowns revolve and kingdoms cease
They still enjoy their realms of peace ;
And when these worlds shall cease to move
They but awake in perfect love.

3. O what a glorious prize have they !
Their home in everlasting day ;
Their GOD to them himself hath giv'n,

The source of all the joys in heav'n.

4. Mount then ye heirs of perfect bliss,
Love not so mean a world as this,
And bid false lovers all adieu,
For GOD hath gave himself to you.

HYMN VI.—The christian in triumph.

1. **A**WAKE my heart, rejoice and sing,
GOD is thy Saviour and thy King ;

Soar to the peaceful realms above,
And view the boundless sea of love.

2. There is thy portion, there thy home,
And Jesus bids the cheerful come ;
Defy thy foes, surmount thy fears,
For heav'n's immortal day appears.

3. Well let the curtain draw away
And open everlasting day ;
There Jesus doth in grandeur shine,
And O ! I feel that he is mine.

4. Good Lord, and are those joys for me ?
And am I, am I, one with thee ?
Yea Lord I taste the living wine,
And hear the whisper thou art mine.

5. O tell, eternal ages tell,
What glories doth in Jesus dwell ;
I feel, and soon shall soar away,
To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN VII.—The soaring mind.

1. **B**REAK sacred morn with beams of light,
And from my soul expel the night,
And sweetly steal my heart away
With raptures of immortal day.

2. I feel a mind that fain would soar
Far, far beyond this mortal shore,
Nor earth nor hell shall e'er confine,
While I am blest with wings divine.

3. Come then, O thou immortal Dove,
And bear me to the realms above,
There I might soar and still find room,
And make that sea of love my home.

4. There shall I find my joys complete,
 These little worlds beneath my feet,
 While thought remains I still shall be,
 Lest in my God that boundless sea.

HYMN VIII.—Death unstung.

1. **M**Y soul surmounts the rage of death,
 And triumphs o'er the grave;
 Wrap'd up in life I lose my breath,
 While God a friend I have.

2. Immortal joys began below,
 In Jesus I enjoy,
 Mansions of life my soul doth know,
 Where death cannot annoy.

3. O could I use ten thousand tongues,
 Inflam'd with love divine,
 With joy I'd raise ten thousand songs,
 To praise this Christ of mine.

4. He's got my life, he's got my heart,
 And gives himself to me,
 Nor from his bosom shall I part,
 Where he is I shall be.

5. O God and shall I with thee dwell,
 And drink of joys divine,
 Brought from the jaws of death and hell,
 To be an heir of thine!

5. Let heav'nly armies with surprise,
 Stand gazing and adore,
 To hear that GOD the Saviour dies,
 That I might die no more.

HYMN IX.—The christian longing to get home.

1. **O** Could I mount above the skies,
 And soar where pleasure never dies,
 I'd share with all the hosts above,
 In scenes and songs of sacred love.

2. In realms of uncreated day,
 With all my sorrows wip'd away,
 And face to face behold that GOD
 Who wash'd me here in his own blood.

3. Say heav'nly Father shall I come,

And enter now my happy home,
 To live within that peaceful shore,
 Where I can lose thy charms no more.
 4. Ah ! sweet immortal realms of peace,
 Where hallelujahs never cease,
 And Jesus the immortal Dove,
 Fires all the glorious hosts above.

HYMN X.—Christ's kingdom in the christian's heart.

1. **A**LL hail thou Prince of Peace !

I feel thy coming nigh,
 Nor ever shall thy kingdom cease,
 Thy sons shall never die.

2. My bosom Lord divest,
 Of ev'ry pow'r but thine,
 And reign forever in my breast
 A kingdom all divine.

3. O joys of ancient date !
 A life that never dies,
 And I possess a crown so great,
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN XI.—To the traveling christians.

1. **R**EJOICE ye lovers of the Lord,
 And bid your fears adieu,

Let all your ways his grace record,
 While Jesus you pursue.

2. With joy you left the slavish ground,
 And saw your foes destroy'd,
 The paths of life your souls have found,
 And heav'nly peace enjoy'd.

3. Go on, and sing your journey thro',
 For Jesus leads your band,
 'Till mortal climes you bid adieu,
 And wake at his right hand.

4. There you shall find consummate bliss,
 And ev'ry storm blow o'er,
 For ye shall be where Jesus is,
 And what would you have more ?

5. O God, my soul would join the band,
 While I this desert rove,

And with them in those mansions land,
In everlasting love.

H Y M N XII.—*The same.*

1. SING on ye pilgrims bound to heav'n,
Jehovah is your friend,

Immortal crowns to you are giv'n,
And soon your sorrows end.

2. On earth you've tasted joys divine,
And found immortal love,

And soon shall in full glory shine
Among the saints above.

3. There far from all the shades of night,
Your rap'tur'd souls shall soar,

Basking in everlasting light,
While Jesus you adore.

4. All hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who lives forever blest,

Who lov'd and call'd his children home
To everlasting rest!

5. "Amen! "amen! the Angels sing;
"Amen! the saints reply;

"Amen! all glory to the King."
Let praises never die.

HYMN XIII.—*Desiring no life nor joys but Christ.*

1. O Jesus with thy charms
Allure my heart away,

To rest within thy sacred arms
In peaceful realms of day.

2. Stir up thy pow'r within;
Inflame my breast with love;

O conquer all the pow'rs of sin,
And bid my foes remove.

3. Large draughts of life divine,
I would enjoy below;

No life, no joys, no love but thine,
O let me never know.

H Y M N XIV.—Heaven on earth.

1. I'LL lift my soul on high,
And sound my Saviour's name;
He's all I want, and he is nigh,
I feel his sacred flame.
2. Nor can I happy be
But when I see thy face;
For Jesus is no Christ to me
Unless I feel his grace.
3. No distant GOD I know,
Or future heav'n can trust;
I want my heav'n begun below;
I want a present Christ.
4. Thou art the sea of bliss,
For which I do aspire;
And when I am where Jesus is
'Tis all that I desire.
5. O Jesus rule my heart
With that immortal flame;
With worlds and kingdoms would I part,
To reign with Christ the Lamb.

H Y M N XV.—Panting for the pure realms of immortality.

1. O Let me breath in realms divine,
And feel angelic glories mine;
Where seraphs glow I fain would be,
From death and these dark regions free.
2. Thou Father of immortal day
Come bear, O bear my soul away;
There would I with pure spirits glow,
And there before my Jesus bow.
3. O rapturous scenes! think how they soar,
While they their great I AM adore;
His glories in meridian blaze,
While they with wonder love and gaze.
3. Could I surmount these shades of night,
Soon would I reach these climes of light,
With that bright host Jehovah view,
And share in all their glories too.

5. The thought awakes my lab'ring heart,
And longs with all these worlds to part ;
And while I thirst methinks I feel
The life and pant for glory still.

H Y M N XVI.—Heaven not promised but possessed.

1. **I** F GOD so lov'd our race,
To give his only son,
Lord let me feel that boundless grace,
And know the gift my own.
2. It's not a heav'n to come
My soul can satisfy ;
Nor can I find myself at home
But with my Jesus nigh.
3. O GOD thy heavens bow,
These parting walls remove,
Let me begin my glory now,
And here enjoy thy love.
4. Shine O thou morning star,
And bring celestial day ;
Far from my soul, O Jesus, far
Expel these clouds away.
5. Scenes of immortal joy
Is all my soul's desire ;
Sweet raptures ev'ry pow'r employ,
And join seraphic lire.

H Y M N XVII.—Triumph in GOD.

1. **M**OUNT up my soul and sing,
That love that bled so free ;
O love that caus'd th' immortal King
To bleed and die for me !
2. Lord GOD how great thy love !
Thyself an ensign hung,
To call us to the realms above,
And shall it be unsung ?
3. O for thy sacred fire
To raise immortal strains !
The sons of GOD should strike the lire,
Of the celestial plains.

4. My ravish'd soul would fear
To mansions so divine,
And sail around the peaceful shore,
With all the glories mine.

H Y M N XVIII.—Invincible arguments of the reasonableness and necessity of every soul knowing of God, & what their future state will be now.

1. **A** GOD omnipotent I own,
Eternal things allow ;
But what of GOD have I e'er known ?
Or how's my standing now ?
2. I say that Christ for sinners died,
And that a truth may be ;
But if not to my soul apply'd
'Tis not a truth to me.
3. I say he gives his people rest,
And gives them life divine ;
But if this life I ne'er possess,
How is the blessing mine ?
4. I talk of everlasting death,
And thousands in despair,
And do not know but the next breath,
I die and enter there.
5. Saints I believe with GOD will dwell
In everlasting bliss ;
But is it mine ? or can I tell,
That I am sure of this ?
6. Or if in time its all unknown,
Where we at death shall go,
Then I may the next breath be gone
To everlasting wo.
7. How then can earthly charms allure
My mind while here I dwell,
When ev'ry breath I am not sure
But I'm the next in hell ?
8. Why all the toil for sacred things,
Of revelations giv'n,
If all no real knowledge brings,
Nor makes us sure of heav'n ?

9. Some point me here, and others there,
And some say all is well ;
But I dare trust my soul no more
On all they do or tell.

10. If I am bound to bliss or woe,
And stand for trial here,
Then for myself I ought to know,
Where I shall soon appear.

11. If none but GOD can mercy shew,
Nor give me life divine,
Then from this GOD I ought to know,
That life and heav'n is mine.

12. Sure he that first my being gave,
Can witness who he is ;
And he that dy'd my soul to save,
Can tell me I am his.

13. Then let it be O GOD impress'd,
From thee by pow'rs divine,
On all my soul that I am blest,
And am forever thine.

HYMN XIX.—Christ really known to every converted soul.

1. **C**EASE, cease, ye foes of GOD to tell
"No knowledge here of heav'n or hell,"
GOD's spirit here is freely giv'n,
And saints on earth are sure of heav'n.

2. We know, saith John, we are of GOD,
And all the world in sin doth lie ;
Our souls have felt th' eternal word,
And know that we shall never die.

3. We drink from heav'n the living wine,
While wand'ring here below,
Converse with GOD on themes divine,
Which sinners cannot know.

HYMN XX.—The same.

1. **W**HAT heav'nly scenes on earth,
The christians often view,
And feel themselves of heav'nly birth,

Which sinners never knew!

2. They look within the veil,
And see their mansion there ;
And when these mortal worlds shall fail,
They are Jehovah's care.
3. O what immortal love,
To sinking souls is giv'n !
The joy of all the realms above,
For Jesus is the heav'n.

H Y M N XXI.—Rejoicing in the cross of Christ.

1. **M**Y soul embrace the Saviour's cross,
And count all other gains but loss ;
Through losses, crosses, grief, and pain,
Yea lose thy life, and count it gain.
2. To share thy suff'rings Lord I'm blest,
And count it more than earthly rest,
And the reproaches of thy name
Far more than earth's exalted fame.
3. And O my trials are but small !
For Christ my Captain bears them all ;
His pow'r subdues my greatest foes,
Thus I surmount a world of woes.
4. Lord GOD increase my life divine,
I'd know no other life but thine,
All earthly glories I'd adieu,
The King of glory I'll pursue.
5. And O the happy hour shall come,
When all the pilgrims reach their home !
And I with the blest band shall rise
To share the everlasting prize.

H Y M N XXII.—Encouraged to follow the saints.

1. **U**NDABAUNTED O my soul go on
To the sweet realms of love,
Believe and wear a glorious crown,
With all the hosts above.
2. Ten thousand saints have landed there,
And bid their tears adieu :
And I'er long with them shall share,
And be as happy too.

3. 'Twas Christ who freely bore them home
Upon the wings of love,
And the same Christ I feel is come,
And draws my heart above.

4. The Lord would gladly have me join,
And with them freely share,
Christ is their all, and he is mine,
In part my soul is there.

H Y M N XXIII.—The pilgrims on their way.

1. **W**E pilgrims Lord implore thy hand
To lead us through this wretched land,
And let us often feel thy love,
'Till we shall reach the realms above.

2. We need thy spirit here below,
Where storms from the dark regions blow,
O let us see thy smiling face,
To cheer us on our christian race.

3. We've bid the world and all adieu,
And hand in hand will thee pursue ;
Inspire each heart with love divine,
To tread those footsteps Lord of thine.

4. We feel some times a glimm'ring ray
Of thy bright sun, immortal day ;
Our hearts awake, and long to be
In the meridian blaze with thee.

*H Y M N XXIV.—Panting for the spirit of God to bear
the mind away.*

1. **B**REATHE on my heart, O sacred Dove,
And let me feel immortal love ;
Inspir'd with one all-conq'ring ray,
Would bear my cheerful soul away.

2. With joy I'd stretch life's active strings,
To mount on thy celestial wings,
And gladly leave these dismal coasts
To reach and join the heav'nly hosts.

3. O peaceful realms ! O happy home !
Where no intruding thought shall come ;
O let me enter the full scene,
Without a cloud to intervene.

H Y M N XXV.—*The same.*

1. **L**ORD GOD I pant for thee,
For thou art all my joy ;
I feel my chains ; but would be free,
From all that doth annoy.
2. All earthly joys I've lost,
Nor wish for pleasures here ;
I'm like the restless billows toss'd,
Till Jesus doth appear.
3. And O one look of love,
From that immortal King,
Causes my greatest fears to move,
My heart to leap and sing !
4. My kingdom is begun ;
I feel the heav'nly rest ;
Jesus my Lord the field has won,
Tho' but in part possess'd.
5. O then immortal Dove,
Lend me thy rapid wings,
And bear my restless soul above,
To reign with priests and kings.
6. There where my Jesus is,
My soul aspires to be ;
I ask, O GOD, no other bliss,
But ever be with thee.

H Y M N XXVI.—*The christian longing to be nearer his Father.*

1. **M**Y Father must I longer be,
On barren climes so far from thee ?
I feel myself a stranger here.
And seek my home but am not near.
2. If I am thine, why should I rove,
So far from thee my only love !
Yea Lord I trust my soul is thine,
But O too far from realms divine.
3. Lord speak and bid these clouds depart,
Stir up thy kingdom in my heart ;
And ev'ry hour while here I rove,
Let me enjoy eternal love.

4. Then when my exit Lord is nigh,
 I'll take my flight but shall not die ;
 I dy'd to sin with Christ before,
 In him I live and die no more.

H Y M N XXVII.—The Messiah is come.

1. **T**HE Prince of Peace is come,
 And cloth'd himself in clay ;
 Whoever finds him room,
 He'll take their guilt away.

Ye souls distressed,
 In him believe,
 And you shall live
 Forever blest.

2. This is the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Who freely spills his blood,
 To bear the sinners shame,
 And bring them home to God ;
 Unbounded grace
 To sinners giv'n,
 And soon in heav'n
 Immortal bliss.

3. Sinners receive his love,
 And let your souls rejoice,
 A crown of life above,
 For all that hear his voice.
 O flee from hell ;
 Enjoy his love ;
 In realms above
 Forever dwell.

4. O God my soul divest
 Of ev'ry pow'r but thine,
 Thy love shall make my breast
 A kingdom so divine.
 When time is o'er
 O let me be
 Wrap'd up in thee
 Forevermore.

HYMN XXVIII.—*The christian triumphing in God.*

1. **G**OD is my only friend,
My everlasting stay ;
Firm will his love and friendship stand,
When suns and stars decay.
2. Ah what a friend have I,
Thro' all this vale of tears !
And while he lives I cannot die ;
In death my life appears.
3. O GOD what can I say,
Of such unbounded love !
And shall I live an endless day
With thee in realms above.
3. O Jesus all is well,
Since thou art really mine,
I shall with thee forever dwell
In realms of life divine.

HYMN XXIX.—*The same.*

1. **O** Jesus shall I ever dwell
At thy blest feet ? then all is well ;
There shall I find my realm of peace,
Where wars and death for ever cease.
2. There is my portion, there my choice,
To see thy face and hear thy voice,
And there forever would I sing
Sweet anthems to my GOD and King.
3. Pleas'd with my seat, and my employ,
Increasing in immortal joy,
'Till all my pow'rs were stole away
In raptures of immortal day.
4. O what a thought ! and shall I be
With GOD to all eternity ?
Brought from the jaws of death and hell
To perfect bliss with GOD to dwell.

HYMN XXX.—*Boasting in the cross of Christ.*

1. **W**ELL, fordid minds your earth pursue,
And court your empty toys ;
I bid your empty shades adieu,
And boast of solid joys.

2. Swelling with pride ye think it shame
To bear the Saviour's cross :
But I must glory in his name,
And all things else count loss.
3. Ye think the ways of GOD too mean,
For you of earthly fame ;
But I adore the Nazarene,
And glory in his name.
4. And when the glorious morn shall rise,
Your glory sinks to hell,
I'll mount with joy above the skies,
And in full glory dwell.
5. What then is all your painted show,
When hurl'd to endless night ?
But I when call'd with joy shall go
To everlasting light.
6. Thus I will boast of Christ my friend,
Nor court a share with you ;
Your empty pleasures soon will end,
But mine is always new.

HYMN xxxi.—*The christians have cause to rejoice forever.*

1. 'TIS we that may rejoice,
And sing our journey through,
We've heard the Saviour's charming voice,
And bid our foes adieu.
2. Once we were slaves to sin,
But Jesus set us free,
In him our life and joys begin.
And where he is we'll be.
3. O what amazing love !
Himself to us has giv'n,
And that is all the joys above,
For Christ is all our heav'n.

H Y M N XXXII.—*For the morning.*

1. HALL, happy morn I gladly rise,
With thee to soar above the skies !
With Jesus I'll begin my race,
Run on and sing redeeming grace.
2. And hail a brighter morning near

When heav'n's great sun shall once appear!
 All suns and stars shall cease to shine
 But this eternal sun of mine.

3. Far, far from interposing night,
 Awake in uncreated light;
 My raptur'd soul with all the throng
 Shall join in heav'n's immortal song.

HYMN xxxiii.—*For the evening.*

1. **C**OME night and spread thy sable wings,
 While slumbers rest these mortal strings:
 But not in sleep my eyes shall close
 'Till first in Christ I all repose.

2. My soul first in thy mantle wrap,
 Dear Lord, and then in sleep I drap;
 If I awake thy love I'll tell,
 Or if I die yet all is well.

3. No I shall never, never die,
 But leave my clogs and mouut on high,
 To bask in heav'n's meridian light
 Without one passing gloom of night.

HYMN xxxiv.—*The christians choice and portion.*

1. **O** Lord my GOD, thou art my all
 While on this mortal shore;
 And when this earthly house shall fall
 My portion evermore.

2. O GOD I glory in my choice,
 And make my boast of thee;
 When can I hear and feel thy voice
 How happy Lord I be!

3. Immortal joys to me are giv'n,
 I drink of heav'nly wine,
 On earth my soul enjoys a heav'n,
 For Jesus he is mine.

5. O let me live to thee alone,
 And feed upon thy love,
 'Till I shall bow before thy throne,
 In the sweet realms above.

5. Eternal anthems I shall sing
 Thro' all the realms of peace;

Amen ! all glory to my King !

His name shall never cease.

HYMN XXXV.—The christian boasting in God.

1. **A** WAKE my soul with pleasure sing,

For thy Redeemer reigns ;

I'll soar with raptures on the wing,

And raise immortal strains.

2. My God delights to see me strong

And claim my seat in heav'n ;

Free grace alone shall be my song,

His love is freely giv'n.

3. My Jesus loves to hear his voice,

And wipe my tears away ;

And I shall yet with him rejoice

In everlasting day.

4. Angels may gaze to see me there,

Brought from the jaws of hell ;

But I shall in their glories share,

And with their Jesus dwell.

5. They have no worthiness to boast,

Nor glory but the Lord ;

Then surely I may glory most,

For I am his by blood.

6. He bought me and will claim his due

From all the pow'rs of hell ;

And I will plead the ransom too

And with my Master dwell.

7. He loves me and for me hath dy'd,

My name is on his breast ;

And I shall soon triumphant ride

To everlasting rest.

8. I love the Lord, and must adore

His name with heart and voice ;

Himself I want, I ask no more,

And I shall have my choice.

HYMN XXXVI.—Delighted in the Lord, and hearing his voice.

1. **H**ARK ! is my Jesus passing by ?

Methinks I hear him say

V

"Awake arise thy friend is nigh,

"Rejoice and come away."

2. O is it, is it Christ the Lamb?

And does he call for me?

I come, dear Jesus, glad I come,

I long to be with thee.

3. Let others choose the chains of death

And tread the road to hell,

In wisdom's ways I'll spend my breath,

And with my Jesus dwell.

4. Let monarchs court their earthly joys

And boast their crowns below,

I count them all but empty toys

While I my Jesus know.

5. Christ is my life, my joy, my love,

And everlasting peace;

He'll be my all in realms above

When mortal climes shall cease.

HYMN XXXVII.—Giving up all to God with joy.

1. **L**ORD thou hast bought me with thy blood,

Now I am thine, thou art my GOD;

With joy I give myself to thee,

For time, and all eternity.

2. Let men and angels hear my voice;

All creatures witness to my choice;

Nor will my GOD refuse to own

A match that's made with him alone.

3. Jesus with blood will seal my name

In records of immortal fame;

And when I leave this mortal shore

He'll be my joy for evermore.

HYMN XXXVIII.—The same.

1. **O** Give me, blessed Jesus, give

A life that is divine,

That I may always near thee live,

And be forever thine.

2. This, this dear GOD is my desire,

O take me as thine own;

My panting soul doth still aspire

To live to thee alone.

3. No greater portion can I have,

To make me ever blest ;

'Tis all I need, 'tis all I crave,

With Christ to live and rest.

4. Ten thousand worlds are dung and dross,

It all compar'd to thee ;

And life itself I count but loss,

Till I my Jesus see.

5. O mount my soul, and soar above,

To everlasting day ;

While raptures of immortal love

Bears ev'ry pow'r away.

H Y M N XXXIX.—Soaring away with life divine.

1. **O**NE spark O GOD of heav'nly fire
Awakes my heart with warm desire

To reach the realms above ;

Immortal glories round me shine,

I drink the streams of joys divine,

And sing redeeming love.

2. O could I wing my way in haste

Soon with archangels I would feast,

And join their sweet employ ;

I'd glide along the heav'nly stream,

And join their most exalted theme

In everlasting joy.

3. Too mean this little globe for me,

Nor will I e'er contented be

To feed on things so vain ;

Its greatest treasures are but dross,

Its grandeur short, its pleasures curst,

Its joys all mixt with pain.

4. But resting in my Saviour's arms,

My soul enjoys transporting charms

And everlasting love ;

There's life, there's joy and solid peace ;

There's friendship that can never cease ;

A rock that cannot move.

5. Soar then my soul, stretch ev'ry thought,

To reach within the heav'nly court ;
 Above this mortal orb ;
 There let me with archangels rise,
 And find my seat above the skies,
 Where sins no more disturb.

6. There with an everlasting band
 Of kindred saints at GOD's right hand,
 My happy lot shall be ;
 To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest
 For ever, and for ever blest,
 With thee, O GOD, with thee.

HYMN XL.—On solitude with the presence of GOD.

1. **S**HOULD heav'n command my mortal state,
 To climes where human face ne'er shone,
 I would not murmur at my fate,
 If there I found my GOD alone.

2. With joy I'd spend my moments there,
 On the coarse climes of barren wood,
 If Jesus made my life his care,
 And fed me with immortal food.

3. I'd spend my hours in themes divine,
 And taste with GOD, and he with me ;
 And while I felt his glory shine,
 O happy mortal I should be !

4. The day I'd spend in walking round
 From hill to hill with Christ my aid ;
 The ev'ning on the mossy ground,
 I'd safely rest beneath his shade.

5. Jesus would guard my slumb'ring hours,
 And in the morning raise my head
 To sing his praise through groves and bow'rs,
 And wait the ravens for my bread.

6. There 'till my last expiring breath,
 I'd freely spend my fleeting days,
 'Till time was out, and welcome death,
 Conclude my mortal notes of praise.

7. Then should I reach the realms above,
 Where Jesus I unveil'd should see ;
 To sail the boundless sea of love,

For ever happy I should be.

8. There from all storms and labors rest,
Far from the dark abodes of night ;
And with my GOD, my Jesus prest,
In uncreated realms of light.

HYMN XLI.—On the birth of Christ.

1. **R**OUSE all ye tenants of the earth !
Attend your great Redeemer's birth ;
The GOD an Infant doth appear :
Rejoice ye Gentiles with the Jews,
Good news, good news, good news, good news
To every nation far and near.

2. Hark ! hark ! methinks the angels sing
The praises of their new-born King,
And tell the great Redeemer's name ;
Fear not, O shepherds, hear the voice,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And spread your glorious Saviour's fame.

3. Go to the manger, there you'll find
The Saviour dwells with brutal kind ;
The long expected day is come ;
Glad tidings to the world is brought,
Fear not, fear not, fear not, fear not,
O shepherds make your Saviour room.

4. Mortals attend the Prince of Peace ;
Let all your hopeful sorrows cease ;
Redeeming love is at your door ;
Come mourning souls his grace receive ;
Believe, believe, believe, believe,
And you shall live forevermore.

HYMN XLII.—GOD all in all.

1. **J**ESUS the Lord is mine,
For I have known his love ;
Soon I shall swim in joys divine,
With all the saints above.

2. There I with GOD shall be ;
No clouds to veil his face :
Rejoicing in the blissful sea,

- That knows no bound nor space.
3. O what a joyful flight,
Where perfect glory reigns!
Among the children of the light,
Beyond the reach of pain.
4. O happy, happy home,
Where joy shall never cease!
Nor sin, nor death shall ever come
- Within the realms of peace.
5. How vast the pleasures be,
Beyond what tongue can tell,
Where I expect ere long to be,
And with Jehovah dwell!
6. On him my soul shall gaze,
With wonder and delight;
Where glories in meridian blaze,
In uncreated light.
7. O can it, can it be,
That I shall e'er be one?
Yea, Lord thou gave thyself to me,
And now I am thy own.
8. O Jesus thou art mine,
My joy and only friend;
Then all is mine and I am thine,
Forevermore, Amen.

HFMN XLIII.—A song of praise to Christ.

1. **F**OR ever blessed be thy name,
O worthy Lamb of God!
Who did our sinking world reclaim,
With thy most precious blood.
2. Dearly thou bought the guilty race,
With life and death divine,
That we through thy unbounded grace,
Might in full glory shine.
3. Ten thousand thousands shall adore
The wonders of thy love,
And live with thee forevermore,
In peaceful realms above.

HYMN XLIV.—*The same.*

1. **E**TERNAL praises to thy name
 O Prince of Peace, thou wounded Lamb,
 For life immortal thro' thy blood !
 Our leaping hearts O GOD rejoice,
 And join with one harmonious voice
 To spread the glorious news abroad.
2. But Lord increase the warm desire
 With sacred and immortal fire
 Thy dying wonders to proclaim ;
 We long O GOD to spread thy grace
 Thro' all our poor unhappy race,
 That ev'ry land may know thy name.
3. Ride forth in love, O GOD, our King,
 And cause the mourning souls to sing
 The wonders of thy dying love ;
 And lead thy tribes by thy right hand
 Safe thro' this dry, this desert land,
 To the celestial realms above.

HYMN XLV.—*On the disentangled saints.*

1. **O** Happy disentangled saints
 Who've reach'd the peaceful shore,
 Far from their foes, and all complaints,
 They live for ever more.
2. Cheerful they tread the blissful plain
 Of their eternal home ;
 In realms of perfect glory reign
 Where clouds can never come.
3. Now they enjoy the perfect bliss
 They panted for below ;
 Ah ! now they dwell where Jesus is,
 And he is all they know.
4. O was my soul once landed there
 I'd bid these chains adieu ;
 With angels in their glory share,
 And join their anthems too.

HYMN XLVI.—*The same.*

1. **T**HINK O my soul thou art to land
 Ere long in heav'n at GOD's right hand,

Where love shall ev'ry thought employ,
And nothing reign but perfect joy.

2. Mount up and count thy trials small,
And let all earthly grandeur fall
As dust and chaff, and empty dross,
And count all things but Jesus loss.

3. His love redeems from death and woe,
And makes my heav'n begin below ;
But vastly more his love displays
Where they behold him face to face.

4. There ev'ry soul drinks deep in love,
While soaring thro' the courts above ;
Their happy home is that pure sea,
Of vast, ah ! vast infinity.

5. Gazing with pleasure there they sail
Where perfect bliss can never fail
Wrap't in the nature of the Lamb
They shout the wonders of his name.

6. Attraction glows to ev'ry heart
With burning love that cannot part,
While all as one the armies move
Attracted to the source of love.

7. Shouting they soar with sweet surprise,
Their anthems shake the arched skies ;
Echo's resound thro' all the plain
In one harmonious lofty strain.

8. And there I trust to bear my part
Wrap'd up in the Redeemer's heart ;
There ravish'd with immortal flame
Resound my Saviour's lasting fame.

HYMN XLVII.—Christ the christian's chief good.

1. **T**HOU art my all, O Lamb of God,
Thy love is life to me ;
I love the sweet life giving word ;
I love to walk with thee.

2. There's nothing else can give me rest,
O make my heart rejoice ;
And O I am with glory blest,
When I can hear thy voice.

3. Thy love expels all guilt and fear
And makes me cheerful go ;
And when I find my Saviour near
My heav'n begins below.
4. O might I ev'ry moment feel
A nearness to my God,
And no amusement ever steal
One thought to rove abroad !
5. Then I should more of Jesus know,
And spend my days in peace,
And hourly triumph o'er my woe,
'Till all my sorrows cease.

HYMN XLVIII.—On the Deity.

1. **W**HERE, what, or who, art thou great God,
Whom I profess to own ?
Thy works, thy self, and thine abode,
Most known, and most unknown.
2. If worlds unnumber'd as the sand
Are search'd to find thee there,
They're but small traces of some hand
Their Maker to declare.
3. Ask angels where this God doth dwell
(Tho' wrap'd in him) would say,
" 'Tis not in all our climes to tell
" But just some feeble ray."
4. Not found by mortal hand or eye ;
In empty space not found ;
Not time nor yet eternity
Can reach his utmost bound.
5. Should I attempt to find him out
By philosophic strains,
Still far beyond the reach of thought
Unknown to me he reigns.
6. Angelic realms before his eye,
Tho' countless they may be,
So much like nothing all would lie
Too small for him to see.
7. Yet nothing doth in being dwell,
Small or conceal'd they lie

In heav'n, or earth, or sea, or hell,
But's naked to his eye.

8. Immense he is, and leaves no void,
All nature's in his hand ;

A million worlds made or destroy'd
Are as the smallest sand.

9. Good GOD! and yet within thy hand
A guilty mote I rove ;

I live, I move, and guarded, stand
Partaker of thy love.

10. The smallest insects that are made
Notic'd and guarded be ;

And hairs of my unworthy head
All number'd Lord by thee.

11. O give me then a humble place,
Inspir'd with sacred flame ;

A large partaker of thy grace
To sound thy boundless fame.

HYMN XLIX.—The christian looking forward and encouraged.

1. **MY** soul leave all below,
And banish ev'ry fear,

For soon beyond these scenes of woe,
I shall with joy appear.

2. My Jesus loves my soul,
And has my sins forgiv'n ;

Then roll, ye fleeting moments roll,
And hand my soul to heav'n.

3. There I e'er long shall rest,
Upon the peaceful shore ;

With perfect joy and glory blest.
And sin shall vex no more.

4. 'Twas Jesus on the tree,
Gave me a portion there ;

O happy, happy soul I be
With his dear sons to share !

5. Since Jesus is my friend,
My portion and my GOD,

Soon all my sorrows here shall end,

And heav'n be my abode.

HYMN L.—*A minister leaving his people to go abroad with the gospel.*

1. **Y**E that do in Jesus dwell,
Christian brethren now farewell ;
Part in peace, and part in love,
Sing and pray where e'er ye rove.
2. Wipe your tears and leave your pains ;
Why lament when Jesus reigns ?
Tho' in body we may part,
We are still as near in heart.
3. Walk with Jesus while below,
Spread his name where e'er ye go ;
Fight the battles of the Lord,
Present is your blest reward.
4. If to distant lands I go,
'Tis the jubilee trump to blow :
May my Jesus be with thee,
When you're well remember me.
5. When I near my Master get
I shall find you near my heart ;
We shall often meet as one
Pleading at our Father's throne.
6. If I never more return
Do not my long absence mourn ;
If I am but near my God
All is well tho' far abroad.
7. God is ev'ry where the same ;
Let us part and spread his fame ;
Soon we'll end this mortal race,
Then all meet him face to face.
8. There where Christ our lover reigns
We shall join immortal strains ;
Bask in everlasting joy,
Nothing shall our peace annoy.
9. Hallelujahs then our song,
Sounding thro' the countless throng ;
Christ our God that lovely name
Be our everlasting theme.

H Y M N LI.—*GOD my all.*

1. **I**S there a GOD? and is he mine?
 Yes, for I feel the truths divine;
 A pleasing theme (my soul) is this,
 GOD is my everlasting bliss.
2. In him doth all perfection dwell;
 Seraphs his wisdom cannot tell;
 His love so great it must be free,
 And thus his goodness reach'd to me.
3. He reigns, and where? within my heart;
 Nor will his sceptre e'er depart;
 And O! he reigns a Prince of Peace!
 Then cease ye storms of sorrow cease.
4. Within himself he ever lives,
 And to my soul that life he gives;
 Enough, my GOD, since I shall be
 One in the source of life with thee.
5. But dare I soar so far away?
 Do I not in presumption stray?
 No, GOD hath said (he stoop'd so low)
 "As I live, ye shall live also."

H Y M N LII.—*Sweet moments with GOD.*

1. **S**WEET is the converse with my GOD,
 One moment on the heav'nly road;
 And sweetly glides the hours away,
 When cheer'd with one immortal ray.
2. Tho' clouds impend and storms invade,
 The morning star is still my aid;
 Doth clouds expel and foes destroy,
 And on he leads me still with joy.
3. And when his glories round me shine,
 I feel the raptures all divine;
 And then with joy my soul can say,
 My partner sweetens all my way.

H Y M N LIII.—*The birth of Christ*

1. **H**ARK! glad tidings to the shepherds,
 Joyful news the angels bring;
 GOD himself in flesh has enter'd.
 Jesus is the new-born King

- Hail all glory, hail all glory,
 Let the whole creation sing.
2. Shepherds start from midnight slumbers,
 See the glory shining round ;
 Gazing on the blaze they wonder,
 'Till they're prostrate on the ground ;
 Hallelujahs, hallelujahs,
 By the seraphs doth resound.
3. " Fear not shepherds saith the angels,
 " Banish sorrow from your eyes ;
 " For in Bethlehem's course manger
 " God a spotless infant lies,
 " See Jehovah, see Jehovah,
 " Veil'd in clay below the skies."
4. Haste away ye eastern sages,
 See the star proclaims your GOD ;
 Fear not Herod, tho' he rages,
 Sending peals of death abroad ;
 Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,
 For her children he destroy'd.
5. Sinners roar, and saints rejoice,
 At the great Redeemer's birth ;
 Angels join their cheerful voices,
 Good will to men, peace on earth ;
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Glory in the Saviour's birth.
6. " Let all people have salvation,
 Saith the heralds from above ;
 " Sound his name thro' ev'ry nation,
 " Teach the world redeeming love.
 " Go ye heralds, go ye heralds,
 " Spread his name where e'er ye rove."
7. Jesus spread thy gospel glory,
 Save poor dying souls from hell ;
 Let all nations bow before thee,
 Love thy name and with thee dwell ;
 Haste ye heralds, haste ye heralds
 Your Redeemer's name to tell.

HYMN LIV.—*The love of Christ, and sinners hardened by rejecting it.*

1. **C**OULD heav'n's eternal grandeur move,
To think on man with thoughts of love!

O wake my soul this goodness view,
And bid all other themes adieu.

2. So boundless doth his goodness reign,
His love he never will restrain;
It will the worst of men pursue,
Doth all the good that it can do.

3. This love assum'd our mortal frame,
Our guilt, our sorrows, and our shame;
How then, O mortals, can it be
But this eternal love is free?

4. He waded thro' this frowning earth,
Endur'd the pains of hell and death,
Sure then the souls that go to hell
Must rush against his love and will.

5. All those that turn against this love
Will soon their will so harden prove,
That there is nought can sink them lower
Than to offer his goodness more.

6. Those that despise grow harder still;
Those who adhere it turns their will,
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

HYMN LV.—*Panting after Christ.*

1. **B**EAR me O thou immortal Dove
To look within the realms above,

And let my soul a moment be
Where I may Christ my glory see.

2. Unbounded is that sea divine,
And if that blessed Christ is mine,
Why may I not be borne away
To see but one immortal ray?

3. He is my food, why should I starve?
He's all the life and joy I have;
Then let me O my Jesus be
Lost in thy love, wrap'd up in thee.

HYMN LVI.—*Adieu to all but Christ.*

1. **V**AIN world adieu with all your toys !

I'll court no more your sound of joys,

Your pleasures lead to hell ;

Glories immortal I'll pursue,

And bid created bliss adieu,

With Jesus I must dwell.

2. When near my Jesus I am blest,

He is my life, he is my rest,

While thro' this world I rove ;

And when all mortal joys shall cease,

He'll be my life, my joy and peace,

In brighter realms above.

3. He'll give me there a glorious seat,

Where all the heav'nly armies meet

In sweet unmingled joy ;

Instead of everlasting pain,

In endless glory I shall reign,

And foes no more annoy.

4. There shall I see him face to face,

And sing the wonders of his grace,

Far from the snares of hell ;

From all these clogs I shall be free,

With my dear Jesus I shall be,

And in his bosom dwell.

5. In those immortal climes I'll join,

With bands seraphic all divine,

To praise my bleeding King ;

With joy I'll tread the blissful plains,

Where shouts of most exalted strains

Make all the arches ring.

6. Ravish'd with glory and delight

(The sun and moon beneath my feet)

Wrap'd in a sacred flame ;

Sailing in seas of perfect joy,

And this shall be my blest employ,

All worthy is the Lamb !

HYMN LVII.—*The christian attracted with God's love.*

1. **O** What a blest transporting ray
Attracts and steals my soul away !

It is my Saviour's voice I feel,
Lord give my soul th' attraction still.

2. Adieu, ye earthly loves adieu !
I feel my love, and must pursue ;
Ye separating walls be gone,
And let my chariot wheels roll on.

3. Lord Jesus waite me on my way,
I pant for everlasting day ;
These pow'rs of mine shall rest no more,
Until I reach the peaceful shore.

HYMN LVIII.—*No joy but in Christ.*

1. **O** What an empty toy
Are all these mortal wilds !

But O what lasting peace and joy
Is in my Saviour's smiles !

2. Long have I been a slave
For but an empty sound ;
But O what pleasures now I have,
Since I have Jesus found !

3. I'll bid adieu to earth,
And count its joys but vain ;
Let me enjoy my heav'nly birth,
And with my Jesus reign.

4. O thou immortal King
Bear thy dear child away,
Then will I on my journey sing
Songs of eternal day.

HYMN LIX.—*The great love of Christ display'd in his death*

1. **A**S near to Calvary I pass
Methinks I see a bloody cross,

Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh with ragged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd with purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2. Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd who can this victim be,

- In such exquisite pain ?
 Why thus consign'd to woes I cry'd ?
 " 'Tis I, the bleeding God reply'd,
 " To save a world from sin."
 3. A God for rebel mortals dies !
 How can it be, my soul replies !
 What ! Jesus die for me !
 " Yes, saith the suff'ring Son of God,
 " I give my life, I spill my blood,
 " For thee, poor soul, for thee."
 4. Lord since thy life thou'st freely giv'n,
 To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
 And bless me with thy love ;
 Then to thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
 Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
 To reign with thee above.
 5. All other lovers I'll adieu,
 My dying lover I'll pursue,
 And bless the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 My life, my strength, my voice and days,
 I will devote in wisdom's ways,
 And sound his bleeding name.
 6. And when this tottering life shall cease,
 I'll leave these mortal climes in peace,
 And soar to realms of light ;
 There where my heav'nly lover reigns,
 I'll join to raise immortal strains,
 All ravish'd with delight.

HYMN LX.—*Longing for the victory over sin.*

1. **A** WAY, ye earthly charms away !
 Ye lead my wand'ring mind astray,
 Disturb my joys, and break my rest.
 And draw me from my Saviour's breast.
 2. Jesus subdue this carnal mind,
 O may I leave these toys behind !
 I long to find my spirit free,
 That I may triumph Lord in thee.
 3. There's nothing Jesus like thy love,

Yet for a shadow oft I rove ;
 O conquer the remains of sin,
 And let thy kingdom reign within.

4. Let not the least amusing toy
 Draw me from thee my only joy ;
 But fill my breast with love divine,
 I'll know no sceptre Lord but thine.

HYMN LXI.—*The christian's transport.*

1. **O** What amazing love is this !
 On earth I taste immortal bliss ;

I feel that voice that is divine,
 And know that Jesus Christ is mine.

2. He leads me on the heav'nly road,
 And feeds my soul with angels food ;
 My soul how free his goodness flows !
 His bleeding love no limits knows.

3. My soul hath found my Christ to day ;
 I feel my darkness done away ;

His presence made my bars remove ;
 And O I feast on heav'nly love !

4. I feel my sins are all forgiv'n ;
 This is my Christ, my all, my heav'n !
 My soul begins her lasting theme,

ALL GLORY TO MY GOD, THE LAMB !

HYMN LXII.—*The kingdom of God within.*

1. **L**ET others their salvation rest
 On outward forms, or distant heav'n

I want GOD's kingdom in my breast,
 And there to feel my sins forgiv'n.

2. Some make their boast of cancel'd sin,
 Before the worlds or they were made,

While still they have a hell within,
 Imagine GOD their heav'n decreed.

3. While others think some law fulfil'd
 By Jesus when he bled and dy'd,

Who never knew salvation seal'd,
 His life or death to them apply'd.

4. While others do their souls destroy,
 Who wait for death to find a heav'n ;

- Yet strangers to the heav'nly joy,
 Or the new birth, and sins forgiv'n,
 5. But I can trust in no decree,
 Or law fulfil'd by Jesus Christ,
 But that which works a birth in me.
 And brings me to the gospel feast.
 6. I am by nature dead in sin,
 My soul bound down with heavy chains ;
 Then I must have my Christ within,
 Or else in death my soul remains.
 7. I have a hell within my breast,
 For there is all my weight of sin ;
 Then Christ can give my soul no rest,
 Unless he gives a heav'n within.
 8. My Christ forbids " lo here or there,
 " The secret chamber or desert."
 And then he doth to me declare
 God's kingdom is within the heart.
 9. Then in my heart, O Jesus, reign,
 With thy blest kingdom all divine ;
 Remove my death, break ev'ry chain,
 And change my nature pure as thine.
 10. Then shall I be forever blest,
 From all my sins and sorrows free,
 A peaceful kingdom in my breast,
 And I forever one with thee.

HYMN LXIII.—Soaring after Christ.

1. **R**ISE heav'nly sun, with rays divine,
 In this benighted soul of mine ;
 I pant for one immortal ray
 To bear my restless soul away.
 2. I feel my heart in love with thee,
 But bound in death, yet would be free ;
 My Christ I at a distance view,
 And feel a struggling to pursue.
 3. Thou art my life, my rest, my food,
 My joy and everlasting good ;
 How can I then contented be
 But when I am, O Lord with thee ?

4. O bear my panting soul above,
Where I may once enjoy my love
Without those clouds for to annoy,
Then shall I be complete in joy.

HYMN LXIV.—The happiness of the Christians.

1. **H**OW blest beyond what tongue can tell
Are those with whom the Lord doth dwell !
They've life, they've peace, they've joy and rest,
All heav'n's engag'd to make them blest.
2. Thro' all this world where e'er they rove,
The Lord surrounds them with his love ;
They often drink of heav'nly wine,
And feed on bread that is divine.
3. Soon will they land where Jesus reigns,
To dwell on heav'n's immortal plains ;
Perfect in everlasting bliss,
For they will dwell where Jesus is.
4. My soul ! and shall I ever share
Among the saints for ever there ?
Give me that crown, O Prince of Peace,
Those boundless joys that never cease.

HYMN LXV.—The soul revived with God's love.

1. **N**OW can my soul in GOD rejoice,
I feel my Saviour's cheering voice,
My heart awakes to sing his praise,
And longs to join immortal lays.
2. The kingdom of my Lord is come,
This day I've found my Father's home ;
O might I rove from him no more
Long as I tread this mortal shore !
3. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine arms,
And cheer me with immortal charms,
Till I awake in realms above
Forever to enjoy thy love.

HYMN LXVI.—The christian wants no more than Christ.

1. **L**ORD since thou pluck'd me from the gulf,
And gave my soul thy blessed self,
'Tis all I want, 'tis all I need,
In thee, O God, I'm blest indeed.

2. I feel thou hast my sins forgiv'n,
And often taste a glimpse of heav'n,
My soul has found a lasting peace,
Will stand when all these worlds shall cease.

3. In Christ I feel a solid joy,
A rock which hell can ne'er destroy ;
My days of joy can ne'er be o'er,
For Christ is mine, what want I more ?

4. Created good I count but small ;
In Jesus I possess my all ;
Long as I know that Jesus reigns,
I feel his love my life maintains.

H Y M N LXVII.—Christ all in all.

1. **G**OD is my all, I feel his grace,
He cheers me on my christian race,
And feeds me with his word ;

Ten thousand thousand worlds are small
Compar'd with Christ, he is my all,
And O ! I love my GOD.

2. Lord thou hast gave thyself to me,
Then near thy footstool let me be,
Rul'd wholly by my King ;
While time endures I'll walk with GOD,
And spread his glorious name abroad,
And in his triumphs sing.

3. May I no more forsake my friend
Till all these mortal changes end,
And I shall leave my woe !

O happy morn when I shall be
From ev'ry sin and sorrow free,
And home to Jesus go !

4. My soul shall all my foes survive,
And ever with my Jesus live,
In heav'n's immortal bliss ;
My soul wrap'd up in sweet delight,
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of night,
And dwell where Jesus is.

HYMN LXVIII.—A song of praise to Christ.

1. **L**ET universal plains
Awake with joy to sing,
And join their most exalted strains
To their immortal King.
2. Had I ten thousand tongues
To praise my Saviour's name,
Cheerful I'd raise ten thousand songs
To sound his lasting fame.
3. He stoop'd beneath the grave
To make his goodness known ;
He dy'd the wretched world to save,
And bare our guilt alone.
4. Freely he spilt his blood,
And gives his love as free ;
Then take my heart, O Lord my God,
And give this love to me.
5. May I thy goodness sing,
And tell the world thy love,
'Till I awake with God my King,
In the sweet realms above.

HYMN LXIX.—Desiring to be led by Christ.

1. **L**EAD me, O thou immortal Dove,
In peace while thro' this world I rove ;
And let me always feel a ray
Of light from thine eternal day.
2. When thou art nigh my soul is well ;
I feel what tongues can never tell ;
Sweet peace and joy that is divine,
Heals and transports this soul of mine.
3. I ask no joy but in my Christ ;
Let me no other pleasures taste ;
And O ! my Jesus, dwell with me,
And where thou art there let me be.
4. I know thy goodness is so great
To do me good is thy delight ;
Thine arm of love thou wilt employ
To lead my soul to perfect joy.

HYMN LXX.—Always happy when Christ is enjoyed.

1. **W**HEN I enjoy the love of Christ,
I'm blest where e'er I go;
My weary soul enjoys a rest,
And loses all her wo.
2. When I am try'd he bears my grief,
And doth my toes destroy;
When in distress he brings relief
With his immortal joy.
- If I in distant lands should dwell,
Remote from human face,
Yet with my Christ I should be well,
And triumph in his grace.
4. If I should lose my mortal breath,
Yet finding Jesus nigh.
My soul would triumph over death,
For I shall never die.
5. When all these worlds shall be no more,
And stars shall cease to shine,
My kingdom stands forever sure;
For Jesus Christ is mine.
6. And O, this blessed Christ is mine!
Then what can I have more?

I shall with him in glory shine
When storms are all blown o'er.

HYMN LXXI.—Panting after the full enjoyment of God.

1. **B**LEST morn when I shall land
With all the saints above!
I feel my seat at Christ's right hand,
When I can find his love.
2. In Christ I am so blest,
To have my portion there;
I often feel that heav'nly rest,
While I am trav'ling here.
3. I soon shall soar and sing
In everlasting joy;
The love and beauties of my King,
Shall ev'ry thought employ.
4. There in immortal bloom,

My Jesus I'll adore,
And love the hand that brought me home
To live forevermore.

HYMN LXXII.—Drawn by the love of Christ.

1. **H**OW great thy love, O Prince of Peace !

Nor can thy goodness ever cease ;

What can my heart or passions do,

If unaffected with thy love ?

2. Thy love from the celestial plains

Stoop'd to the earth to bear my pains ;

Thy love redeem'd my soul from hell ;

Thy love makes me in glory dwell.

3. No other love my soul would know,

But that which doth from Jesus flow ;

Away ye bars, ye rocks remove,

And give me room for Christ my love.

4. Revive in me, O love divine,

That heart and kingdom which is thine ;

When time is done bear me away,

O love, to everlasting day.

*HYMN LXXIII.—Attracted with the thoughts of the full
enjoyment of God.*

1. **O** HOW the thought attracts my heart

That I should once awake with God,

Clouds from my soul for ever part,

And feast with angels round his board !

2. How should I sail the peaceful shore

In seas of everlasting love !

With Jesus reign for evermore

In those eternal realms above.

3. There scenes of endless pleasures rise,

And soul-transporting wonders roll,

While Christ allures my wond'ring eyes,

And transports all my active soul.

4. There with the winged hosts I'll soar,

Inspir'd with an immortal flame ;

My pow'rs increase for evermore,

While gazing on the worthy Lamb.

HYMN LXXIV.—Christ's death declares his love is free.

1. 'TWAS love without a bound or shore
That brought Jehovah down ;

If I believe, he wants no more
To bring me to the crown.

2. Behold the sinners friend appears
Among the guilty race !

His birth, his life, and death declares
Free and unbounded grace.

3. But unbelief where e'er it reigns,
Rejects this boundless love ;
And if retain'd so 'ncrease the chains
The soul can never move.

4. Had God's eternal love abound,
Or partial love had reign'd,

My soul would never mercy found,
But in my sins remain'd.

5. To Christ who spreads his love so free
Doth endless praise belong ;

And O ! his boundless love shall be
The saints eternal song.

HYMN LXXV.—The christians triumph.

1. ALL hail, incarnate lover hail !
Thy mighty arm of love

Shall over all our foes prevail,
And give us crowns above.

2. Thou died Almighty Prince of Peace,
And tasted death and hell,

That sorrows might forever cease,
And we in glory dwell.

3. Soon we shall in full glory ride,
Like conquerors divine ;

With thee our Captain at our side,
And all the glory thine.

4. We'll sing the conquest of thy death,
And triumph over hell ;

Increasing in immortal birth,
While we in glory dwell.

5. There wasted on the wings of love,
Lose all the sense of pain ;
All mansion'd in the realms above
Shall with Jehovah reign.
6. O Jesus hail ! all glory thou,
Who did the world restore !
Let ev'ry world, and system bow
Thy goodness to adore !

HYMN LXXVI.—The believing Hebrews.

1. **S**HOUT brethren for the Lord hath broke
The fatal bands of Pharoah's yoke !
Our souls have left the slavish ground,
And now to Canaan's land are bound.
2. GOD hath destroy'd by his high hand
Both horse and rider in the sand ;
And we with Miriam will sing
All glory to the Hebrew's King.
3. He still will make our foes to fall ;
He'll be our Captain, strength and all ;
Our Jesus leads us by his hand
For to possess the promis'd land.
4. Then let us tread the desert thro',
Bid all our loves and tears adieu ;
A fire by night shall lead our way,
And a blest cloud of love by day.
5. Christ is the stream shall us pursue,
And cheer us all the desert through ;
We are surrounded with his love,
And feed on manna from above.
6. Let unbelief no more be known,
And ev'ry murmur'ing thought be gone,
If we the GOD of truth believe
We shall go in, the crown receive.
7. O thou immortal Hebrew's King,
Thy name with joy we gladly sing,
Thou bought thy tribes with blood divine,
And now we are for ever thine.

H Y M N LXXVII.—The wonders in Christ's death.

1. **H**OW vast Moriah is thy load !
 Enormous guilt ! a bleeding God !

See heav'n and hell upon the tree ;
 A Saviour dies and lives for me.

2. A GOD in agonies of death,
 And for his foes resigns his breath ;
 Behold him crush'd beneath my guilt,
 Until his vital blood is spilt !

3. But O ! I'm lost ! how can it be,
 Jehovah suffers this for me ?
 O yes, so boundless was his love,
 He dies to bear my soul above !

4. Away, all other loves away,
 And mount my soul to the bright day
 Where love immortal shall inflame.
 My ravish'd heart to praise the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXVII.—Choosing Christ.

1. **H**ERE gladly at thy feet I fall,
 My GOD, my king, my friend, my all,
 And there I choose my lasting seat ;

Art thou not all my portion Lord !
 Do not I count thee my reward ?
 Is not my glory at thy feet ?

2. Does not my spirit long to be,
 With all my pow'rs bound up in thee,
 With bands of everlasting love ?
 I'd live with thee while time should roll,
 Then praise and love with all my soul,
 In the eternal realms above.

3. Tho' here my foes beset my way,
 And often lead my soul astray,
 Yet, Lord, thou know'st I love thee still ;
 Nor can I think that I am blest,
 Or ever find a moment's rest,
 But when my Father's love I feel.

4. O let me ever see thy face,
 And feel thy love, and sing thy grace,
 Long as I tread this mortal shore ;

Then when I take my happy flight,
I shall awake in realms of light,

And part from thee my GOD no more.

HYMN LXXIX.—Longing to be more in love with Christ.

JESUS, my Lord, I thirst for thee ;
Wrap'd in thy love my soul would be ;
Descend O thou immortal Dove,
And fill me with the Saviour's love.

2. With zeal I would my Christ pursue,
And bid created joys adieu ;
Nor can I give my spirit rest,
'Till fully in his love I'm blest.

3. O Jesus lead me on my way,
'Till I shall reach eternal day ;
Let the attraction of thy love,
Bear me away to realms above.

4. There in those seas of joy divine,
My soul shall in full glory shine ;
Gaze on thy beauty and adore,
My GOD, my all, forevermore.

HYMN LXXX.—Mount Pisgah.

1. **N**OW on the borders of our land,
We'll raise a cheerful voice ;
And while our souls thus gazing stand,
Let every heart rejoice.

2. We'll trim our lamps with grace divine,
And wait our bridegroom's call ;
We shall with him in glory shine,
Where he is all in all.

3. We are his bride redeem'd with blood,
And seal'd upon his breast ;
And soon he'll take us home to GOD,
To be forever blest !

4. And when we hear our Master call,
We will with joy obey ;
For Jesus is our all in all,
Then why should we delay ?

5. O what transporting scenes of joy
Shall open to our view !

Eternal anthems our employ,
In joys forever new.

6. Think, fellow pilgrims, what delight
Shall ravish ev'ry heart!

With Jesus in the realms of light,
Where we shall never part.

HYMN LXXXI.—Longing for more love.

1. **J**ESUS I love, and him adore.

But O I fain would love him more ;

My panting heart would fain be free,
And nothing love, O Christ, but thee.

2. When I his stoop for man review,
And think for me he suffer'd too,

I gaze, I love, and I adore,
Yet wonder why I love no more.

3. When I enjoy a heav'nly ray
I feel my soul is borne away,
Yet when I o'er his goodness rove,
Why am I not wrap'd up in love ?

4. I often feel that Christ is mine
And drink at times the heav'nly wine,
Yet Lord I wonder I can be
So careless and so far from thee.

5. Well since my soul belongs to God,
I'll triumph on the heav'nly road ;
Trusting ere long to take my flight
To join the sons of perfect light.

HYMN LXXXII.—No fellowship with Christ & the world.

1. **Y**E earthly scenes, an empty boast,
I bid your toys adieu !

I never can enjoy my Christ
While I your charms pursue.

2. When worldly cares perplex my mind,
Or earthly charms allure,

Nothing but scenes of death I find,
And constant storms endure.

3. But when my Jesus I enjoy,
Tho' earth and hell should frown,

I'm well, and count the world a toy,
For I possess a crown.

4. Then let the world go well or ill,
If I keep near my Christ
I need not fear, for all is well,
And ev'ry trial lost.

H Y M N LXXXIII.—Soaring after joys divine.

1. **L**ORD I can live on husks no more,
I pant for joys divine ;
My soul to realms of blis would soar,
And drink of living wine.

2. O for thy wings immortal Dove,
To reach those climes of blis !
Soon would I solace in thy love,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3. There would I drink immortal joy,
And in full glory blaze ;
Transporting themes be my employ,
While on my God I gaze.

H Y M N LXXXIV.—Desiring no portion but Christ.

1. **N**O portion Lord do I desire,
Nor for no other joys aspire,
But thee my Christ, thou worthy Lamb ;
From other loves I should be free,
And know no life nor joy but thee,
And spend my days to sound thy fame.

2. My God inflame me with thy love,
Give me the meekness of the dove,
And eyes divine that I may see ;
Earth's grandeur I esteem but dross,
To win the glories of thy cross,
And live my Jesus near to thee.

3. And O ! when I shall once arise
To the fair realms above the skies
Then shall I see thee face to face !
From all these storms my soul shall rest,
And lean upon thy sacred breast,
And shout the wonders of thy grace.

4. There shall I drink celestial streams,

And bask in heav'n's immortal beams,
 With joy and vigour all divine ;
 There all the heav'nly armies sing
 Immortal honours to their King,
 And all as one in glory shine.

HYMN LXXXV.—God all in all.

1. **J**ESUS my GOD is mine,
 And I have known his love ;
 Soon I shall swim in joys divine,
 With all the saints above.
2. There I shall ever be,
 (Thro' GOD's unbounded grace)
 And drink from that eternal sea
 Of joy and perfect bliss.
3. There is no shades of night,
 Where I with GOD shall reign ;
 But beams of uncreated light
 Spread o'er the heav'nly plain.
4. How vast those pleasures be,
 Beyond what tongue can tell,
 Where I expect ere long to be,
 And with my Jesus dwell !
5. Because my GOD is good,
 I have a portion there ;
 And since he wash'd me in his blood,
 I shall with angels share.
6. I know he's all my joy ;
 I ask no other food ;
 His name shall be my whole employ,
 And everlasting good.
7. Jesus since thou art mine,
 My life, my joy, and friend,
 Let everlasting praise be thine,
 My soul can say, Amen.

*HYMN LXXXVI.—A sense of being for ever with Christ
 surmounts all the trials of the way.*

1. **O** Can it be that I shall land,
 One day with all the saints above,
 For to rejoice at Christ's right hand,

In his unbounded sea of love !

2. This makes me face a frowning world,
And bid their charms and fears adieu ;
Soon from their rage I shall be call'd
Where joys divine are ever new.

3. Thus I could triumph over death,
And take with joy my last remove,
When I can feel the heav'nly birth
Rising in everlasting love.

4. O happy hour to take my flight
From all remains of death and sin !
To reign in those sweet realms of light
Where death nor sin will ne'er be seen.

5. Some times I feel my portion there,
And find my Jesus in my heart,
Then I triumph o'er all my tear
And bid all earthly charms depart.

6. In heav'n my only joys shall be ;
I'll have no other peace nor rest ;
There shall I reign, O God, with thee,
With all I want for ever blest.

HYMN LXXXVII.—*No rest for the christian without Christ.*

1. **S**INNERS, O GOD, with but a toy
Can laugh and be amus'd and sing,

But if I do not thee enjoy
To me their joys are but a sting.

2. Since I have known redeeming love,
And found immortal pleasure smil'd,
What e'er I do, where e'er I rove,
All other joys to me are spoil'd.

3. I'll bid created blifs adieu,
And never ask a portion there,
While I the source of joys pursue,
And in immortal glories share.

4. I ask no life, O Christ, but thee,
Nor would I count another love ;
But where thou art there I must be,
I can't consent from thee to move.

HYMN LXXXVIII.—*A song of praise to the Redeemer.*

1. **A** WAKE, awake ten thousand tongues,
And raise your most exalted songs
Around the great incarnate name!
While heav'nly love your breasts inspire.
Let worlds above in sacred lyre
Resound his everlasting fame.
2. Ye that have reach'd the immortal plains
Rouse, rouse your most exalted strains,
And bend your sceptres round his throne;
Tell how he threw his glory by,
With pity stoop'd below the sky,
And made his love to mortals known.
3. Tell how he bow'd his glorious head
Down to the regions of the dead,
And felt the pangs of hell and death;
What sorrows did his soul sustain
When he endur'd the sinners' pain,
And groan'd his last expiring breath!
4. Sing how the mighty conqueror rose
Triumphing over all his foes,
And trampled death beneath his feet;
Lift up your heads, O Adam's race!
And shout the wonders of his grace;
For you he fills the mercy seat.
5. Whoever will may mount above,
There's none excluded from his love,
But those who choose the way to hell;
Hear mortals, hear the Saviour's voice,
Believe, and in his love rejoice,
And in eternal glory dwell.

HYMN LXXXIX.—*Heaven enjoyed on the earth.*

1. **O** The sweet glimpses of thy face,
My Jesus and my love!
When I can feel thy boundless grace
I taste the joys above.
2. Thou art the source of heav'nly bliss
And angels chief delight;
And where thou art there glory is

To all the sons of light.

3. And since, O GOD, that life divine
Thou to my soul hast giv'n,
When I can feel thy glory shine
My soul enjoys a heav'n.

4. Thyself is all the heav'n I want ;
But when a glimpse I feel,
My soul for freedom, Lord, doth pant,
That she may drink her fill.

HYMN xc.—Feeling some revivals of life divine.

1. **A**RISE my soul and soar away,
I hear my Saviour's charming voice ;

And when I feel but one small ray
It makes my panting soul rejoice.

2. And is my blessed Jesus nigh ?
And art thou calling Lord for me ?

Yes, for it lifts my soul on high,
And makes me long with him to be.

3. My soul this charming voice pursue,
Nor ever from thy leader rove,

Till thou shalt bid these worlds adieu,
Awake and swim in boundless love.

HYMN xci.—Surprised at God's love.

1. **F**OR me dear Saviour hast thou bled ?
Ah ! Lord, I feel thy love divine ;

Yea thou hast rais'd me from the dead,
And gave my soul a life with thine.

2. O what a thought ! surpris'd I be,
That GOD should stoop from realms above,

And die to give a wretch like me
A mansion in his boundless love.

3. Impress, O thou eternal King,
These truths of love on all my soul ;

Thy name I will with wonder sing
When mortal worlds shall cease to roll.

4. O how transported I shall be
When I am quit from all but love !

My GOD and shall I reign with thee
In thine eternal realms above ?

5. Ah ! it was goodness like thyself
To stoop, and take my guilt away ;
To pluck me from the dismal gulf,
And seat me in eternal day.

HYMN xcii.—*Our songs of praise a benefit to us, but not to GOD.*

1. **S**HOULD angels raise eternal strains,
Or cease to lift a note of praise,

Jehovah still the same remains,
Not help'd nor injur'd by their lays.

2. What then, O GOD, are notes like mine,
So languid on a sinful tongue ?

Yet when I feel that life divine
I love to strain a heav'nly song.

3. Sometimes when I my Jesus sing,
It stirs and bears my heart away,
Then would I strain the utmost string
To wait me on the heav'nly way.

4. But O how low these mortal strains !
Yet will I play on ev'ry cord
Until I reach the blissful plains
To reign forever with my Lord.

HYMN xciii.—*The Christians singing on their way.*

1. **S**HALL these that tread the road to hell
Go laughing on with merry songs,
And we who'll soon in glory dwell,
With scarce a note upon our tongues ?

2. Awake O all ye heirs of bliss,
And bid your sloth and fears adieu,
Since Christ is your's, and you are his,
You may sing all your journey through.

3. Who but the sons of light should sing ?
Who else can wear a cheerful smile ?
They're children of th' eternal King,
All others in the road to hell.

4. Lord we would raise our cheerful strains
While through these mortal climes we rove.
Then soar to those immortal plains
To lose ourselves in the great love,

H Y M N xciv.—*A heavenly rapture.*

1. **M**ETHINKS I feel a warm desire,
 Enliven'd with immortal fire,
 In this imprison'd heart of mine ;
 And longs to wing itself away
 To realms of everlasting day,
 To lofty themes and scenes divine.
2. In records of eternal fame
 There is my portion, there my name,
 And there methinks my God I see ;
 Where angels sail with lofty wing,
 And seraphs tune th' immortal strings,
 There, there my spirit longs to be.
3. Those boundless realms of joy divine,
 Those saints and angels all are mine,
 Jesus my Saviour makes them so ;
 And soon he'll call me home to rest
 At his right hand for ever blest,
 With all that saints or angels know.
4. There I shall tread above the stars,
 And laugh at hell's intestine jars,
 The sun and moon beneath my feet ;
 There I shall tread the blissful shore,
 And mourn my distant friend no more,
 Where Jesus reigns there is my seat.
5. Unbounded love will shine on me,
 The mighty Fiat I shall see
 Shine forth in his meridian blaze ;
 Perfection in transparent light
 Shining beyond conception bright,
 Calls ev'ry power aloft to gaze.
6. Thus gazing with delight I stand,
 Surprising scenes on either hand,
 To suck me in their joyful tide ;
 The more I see the more I love,
 My raptur'd soul still soars above,
 From pole to pole in wonders glide.
7. Thus burning in the sacred flame,
 Lost to the state from whence I came,

Nor room to ask how, where, or when ;
 The present scenes engage my soul,
 And ev'ry pow'r of thought controul,
 I'm left with joy in God, Amen.

H Y M N xcv.—*The Christian's theme:*

1. **L**ET earthly minds feed on a dream,
 And make an empty sound their theme,
 Jesus shall dwell upon my tongue,
 His dying love shall be my song.
2. His name deserves my heart and voice,
 This is the name makes me rejoice,
 Nor dare I boast another name,
 Therefore this Christ shall be my theme.
3. Was I to speak of joys above,
 This Jesus is their sea of love ;
 Or if I tell of joys below,
 This Christ is all the soul can know.
4. Should I of wisdom think to tell,
 There's none but what in him doth dwell ;
 Or speak of beauties here I'm charm'd,
 While others all appear deform'd.
5. If I am ask'd to tell his name,
 It's LOVE ; his nature is the same ;
 Goodness he is a boundless sea,
 And loves that goodness to display.
6. He loves to help the vile and poor ;
 He spreads his love at ev'ry door ;
 He takes delight to raise the dead,
 And fill the hungry soul with bread.
7. This is the Christ I would adore,
 Whose love hath neither bound nor shore ;
 But O his worth I ne'er can tell,
 If on the theme I ever dwell.
8. Yet I so much have felt his name,
 It shall forever be my theme ;
 But lost in wonder I shall be,
 Long as I sail the boundless sea.

HYMN XCVI.—*Christ worthy of all love and adoration.*

1. **W**ORTHY art thou immortal Lamb,
To be the whole creation's theme !

My heart all ravish'd longs to raise

My notes of love in heav'nly lays.

2. I feel my soul in love with thee,

And with thee pants, and longs to be

Where no intruding thought shall move

To interrupt my charms of love.

3. Thy charms dear Christ attract my soul,

And shall my strongest pow'rs control ;

I'll praise thee while this earth I rove,

And in eternal realms above.

HYMN XCVII.—*Feeling of Christ's love, and panting for more.*

1. **S**WEET are the rays of sacred love !

They call my soul to realms above ;

I drop the earth, disdain her charms,

O hand me to my Saviour's arms.

2. Some rays of love divine I feel,

Cheers all my soul, allures my will,

But O for a more speedy flight ?

To bear me home to realms of light !

3. If Christ hath made salvation mine,

Let me possess my realm divine ;

Those climes transporting let me see,

And ever with my Jesus be.

4. O happy morn, when all my soul

Is ravish'd with my love, may all !

My heart inflam'd with sacred fire,

Shall ever join seraphic lyre.

HYMN xcviII.—*A morning walk.*

1. **Q**UICK as the solar beams display,
And night's black veil is thrown aside,

In hopes to meet a brighter day,

I rise in themes divine to glide.

2. I tread the meads, and walk the grove,

Where morning songsters chant their lay,

While I pursue my heav'nly love,

And notes of sacred pleasure raise.

3. The earth refresh'd with beams that shine
From this bright sun that gilds the day,
While I am blest with beams divine
That takes my midnight veil away.

4. Soon as I meet the heav'nly morn
I sing for joy and mount on high,
My glooms, my tears, my foes are gone,
And O I find my Jesus nigh !

5. And will not mortals leave their bed
To seek and meet a friend like this,
While he around their doors doth tread,
And courts them to his arms of bliss ?

6. My soul no more assume thy shroud
Of carnal sloth or needless sleep,
Thy Jesus for thee calls aloud,
And o'er thy slumb'ring hours doth weep.

7. Dwell O my Christ, with life divine,
Resistless vigour in my soul ;
And may I tread in steps of thine
Till mortal changes cease to roll.

8. Then will I quit these shades of night,
And mount upon the morning wing
To climes of uncreated light,
Where seraphs strain th' immortal string.

9. There I shall with my Jesus dwell
In dazzling beams of blazing love,
My joys no cherub's tongue can tell,
My Christ is all the joys above.

HYMN xcix.—*A universal song.*

1. **A** WAKE my soul, stretch ev'ry thought ;
Praise him to whom all praise belongs ;
The wonders that his love hath wrought
Demands a universal song.

2. He rais'd the universal frame,
And bid their wheels in order move ;
Then let created realms proclaim,
His wisdom and immortal love.

3. Rouse earth with all your beaut'ous forms,

- And sound abroad your Maker's skill ;
 Ye lofty heights, and grov'ling worms,
 Resound his praise from hill to hill.
4. Awake thou bell'wing ocean wide,
 Rouse all the tenants of your deep ;
 And let the murmurs of your tide,
 Boil up, and in his praises leap.
5. Ye cragged rocks around the main,
 And fragrant flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
 With the tall cedars of the plain,
 All join to praise your Maker too.
6. Ye howling beasts that roam the wood,
 And feed upon your Maker's hand,
 Roar out the praises of your GOD,
 And bow your strength at his command.
7. Ye winged troops of every kind
 That sail and cross the fluid air ;
 (Since for his praise ye were design'd)
 From pole to pole his name declare.
8. Ye sparkling globes that dress the night,
 And tread your orbit spheres so true,
 While ye reflect a glimpse of light
 Roll round and speak his praises too.
9. And ye bright climes where angels dwell,
 Enliven'd with immortal flame,
 Rouse all your sons, they best can tell
 The glories of your Maker's love.
10. And O ye crowds of Adam's race,
 Awake and bid your sloth adieu ;
 Crowd in the courts of boundless grace,
 And sing Jehovah's praises too.
11. And ye, O disentangled saints,
 Who tread the blissful plains above,
 Soar in your most exalted strains
 To shout your great Redeemer's love.
12. Now let the universal throng
 With ardour strain the utmost string ;
 Amen, to GOD, all praise belongs,
 He is the universal King.







